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A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MISCELLANY, ETC.

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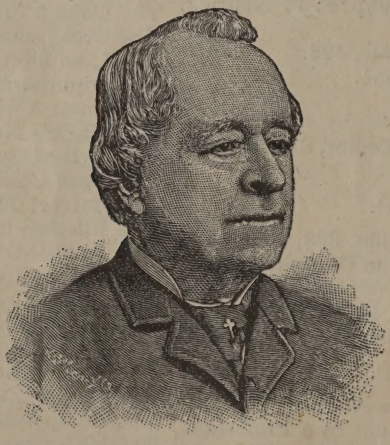

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W. H. Fitzpatrick.

For biographical sketch, see page 7.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI. BOSTON, JULY, 1891. No. 1.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Science and Transubstantiation.

AMONG all the characteristic doctrines of the Catholic Church none, perhaps, is harder to be believed, and none constitutes a greater stumbling-block to non-Catholics than the doctrine of Transubstantiation. From the time of Berengarius, who, in the eleventh century, denied and wrote against the doctrine, to the present, there has always been a constant succession of objectors to the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Indeed, we may say the protest commenced with some of the followers of our Lord Himself, the account of which we have in that most remarkable passage of Holy Scripture, the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel. When Jesus, in His farewell instruction, said to them plainly: "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you;" these primitive Protestants exclaimed, "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" "This is a hard saying, who can hear it?" And we are told "they went away and walked no more with Him." What is worthy of very special note in this case, is the fact that our Lord let them go away without any explanation. If He did not mean what He said in a literal sense, if He was only speaking figuratively, we may be very sure He would not have allowed them to go away under a false impression. He would have explained to them that He was speaking figuratively.

But we are not going to reproduce now, the familiar and oft-repeated arguments in favor of the doctrine of the Real, Substantial Presence of Christ in the Blessed Eucharist. We simply note the fact of the very general protest against the doctrine by non-Catholics, and the fact that the objection is founded upon the alleged natural impossibility of the doctrine. It is the original objection of those who asked, "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" It is impossible, they say, for a natural, material body to be in more than one place at the same time, whereas the doctrine of Transubstantiation claims that the real body and blood of Jesus are present on all the altars throughout the world after Consecration.

In undertaking to answer this objection we are by no means disposed to minimize the difficulty. The doctrine is admitted to be one of those profound mysteries of the gospel which so often prove stumbling-blocks to the ignorant, unlearned, unthinking, and presumptuous multitude. Apparently unconscious of the fact that they are surrounded by mystery, that they bear within their own bodies a mystery as incomprehensible as that of the Real Presence, they seem to feel perfectly justified in joining with the objectors to our Lord's declaration, and ring the changes on the "hard saying" — the unreasonable and absurd doctrine of the Catholic Church, though in teaching that doctrine she does but repeat the declaration of our Lord Himself.

We might remark in passing upon the *a priori* improbability of a doctrine which was absolutely contrary to reason, and, therefore, impossible in the nature of things, being accepted by the three hundred millions of Catholic people now on the face of the earth, as well as by the millions upon millions who have lived in past ages, among whom have been a multitude of the most learned, enlightened, and profound thinkers and writers that the world has ever produced. But that consideration is not enough for the objectors — they ask for reasons. If the doctrine of Transubstantiation is not contrary to reason they want to know why and how.

Well, then, we proceed to remark that this objection is founded on a false conception of the nature of Christ's body. It takes for granted, that we know all about it, whereas we know comparatively nothing about it. We know this, indeed, that there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body, and that after our Lord rose from the dead, he appeared in His spiritual body. What the real nature of that spiritual body is, who can tell? If it be said that our Lord after His resurrection ate and drank to remove the scepticism of His disciples in regard to His identity, we might instance, in explanation, the case of the Archangel Raphael, who, in the character of a young man, had conducted Tobias successfully on a perilous journey, to its close, and who in parting with Tobias and his family, and, making known his real character, said: "I seemed, indeed, to eat and to drink with you, but I use an invisible meat and drink, which cannot be seen by men." A spiritual body is undoubtedly material; that is, it is *real*, though it is neither pure spirit nor gross matter. It has certain well-defined characteristics. For instance, it is impassible; that is, it is no longer subject to human infirmities — to cold, hunger, uneasiness, and pain. It has agility; that is, the power of passing by a single act of the will from one place to another, at whatever distance, with the quickness of thought. It has also subtilty, by which it has the power of penetrating matter, as was demonstrated by our Lord's appearing several times in the midst of His disciples though the doors were shut.

But there is another attribute of the spiritual body not so often dwelt upon, and, therefore, not so familiar even to the minds of intelligent Catholics, but which is confirmed by the ablest philosophical writers on the subject of matter; that is, it is "unextended" in space. We have no disposition to ignore the fact that there is a difference of

opinion on the subject; but it is enough for our purpose that some of the ablest philosophers and scientists have felt compelled to adopt the theory of the unextension of matter in space as the most satisfactory explanation of a fact, the real nature of which can probably never be absolutely determined by mere scientific investigation. We are unhesitatingly inclined to adopt the theory not merely because it furnishes a possible and reasonable way out of our difficulty, but because we believe it is the most reasonable and truly philosophical explanation of the nature of matter.

Without going deeply into the subject, this view discards the theory of atoms; that is, "of little, unchangeable, impenetrable molecules, or pieces of matter, each with an atmosphere of force grouped around it." The opposite theory is very well expressed by the illustrious English Professor Faraday, who, writing upon this subject, and alluding to the theory of original, impenetrable molecules, says: "To my mind this nucleus vanishes and the substance consists of the powers. And, indeed, what notion can we form of the nucleus independent of the powers? All our perception and knowledge of the atom, and even our fancy, is limited to ideas of its powers; what thought remains on which to hang the imagination of an atom independent of its acknowledged forces?"

Cambridge in England has produced a work in modern times — Birkes on Matter and Ether, in which a whole system of physics is founded on the principle that "the simplest view of matter, derived at once from the law of gravitation, is, that it consists of monads, or movable centres of force, unextended, but definite in position, which attract each other with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance between the centres."

Monsieur De St. Vincent, a distinguished French engineer, wrote: "I conclude, then, that we must abandon the notion of a mass of continuous matter, and that it is best to look upon the ultimate particles of bodies as separate *points without extension*, as centres of action for forces of repulsion and attraction, by which alone, after all, bodies operate and manifest their existence." If we turn to Denmark we find the discoverer of electro-magnetism declaring that bodies are "spaces filled with active powers."

Now, if this view of matter be the correct one, and we have abundance more of testimony in its favor from distinguished philosophers and scientists, then it would seem that the conclusions of Father Dalgairns, in his admirable book, The Holy Communion, are correct and philosophical. "So far from its being certain that matter is identical with extension, on the contrary, its ultimate elements are by many held to be unextended, and bodies to be made up of unextended forces; in other words, it is no more a contradiction in terms, that a body should be in many places, than that the soul should be whole and entire in each particle of the body." We ordinarily conceive of the spirit or soul of man as having the same shape of the body. This is an illusion, and it is kept up by the alleged appearance of ghosts of dead men. The soul has no shape, yet it is in every part of the body at the same time, it is unextended.

Now the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence, or Transubstantiation is, that by a miracle of divine power, the forces which compose bread and wine are taken away, and the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ substituted in their place, while the phenomena, or appearances, remain unchanged. At the same time, it would seem to be a natural and necessary corollary that the same divine power takes away extension from the Body and Blood of Christ, so that no obstacle remains to His being on ten thousand altars in Christendom at the same time.

Please observe, now, our object is not to prove but simply to remove what seems to be, and what is claimed to be, an insuperable objection to, the doctrine of Transubstantiation. We have shown how it may be; we have confirmed our view by the testimony of distinguished philosophers and scientists, and the contrary cannot be positively proved. So, thank God, we shall still cling to the faith of ages — a faith so beautiful, so sublime, so full of comfort, consolation, and encouragement to the weary, heavy-laden pilgrims of earth who sigh for something higher, purer, better than anything that this poor world can afford. H. L. R.

A New Old Song.

THE Spring comes slowly up this way,
Slowly, slowly!
A little nearer every day.

The blackbird's trilling shrill and gay
His roundelay and virelay,
Good lack, as though the March were May!

In kirtle all of green and gray;
Slowly, slowly,
The Spring comes slowly up this way!

She hath delicious things to say,
But will not answer yea or nay,
Nor haste her secrets to display.

The Spring comes slowly up this way,
Slowly, slowly,
To make the world high holiday.

The pink is on the orchard spray,
The lambs put off their fears and play,
Gone are the snows of yesterday.

'Twere well if Spring might always stay!
Slowly, slowly,
The Spring comes slowly up this way.

KATHARINE TYNAN, in *Merry England.*

DETACH your heart from all things, seek only God and in this way you will find Him. — *St. Teresa.*

Rev. W. H. Fitzpatrick, of Milton, Mass.

QUIET OBSERVANCE OF SILVER JUBILEE OF HIS PRIESTHOOD.

On Tuesday, May 26, the Rev. William H. Fitzpatrick, rector of St. Gregory's Church, Dorchester, Mass., was twenty-five years a priest. His parishioners knew nothing of the anniversary, nor did any even of his intimate friends, except a few who have a long memory for dates. Father Fitzpatrick marked the day only by private devotion, and a little more than usual work. This quiet and well-filled day was in keeping with his retired and laborious priestly life.

Father Fitzpatrick was born in Earltown, Colchester county, Nova Scotia, Nov. 21, 1832. His father, Stephen Fitzpatrick, was a native of Wexford, Ireland, and his mother, Jane Jardine, was born in the Lowlands of Scotland, town of Ayr, forever memorable as the birthplace of the poet Burns. The home of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's girlhood was next door to the cottage of Robert Burns, and her father was well acquainted with the poet —

—— "who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plow along the mountain-side."

Father Fitzpatrick lived in Earltown for twenty years, and there received his early education. He desired to become a priest, and set out manfully to earn the money for his classical course. He taught school in 1851 in his native place; then came to Massachusetts and found employment successively in Billerica, Bolton, and Dedham. In 1856, at the age of twenty-four, having accumulated by his own industry the means for his education, young Fitzpatrick entered Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. He was graduated in 1862, winning an honorable place in his class. Out of the class of fifteen which he entered, he is the only one now living.

In September of the same year, he went to the Sulpician Seminary, Montreal, for his theological course, which he made with great credit. He was ordained priest by Bishop Bourget, May 26, 1866.

On returning to Boston, he was sent by Archbishop (then Bishop) Williams to assist the venerable Father Cuddihy, rector of St. Mary's, Milford. During the year of his stay, he materially aided the good pastor by collecting a very large sum for the church then building. Father Fitzpatrick looks back with pleasure on the year he spent at Milford, and often refers to the rare courtesy and kindness he experienced at the hands of Father Cuddihy.

Recalled to the Cathedral, another year was spent there and at East Boston. In 1868, Father Fitzpatrick was assigned to the new parish of Stoneham, with Wakefield and Reading for dependent missions. Just before his advent to Stoneham, the Catholics had bought the old Universalist Church. This he enlarged and reconstructed for Catholic uses, and purchased a parochial house adjoining the church. In 1870, he purchased twelve acres of land in Stoneham, and laid it out in lots for a cemetery.

In Wakefield he acquired more land, and in the following year

built the first portion of what is now one of the neatest little churches in the archdiocese.

In 1872 Melrose was added to his parish. Here he bought the Baptist meeting-house, and had it so enlarged and remodelled that it has answered every purpose up to the present time.

In 1875 Father Fitzpatrick was sent to St. Gregory's Church, Dorchester and Milton, where he has since remained. He has enlarged the main church by two spacious vestry-rooms, remodelled the basement chapel, and greatly improved the entire property, though he feels there is yet much to be done. He has also built a fine rectory.

In 1880 he bought land in Neponset, and began St. Anne's Church; completing the basement chapel for the immediate needs of his people, and roofing in the main structure. He had charge of the Catholics of this place till 1888, when Neponset was made a separate parish with a resident priest.

Father Fitzpatrick says his work is by no means done; and in proof of this statement has just purchased a fine lot on Norfolk street, Dorchester, and is about to begin a new church in that section of the parish. The district is a growing one, and will doubtless soon be erected into an independent parish.

Father Fitzpatrick's parish covers a large territory, and his flock are widely scattered. But they are a fervent and edifying people; devoted to their good priest; and share his labors for religion with zeal and generosity. They are well organized into religious and benevolent associations. During his sixteen years' residence in Dorchester, Father Fitzpatrick has won the confidence and esteem not alone of his own flock, but of all his fellow-citizens; and it is but to speak the heartfelt wish of all who know him, to pray that he may be spared to keep the golden jubilee of his priesthood.

Father Fitzpatrick has been a friend and subscriber of The Pilot for forty-one years, and of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE since its commencement.

Why Does Solid Iron Float on Molten Iron?

THIS question, which has puzzled a good many observers, was satisfactorily explained by Dr. Anderson in a recent paper on steel read before the Iron Institute, London. When a piece of solid iron is thrown into a pot of molten iron or steel the solid metal at first sinks, which shows that its volume is less than the melted metal. But soon the solid piece becomes heated, which causes it to expand, its volume is increased, and it rises and floats on the surface of the molten mass. The action is the same both with iron and steel. Mr. Wrightson said: "The experiment was frequently made by throwing a piece of iron into melted steel. They could see it go down, and might think that it was on account of the impetus which the iron had attained in falling that height, but, as a matter of fact, if the iron were put upon a fork and lowered, it would go down; but in the course of a few seconds it came up again."

A Visit to "Mt. Loretto," Staten Island.

"THE CHARITIES THAT SOOTHE AND HEAL AND BLESS."

FROM over the broad continent, towards the first of March, the solicitors of St. Joseph's Union, the headquarters of which are in New York City, began to gather in their mites — the small subscription of twenty-five cents seeming such, in view of the manifold spiritual favors received for the living and the dead through it.

But how many, in reading the announcements on the back of the picture certificates, realize truly what that subscription means, what those which have poured into the same treasury since 1869 have accomplished? Certainly, the writer of this sketch did not, nor did her companions, when we accepted the invitation extended on May 8, to us as the Catholic Press Association, to visit Loretto, the Staten Island house or home, the outgrowth of the original plant laid by Father Drumgoole at Lafayette place and Great Jones street, New York.

We met at the Staten Island Ferry, the guest of Father James J. Dougherty, the worthy successor of the saintly founder. After a delightful sail down the bay, the day in every way propitious, we found a special train waiting to carry us to the southern portion of the island. Like a boy let loose from school on a Fourth of July picnic, our genial host passed from one car to the other pointing out objects of interest, his kindly face aglow, his black eyes shaded by black lashes, gleaming with enjoyment, and his now snow-white hair blown about by every wind. Soon we sighted the "big barn" the largest, save two, in the country. When the train stopped there were carriages waiting for us, and soon we were rolling over smooth roads through forest-land in all the freshness of early spring leafage, brightened here by dogwood blooms and the blush of the Judas tree, and shaded finely there by the sombre pines and firs. Assembled, as we were, the most of us, from more southern sections we realized that

"The Spring comes slowly up this way."

Presently we were among the buildings, — isolated cottages to be used as quarantine on occasion,— then came floating to us the sounds of the fife and drum. Two Irish hounds rushed with unerring instinct to the carriage in which their master was, nor could they wait until he had alighted, but voiced their welcome in eloquent tones while galloping and prancing about the vehicle. Sweeping around to the front entrance we found four hundred of the little fellows who make up the militant body of the institution, nearly one thousand in number, forming for drill under the orders of Captain Leonard of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment United States National Guard.

Standing on the steps of the middle building (there were three connected by corridors, thus forming three sides of a square, the fourth a wire fence, on each side of the main one), we glanced beyond the moving body of boys down to a small white house nestling among the

trees, which was the refuge for the girls. To the right was a hotel, a summer resort, and beyond that the waters of Raritan bay, the far-off Jersey shore. To the extreme left a hill was crowned by the Princess Bay Light, Father Dougherty telling us with boyish glee, that he had cornered the United States. She could not get off her hill except by sea, without his permission and through his land. Between this hill and the girls' home a depression allowed us a view of the open ocean with Sandy Hook. Between our point of view and all this, spread out a circular plot of grass upon which the boys had formed, and about which the avenue of approach wound, beyond the vegetable garden, and to the left, fields of pasture, to the right, the parade ground. To the left of the new houses, the foundations of the new chapel were being dug. Beyond the chapel was to be the Sisters' Convent, and beyond that a home for blind girls. In front of the chapel the bronze statue of the founder, costing eleven thousand dollars, is to stand when completed.

The boys had formed and marched away while we were taking in the preliminaries of the scene, within and without. Then we followed them, unconsciously keeping step to the music of the band of fifty pieces, which played exceedingly well. The little fellows of from not more than ten to twelve years old, and apparently all of a size, went through the manual of field drill admirably, marching and counter-marching. Then skirmishers were thrown out, and rallied by fours and otherwise, and fell back on the battalion. They formed hollowed squares and fired, broke into the double quick and all the rest of it, with the zest of boys for the fun and the precision of veterans. Their officers are elected, and carry their authority into every-day life. After the field drill the youngsters were marched into one of the courts formed by the building, and there went through a dress parade, in a manner to elicit unbounded admiration. Every detail was perfect, and the adjutant displayed as great a sense of his importance as adjutants of a larger growth are given to showing. At the close of this performance three cheers were given for the visitors, and after marching and counter-marching the troops got themselves into their armory, the basement of the middle building. A few moments afterwards, as we passed through a dormitory, there was a hue and cry for Father Dougherty from the court, and on his appearance he was reminded that the *band* needed a *base drum*, which he assured them should be sent down to them. This fine body is to drill at Madison Square Garden soon, when the Sixty-Ninth will present them with a stand of colors. As we moved about the house, the "two dogs" Dodo, and Fleet, were never at any length of time far from their master.

We were taken down to the Babies' department, little tots from four to six years of age. These and the small boys are under the care of the Sisters of the Franciscan rule who wear the black habit. The older boys are under the care of two priests besides Father Dougherty, who divides his time between this and the town-house.

The farm comprises one square mile. Besides the living-house, there are the trade shops. The boys are assigned to three schools:

the Kindergarten, the Medium, and the Trades. Of trades there are printers, pressmen and type-setters, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, knitters (manipulators of knitting machines), harness-makers, plumbers, gardeners, florists, farmers, wheelwrights. Navigation is taught, also type-writing and stenography, and the higher branches to those who show an aptitude for such studies. Some of the boys devote themselves to the sacred services of the altar. They are not finished in their trades on the island, but places are found for them, and they board at the Home until they are perfect workmen and able to care for themselves.

The place has been occupied only nine years. The town-house becoming too small, it was a forced arrangement. The qualification for admission are *absolute want* and conditions in which the faith of the children are in danger. There is no distinction of color.

Then the carriages awaited us and we were carried down to "St. Elizabeth's," the home of the one hundred and twenty-five girls who are protected by the Sisters of St. Francis. As we approached there was glad shouting of young voices and waving of handkerchiefs. Father Dougherty was surrounded at once and clamorously questioned as to the presence of Father "Uncle Jack" of the Baltimore Chimes. The little ones danced a Virginia reel to the music of a piano played by two of the girls, and sang a couple of Kindergarten songs, and then it was time to hurry away. Father Dougherty said he would not have dared to slight these for fear of a whipping. He seemed greatly in fear of them, and they of him. In fact, the mutual delight of Father and children was touching. And wherever we went it was the same; the boys also gathering around him and clinging to him, voicing their demands in no uncertain tones.

The health of the children is cared for anxiously. An oculist visits the place twice a week, also a dentist, and a regular physician daily. The children bathe every day in the house, and several times a week during the summer in the sea. A floating bath for the girls cost two thousand dollars; the one for the boys cost five thousand.

From St. Elizabeth's we were driven to the big barn where the sparrows were industriously pillaging the grain bin. Father Dougherty does not seem to have thought of wire screens over these. All the work in the barn is done by steam. Here, under this roof, the farmer-boys have their home, dormitories, and dining-room. In the basement are the stables, sheltering one hundred and thirty cows and the horses necessary for the farm work; some of the cows are registered Jerseys. There are also six hundred pigs, and an incubator which hatches one thousand eggs at a time.

A large building for a new laundry is being erected; all the woodwork for this has been done in the carpenter shops on the place. The building is four stories high, and one hundred feet by sixty. We were conducted through the old one, shown the large tubs, the patent dryers for the clothes, the mangle, the patent ironing machine by which one thousand shirts are ironed a day. There are four artesian wells, and nine large boilers for steam, three engines of fifty horse-power, one for

laundry, one for trade school, and one for barn. They use seventeen tons of coal per month. The sewerage is perfect; the whole place is flushed into the sea. In the bakery one thousand loaves of bread a day are made, not including that made for the town-house. We felt and smelled some of the loaves and they were appetizing. Of the printing-presses, two or three had been owned by the Rand, Avery Company, and on them Fulton's vile book "Why Priests Should Wed" was printed, immediately upon the issue of which the company failed.

A large ice-house is supplied by a pond.

This fascinating inspection over, we sat down to a delicious Friday dinner, the fish, clams, and turtles (soup) caught on the shore so near us, that had we paused to listen, the booming of the breakers would have saluted us. Then a few words of welcome were spoken by our host and replied to by our President, after which the host proposed the health of our Holy Father and Archbishop Corrigan, replied to by our Vice-President.

Meantime, the evening shades were falling, and our train awaited us. Father Dougherty and the band accompanied us to New York which we reached about 7 P. M.

Thus ended a day of unalloyed enjoyment; thus was brought to a termination a visit which left much food for thought in our minds; thoughts sad and joyful. Very mixed were our sentiments as we went about; the pity of it all, the beauty of it all, the holiness of it all, the happiness, brought tears to the eyes of even bearded men. And ever, as our princely host would tell of some so-marked leading of Providence in bringing the little ones to him, speaking of their destitution and desolation, and of the sad condition of others whom he had found, he would conclude, a tremulous ring in his voice, with the words: "But they don't look as though they were without friends now, do they?"

Seeing what we saw and hearing what we heard, not one of us but formed a resolution to spread the fame of St. Joseph's Union until every Catholic in the land should be induced to send in his or her quarter-dollar, and others still for those who have passed beyond, into the silent land, and those who are outside the fold, with us but not of us, that all may have the joy of the benediction.

"In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity."

THE FOUNDER.

And now let me tell you something of him whose magic has wrought all this. Was it an earthly magnate with the Aladdin-lamp of an endless purse? Was it an emperor or prince who, dying, left his millions for the holy purpose? No. It was a poor, unknown, struggling priest.

In his early days, John Drumgoole supported his aged mother by the proceeds of a small book-store and the wages of a sexton. But as far as in him lay, he devoted himself to spiritual and corporal works of mercy. As a layman, says his biographer, he was a model;

but he longed to be near the tabernacle. The charge of his mother was, however, a holy one, and the young man, even then a saint, accepted it as sent by God. At length he completed his studies and was ordained by Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, on the 26th of May, 1869, when he was in his fifty-third year. And now he was free to give full vent to his apostolic spirit. The saving of the souls and bodies of the children was his aim. The cry of the children had reached his heart. He was no poet to write about that cry, but he felt it, he heard it, and he resolved to silence it. He began to see his way to his object as the custodian of the small home established by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Warren street. Here he performed the most menial services for the children, recognizing in them the poor of Christ. He loved poverty. His dress was always poor and coarse, and he even wore a cloak for a year before he found that it had sleeves. His room was small and plain. A carpetless floor, a little iron bedstead, a small well-seasoned desk, and a worn crucifix, a chair and a few books completed the furniture. On the walls were a few crude pictures of the saints, St. Joseph at the head of his bed, the Immaculate Virgin, the Divine Child, and the Sacred Heart. His eyes, when not on his book, always sought his crucified master. He was endeared to all by his great simplicity. His biographer tells us of him, what was so remarkable in Father Dougherty, as we noticed the other day, that his going among his little flock was always a delight. His presence seemed a signal for cheering, breaking ranks, crowding around him like so many little elfs. They seemed to disregard all law and order, and every disciplinary restriction. Yet, a word from him would control, in an instant, the most turbulent. Space does not allow me to follow the loving revelations of his biographer, made in the two last issues of the paper published every year at Loretto. The sketch is worth reading by all whose hearts have learned to glow for others' good, and melt at others' woe.

He gathered the friendless waifs around him, and soon the number was so large that the holy man began to find that he needed some assistance. He put himself and his charge under St. Joseph's care — behold the result!

When asked for the secret of his success by priests and others engaged in similar work, some of whom came from afar to learn it, he would say mysteriously:

"I went to St. Joseph, I told him I did not want anything for myself, but that these little children were his, and surely he would not see them neglected and lost. For years I begged of him. At last St. Joseph became tired of me and he gave, but I kept at him and he gave again. So, there, the secret is out."

A bishop once remarked: "You must have a gold mine to do all this?" — "Yes," was the reply, "I have, but St. Joseph keeps the key."

In defence of his little ones, Father Drumgoole, the gentlest of men, was a lion for fierceness. Money and influence are freely used, and sometimes the government itself is employed as a means by which to steal our Catholic children; against these unconscious, perhaps,

agents of the spirits of darkness, he used every noble means in his power.

I wish I had space to tell of the honors offered and declined by this humble priest, because he thought "they would not benefit the mission," the grand Cross of the Order of Christ, the purple of a prelate of the Holy Father's household; of his faith, his love for prayer, his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, his love for souls, his obedience, his love for the Sacred Heart, for the Holy Family, the souls in Purgatory, his charities, his sermons to his boys, in a word, of his daily life. Before that life came to an end, Father Drumgoole saw the small house at Lafayette place replaced by another, an imposing building. In 1876, he founded St. Joseph's Mission. In 1883, he began to plan for Mt. Loretto. And at last the end came. He died, and lies buried upon the ground hallowed by his living footsteps, and his dead boys gather around him as they did in life.

"Yes, here is the spot where he wept and he prayed,
And this is the grave where his relics are laid,
The cross at his head, and the turf on his breast,
Are all that he owns of the Home that he blest.

His prayers went to Heaven — nought was denied,
The loaves and the fishes were soon multiplied;
The blessing of Jesus came over the bread,
And plenty was left after thousands had fed.

And still is the bread broken here to the child,
And still does the manna descend in the wild,
For the saint in the heavens gets blessings still more,
And his work goes on ever on earth as before.

Oh! he was a priest indeed — raised in our days,
The apostle unique of the "waifs and the strays."
The Christian ideal of faith and of trust,
The world is not lost that is blest with his dust!"

Surely it would seem that Father Drumgoole dead, his spirit among the blessed in heaven, had interceded for the welfare of his beloved little ones, and that that intercession had been answered by the inspiration which led to the choice of his successor.

Oh, the wonderful work! How plainly is the hand of God seen in it!

MARY M. MELINE.

The Cause of Influenza.

AT the annual meeting of the Michigan State Board of Health held at the capitol, April 14, 1891, Dr. Baker explained the causation of influenza. He stated that the germs of influenza are generally at all times present, and the germs of pneumonia, tuberculosis, and of the other specific diseases are somewhat widely disseminated; but that there must be certain coincident meteorological conditions to irritate the throat and air passages sufficiently to let the germs gain an entrance to the body. These meteorological conditions in this instance were the excessive prevalence of north and northeast winds, and the excessive amount of ozone during the past three months.

Rev. John Brady to be Auxiliary Bishop of Boston.

A GLANCE AT THE WORK OF HIS PRIESTHOOD IN AMESBURY, MASS.

It was definitely announced on Thursday, June 4, in Boston, that the Pope had ratified Archbishop Williams' choice of the Rev. John Brady, of Amesbury, Mass., to be auxiliary bishop of Boston. To those among the clergy and laity outside of Amesbury who are privileged to know Father Brady, and who realize what a man like him can do for God's Church when his sphere is widened, no better news could come. The people of Amesbury, however, cannot at the outset, at least, take so disinterested a view. Father Brady has been for nearly twenty-five years their devoted spiritual guide and friend; and sorrow for the prospective separation is stronger than joy in the merited honors he is about to receive.

Such was the feeling uttered on every side and actually in the air, so to speak, on the day The Pilot representative visited Amesbury. The news had just been announced, and was a subject of general discussion.

A steady tide of callers from Boston and other points had set in towards the rectory early in the day, each intent on offering congratulations to the bishop-elect. The Pilot representative had, in due time, a moment's conversation with Father Brady. A tall, slenderly-built man, looking a decade younger than his forty-seven years, his dark eyes and complexion, and long, clear-cut features suggesting Italian, rather than Irish blood; a spiritual face; the kindly, quiet manner and reticence of speech that so often distinguish strong and steadfast characters, — this is the outward semblance of the future bishop. It was evident that nothing could be less to his taste than conversation on his new dignity, and he looked like one who realized to the full the meaning of the Church's words in the ritual of Episcopal consecration, "the burdensome office of a bishop."

The man is best known by his works, however, and through the kindness of Father Brady's assistant, the Rev. Francis X. Burke, we saw the church, schools, and other monuments of the priest's zeal for God's honor and his people's good. We gained meantime, incidentally, some idea of those qualities of mind and heart which, exercised so quietly but fruitfully in a modest field, attracted discerning eyes and won for him the mandate to go up higher.

The Rev. John Brady is a native of the county Cavan, Ire. His father was a physician; his mother a pious woman notably given to works of charity. After the customary preparatory studies in the schools of his native county, the future priest made his theological course at the great missionary College of All Hallows, Dublin, Ire., and was there ordained to the priesthood for the Diocese of Boston, at the Christmas ordinations, 1855.

The late Bishop Fitzpatrick assigned him first to a curacy at the

old St. Vincent's, Purchase street, Boston. A little later, he was transferred to a similar position at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Newburyport. The missions attended at that time from Newburyport were Merrimac (then called West Amesbury), all the Newburys, and Amesbury proper.

The carriage manufactories and other industries at Amesbury were rapidly growing, and attracting a large population, among whom were many Catholics. In 1868, therefore, it was erected into an independent parish, with Father Brady first pastor. Its dependencies were the missions of West Newbury and Merrimac. Father Brady set at once to supplying the religious and educational needs of his people. Amesbury had already a little wooden church, built by the efforts of himself and Father Lennon. The parish was rapidly outgrowing it. He replaced it, thirteen years ago, with a fine brick structure, built on a rise in the ground, close beside the monument to the old colonial governor, Josiah Bartlett. The cross-crowned tower of the new St. Joseph's is the first thing to strike the sight as one enters the town. It seats comfortably twelve hundred people in the upper church, and as many in the basement chapel. Within, as without, it is solid, simple, and harmonious.

Close beside the church stands the spacious brick school-house. Here, since 1885, the boys and girls of the parish have been taught by Sisters of St. Joseph from the mother-house at Cambridge, Mass. Besides the perfectly equipped grammar school, there is a high school for boys and girls. The attendance of boys and girls in both departments averages five hundred. There are eleven teachers.

The Pilot representative visited the school, and was much impressed by the care manifested in all its appointments, for the comfort and convenience of the children, and by the health and good looks, mental alertness, and good manners of the children themselves.

The convent is beside the school, with a neat little garden about it; and is a modest brick building, built expressly for its purpose.

The rectory is on the same street, but was the last work to engage Father Brady's attention. He lived in a small and shabby house till the religious and educational needs of the parish were provided for, and the debts liquidated.

He has provided the people at Merrimac with a neat wooden church, which accommodates four hundred. His parish has a population of thirty-five hundred — twelve hundred of whom are French-Canadians. These are under the charge of the Rev. F. X. Burke, Father Brady's assistant. St. Joseph's, Amesbury, has splendid church accommodations for its people; hardly a Catholic child within its borders that is not receiving a Catholic education. It has no debts. Its people are generous co-operators in the work of the Church; united among themselves and devoted to their priests.

Archbishop Williams made it a permanent rectorship three years ago, the same honor being conferred at the same time on the Immaculate Conception, Newburyport, and the Immaculate Conception, Malden.

The date of the consecration of Bishop-elect Brady is not yet announced, but the event is in the near future.

Irish Literary Men of New York.

PART III.

THE ideal journalist is a man who adopts the profession with high honorable motives and practises it with a steadfast devotion to the weal — one who can neither be cajoled into blandishment, nor terrorized by threat. Ireland is to be congratulated in being represented in New York literature by a distinguished type of the ideal journalist who would do honor to his profession in any age and country. I refer to Mr. James Clancy, special correspondent of the New York Herald. Mr. Clancy is undeniably the cleverest man on the New York Herald, and that means one of the ablest all-round-about journalists connected with the American press. Earning his livelihood on the press since he was a boy, this inexhaustible man has always upheld the ancient honor and character of the Irish race, and since the inception of the Land League Movement, twelve years ago, has supplied what we may call the nervous system of the body of Irish-American Nationalism.

Mr. Clancy was born in Waterford County and educated at a private seminary in Kent, England. The child of excellent parents, he was a noble son, and by his example and precept he stimulated those about him to ambitious resolves and endeavors. After leaving college, he served an apprenticeship of a few years on the London weekly press chiefly in connection with denominational newspapers. Subsequently he became editor and manager of a conservative newspaper published in the south of England, and while employed in this capacity wrote and produced two burlesques under the *nom de plume* of "P. James," and did sketch and general work for several daily and weekly publications. When, in 1860, the Fenian brotherhood began to develop, Mr. Clancy joined its ranks and threw himself into the work of organizing with all the reckless energy of his nature. He was gifted with mental ability of a high order, and administrative capacity well calculated to recommend him to popularity among the desperate and patriotic men with whom he associated. He soon became an intimate associate of James Stephens, and was loved and honored by the old Revolutionary chief for the persistence with which he labored as an organizer of Fenianism, and the daring skill which he exhibited in the pursuit of his dangerous undertaking. Nor did he prove unworthy of the confidence reposed in him. In 1864 he joined the Royal Engineers, a crack regiment of the English army for the purpose of "spreading the light" and the propagation of Fenianism. He was sent for by Mr. Stephens to take part in the contemplated uprising, and narrowly escaped arrest, being forced to fly to Paris whither he returned soon after. When, on the night of Nov. 25, 1865, the telegraph wires electrified the country with the news, "James Stephens has escaped from prison," Clancy, to his honor be it recorded, declined to quit the country to save himself, but stuck to his post and devoted himself more earnestly than ever to the arrangement of plans for the impending outbreak. But the time came when Mr. Clancy lost confidence in the leadership of James Stephens,

who had disappointed the whole Irish race by the non-fulfilment of his promises. Encouraged, however, by the assurances that the Fenian brotherhood in Ireland were only awaiting the arrival of Colonel Kelly and other trusted military leaders to take the field, Mr. Clancy continued his work in the heart of London, foiling spies, detectives, and informers, giving the movement fresh vitality and the government renewed disappointment and consternation.

How his labors eventuated, and how the Fenian insurrection of March, 1867, resulted, it is unnecessary to explain. In January, 1868, the government had found the man whose apprehension they so anxiously desired. Another Irish rebel had fallen into their clutches, James Clancy was a captive in their grasp.

The arrest of Mr. Clancy was hailed by the government with the deepest satisfaction. On the other hand, it swelled the breasts of their disaffected Irish subjects with rekindled disappointment, and disheartened every section of the organization. His trial went on before a prejudiced judge and a packed jury who found the prisoner guilty of the heinous crime of loving Ireland more than life itself. There was no hope of intelligent or honest judgment from any of the types I have named. Counsel, newspapers, and witnesses might reason with them until the crack of doom, and it would not change their verdict. Mr. Clancy was sentenced to penal servitude for life. His sufferings in prison, where he was isolated from the other Fenian prisoners, and made to work in the condemned gangs, furnish another evidence of his fidelity, patient endurance, and devotion to the cause of Ireland. After serving ten years of this degraded life, Mr. Clancy's sentence was commuted, and later on he was unconditionally liberated.

Shortly after release he came to America and joined the staff of the New York Herald. The Herald was then one of the greatest moulders of human thought in this continent. It was prudent, fearless, independent, and the guide and guardian of popular and individual right. It had its faults, of course, but the cash boxes of fifty millionnaires could never silence its convictions. Its staff comprised Irishmen who have since won national recognition. Thomas Clarke Luby, A. E. Costello, John Devoy, Joseph J. C. Clarke, Thomas B. Connery, John C. Flynn, William McGarrahan, and other owners of Celtic names were among the brilliant and instructive writers who thrilled the multitude, and crystallized in enduring form those sentiments which made the Herald the envied example of two continents, and inspired the marching vanguard of modern democracy. The Herald opened to such a man as Mr. Clancy a field for the exercise of his talent for the benefit of mankind, and he rose equal to it.

Few Irish-American journalists have accomplished so many practical benefits for their countrymen as the subject of this sketch. Had it not been for Mr. Clancy and the Herald, the diabolism of the malodorous Triangle would never have been laid bare, and the murderers of Dr. Cronin in all probability would never have been discovered. When the power of the "murder trust" was boundless, when the highest officials of Chicago were in active sympathy with it, when the appli-

ances of justice were controlled by the friends and sympathizers of this murderous gang, the New York Herald, with characteristic enterprise, dispatched Mr. Clancy to the scene of the murder. With the unerring scent of the sleuth-hound, Clancy hunted down thieves and murderers, publicly pilloried the plunderers of the Irish people, dragged to light the inner workings of the "professional patriots," and tearing away the Mokannah-like mask of the Triangle, he exposed the brazen brow of this hydra-headed monster in all its repulsive putrescence, and through his daily dispatches to the Herald, the convicted murderers of the martyred Cronin, notably Coughlin, were unearthed, justice triumphed, and the memory of the patriot physician vindicated. Had it not been for Mr. Clancy and the light which he threw on the infamous Triangle, I believe that the body of Dr. Cronin would never have been found, and with the aid furnished by the authorities of Chicago to the Vehmic which decreed his death, there would be such a jubilee among the thieves and budding Catalines of the Windy city, as would make the robber barons of the Middle Ages get right up out of their graves and adopt resolutions of regret at their inability to be present.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean, commenting upon Mr. Clancy's appearance as a witness in the trial of the Cronin thugs, said editorially:

"The appearance on the witness stand of Mr. James Clancy, of the New York Herald, should engrave forever for this gentleman an enduring scroll on the commemorative temple of Irish independence. Here was a man, the friend and confidante of James Stephens,—a Fenian who suffered unspeakable tortures for his country, when it was 'treason to love, and death to defend her,'—coming all the way from New York to make a bold stand for the character of Irishmen and the liberty of this Republic. Mr. Clancy has rendered American liberty a great service, and one which has won for him the gratitude of his countrymen and the admiration of the civilized world."

Mr. Clancy belongs to a school of journalists whose motto is "Get the news and edit it afterwards." As a correspondent, he owes his success to two gifts: abnormal acuteness and devouring industry. His name has been associated with nearly all of the famous "write ups" of recent years. He reported William O'Brien's triumphal march into Canada, accompanied the Pan American delegates throughout the country, charming the readers of the Herald every day by his brilliant dispatches, and the sweeping power of his diction. When Justin Dirty Fulton began his indecent crusade against the Catholic Church and its ministers, Mr. Clancy wrote and compiled a work entitled Why Priests Should not Wed, which was an able refutation of the hackneyed calumnies set forth by the Boston Apostle of Filth. This work reminded Mr. Clancy's colleague that he has gifts which make him a force to be reckoned with, and it is at all events a notable fact that the first set back to the Fulton progress came from the work already referred to. Mr. Clancy is very strong in his likes and dislikes. Yet his resolute nature conceals a heart of gold and a temper genial, modest, and unselfish. It is in private talk that the simplicity of his character comes out. It is simply a continuous outpouring of humor, good-nature, and singleness of mind.

In point of person, Mr. Clancy is of medium height, with a form which combines graceful symmetry with muscular power. His face is an expressive one, being devoid of any hirsuite appendage with the exception of a mustache, which overhangs a smile that is at once perennial and catching. His brow is massive and full, and indicative of great intellectual power. His hair, in earlier life of a lightish tint, has became slightly frosted; his blue eyes and finely cut features bear the impress of a gentle, high-bred soul, yet under the sparkle of humor on his countenance there flows the perpetual strength of an earnest and persistent purpose. As a writer, Mr. Clancy is remarkable for his manly language, purity of thought, and faithfulness in reproving the wrong and supporting the right. A striking figure in the history of his country, and in the gallery of Napoleonic newspaper makers, James Clancy has achieved for himself the highest laurels of his profession, and the universal respect and admiration of all true lovers of genius.

Conspicuous amongst the Catholic journals of America, is the Sunday Union and Catholic Times of New York, a paper owned and edited by Mr. James William O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien has been connected with journalism for over twenty years. No other journalist of the Irish race has been more deft in touching into ready responsiveness the well-spring of Irish feeling than he. A Celt to the core, with all the fervor, dash, and imaginativeness of the Irish nature, he has ever given full play to his racial characteristics in his appeals and exhortations to his countrymen in the cause of truth, honesty, virtue, morality, and patriotism. A patriotic citizen and a truthful and honest journalist, sincere in his convictions, Mr. O'Brien will support no cause nor advance any doctrine through selfish or partisan motives. He is ever vigilant for his country's welfare, and indefatigable in the education of the people, upon which the perpetuity and permanent prosperity of a nation depends.

Born in Ireland some forty years ago, Mr. O'Brien came to this country a boy and entered the Dominican College of Sinsinawa, Wis., now turned into the convent of St. Clara, conducted by the Dominican Sisters. The time passed in this academy became the turning-point in his life, the lessons there taught, and the ideas advanced became fixed in the susceptible mind of the future journalist, and as he entered upon the duties of a busy life, they controlled him, and still direct his course. When Father Burke, the great Dominican preacher, was in this country as visitor of the Dominican institutions, he delivered, at the request of Mr. O'Brien who was then president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, that wonderful series of discourses which brought the cause to the highest prominence it had reached since Father Mathew's day. Archbishop Bayley, then Bishop of Newark, actively co-operated, and under his approval, Mr. O'Brien drafted the plan of a National Union, and issued the call which resulted in the Baltimore National Convention and the establishment of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America on Washington's birthday, 1872. Mr. O'Brien was elected the first National Treasurer. He afterwards served as National Secretary for several years. While thus acting, he

established, in 1873, the Catholic Total Abstinence Union as a monthly journal; it was afterwards enlarged and issued semi-monthly, and later on it became the Weekly Union.

In 1884 the Catholic Times published in the diocese of Newark by the late Rev. James J. Curran, director of the Catholic Protectory, was consolidated with the Union; Father Curran acting as contributing editor with Mr. O'Brien. The paper has started its eighteenth year's work with justice, humanity, and progress inscribed on its folds. It devotes itself to Catholic interests in America and to the cause of Irish liberty. Its columns present all the news of the Catholic Benevolent Legion of which its editor is a member, and of which it is the recognized mouth-piece. It covers the news of the various branches of the Total Abstinence Society and everything of local importance in Irish and Catholic societies. A few columns are devoted to editorials involving the welfare of religion and society; in the way of miscellany it pays particular attention to Irish news, and publishes short stories, bright correspondence, and other varieties of carefully selected literary matters. It is the fearless foe of corruption and evil in every form, and altogether presents the best features of the modern weekly publications. The politics of the Union are independent; but its policy is broad enough to suit the ideas of all people irrespective of party affiliations, the good of the community being regarded always as of first importance.

Mr. O'Brien for a number of years delivered lectures for Catholic societies throughout Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and other states on temperance, Catholic, and Irish historical subjects, and took the stump for Hancock, Tilden, Cleveland, and other democratic presidential nominees.

Imagine a man of medium stature, rather sparely but symmetrically built, with reddish hair, mustache, and a countenance frank, open, and honest, and you have the editor of the Sunday Union and Catholic Times in your mind's eye. Mr. O'Brien is a copious and vigorous writer, and his style, like that of Charles Mackay, is simple and intelligible. He is a polished and fluent speaker, carrying conviction as much by his manner as by his words, and in the summer of an honorable career, may look over the horizon of Irish public life without seeing in any quarter of it a single member who would hesitate to take his word.

Messrs. Clancy and O'Brien are representatives of that great body of Irish-American journalists who are battling nobly in an honorable cause. They are doing their duty admirably in gathering into the fold of high-minded citizenship the men who now are leading useless and degraded lives, showing others that they must not only obey God, but love mankind by redeeming the misspent time that has been spent in bad legislation, for the rich and in no thought for the poor: in them are personified truth, justice, and charity, that great trinity of moral principles admirably adapted to promote the progress of the human race, and elevate it to its greatest possible destiny.

JOSEPH W. GAVAN.

The Wages Question and Division of Profits.

Among the most conspicuous phenomena of modern industrial life may be classed the deep-rooted dissatisfaction of the masses who live by their manual labor. Dissatisfaction with existing conditions is certainly "nothing new under the sun," neither is it evidence of the wisdom of the dissatisfied. This dissatisfaction is by no means confined to the laboring classes; in every condition of life we see evidences of a gloomy view, well calculated to cause astonishment in an age distinguished for its enlightenment and culture.

Gladstone has, with right, designated this age as the "industrial age." Democracy has gained the ascendancy in politics, and, in respect of the labor question, democratic sentiment finds its expression in a practical opposition of the working majority against the conductors of enterprise. The workmen complain bitterly that the enormous profits resulting from the introduction of machinery are not fairly divided.

It is beyond all dispute that wages have been steadily improving during the last half century, but they have not kept pace with the hopes and demands of the working men. Their demand for higher wages and shorter hours is incessant. Employers, on the other hand, assert that the percentage of profit is steadily decreasing, and that to satisfy the demands of their work people would be ruinous.

The present attitude of employers and employed towards each other affords no indication of that good understanding which ought to exist between people associated for coöperative purposes, and can, at best, be characterized as one of armed neutrality. Nor is this state of affairs confined to Europe. The statistics of the United States, which but a few years ago was regarded as an earthly paradise, reveal the astounding fact that for the year 1877, three hundred and fifty thousand men lost ten million working days, or nearly a month each, by strikes, resulting in an estimated loss of the men of thirteen and a half million dollars, with, of course, a corresponding loss to the employers.

As between employer and employed there is a vast difference of opinion as to what constitutes a fair division of the profits. The employers point to the large number of undertakings which suffer shipwreck, asserting that forty per cent. are utterly wrecked, that fifty per cent. just keep their heads above water, and that ten per cent. only are successful; and claim that the rare administrative talent necessary to success, the risk and anxiety attendant on enterprises subject to unforeseen fatalities, warrant the high remuneration which successful enterprise secures. The laborer, on the other hand, fixes his attention on the growing wealth of the successful employer, and maintains that, after adequate remuneration for all his just claims, there remains a profit, to a share of which he, as a contributor, is justly entitled.

This antagonism of interests between employer and employed is a growing one, which will never cease under a pure wage system. The general recognition of this fact has produced a large class of extremists, who see no remedy but in its complete overthrow; but the suggestion

to hold on to the wage system, and guide it to a satisfactory development, commends itself to men of calmer and clearer judgment. There is a tendency towards evolution as well as towards revolution, and the direction of the former is towards profit sharing.

This system of supplementing a fixed wage with a share of the profits of the undertaking, gives the laborer a lively interest in the success of the undertaking, without subjecting him to the anxiety or delay inseparable from a system in which he would be dependent for his subsistence on the result of his labors. The prospects from the general introduction of this system may be inferred from the experience of those who successfully inaugurated it, guided by the keen insight that the higher remuneration which would accrue to the men would not come out of their (the capitalists') profits, but out of the surplus profits resulting from the higher productive capacity which the system is calculated to call into existence.

The experience of all who have tried the system is, that not only does it spur the laborer to do a good day's work, it spurs him no less to do good work, and further to avoidance of waste of material, or injury to machinery. He becomes mindful of his employer's interests because he recognizes them as identical with his own, while the mutual good understanding, subsisting between the employer and his hands, exercises a beneficent influence on the moral atmosphere of both.

The first overtures in this direction must come from employers; their plans should be based on the experience of those who have tried the system successfully; they should be clearly defined; and pains should be taken to render them thoroughly intelligible to the workmen. Both sides should bear in mind also, that the best results of a system do not always flow immediately, that untoward occurrences may reduce profits materially, and that one must not lose patience if the experiment be beset at the outset with difficulty and hindrances It may be laid down as a general principle, that workmen treated as friends and copartners by their employer, and recognizing the identity of their interests with his, will put forth their best efforts for the good of the enterprise, and hold themselves aloof from all those disturbing influences engendered by the existing antagonism of interests. Nothing can be lost by trying the system, and we look forward confidently to the day, when the declaration of dividends to laborers will be as much a matter of course in any great industry, as the declaration of dividends to shareholders.

LUDWIG KRELLE, *Unsere Zeit, Leipzig.*

A Sainted Oblate.

FATHER PENDOSEY, who died lately at Okanongou, an Indian mission in British Columbia, not far from Victoria, was a hero. He was a son to General Pendosey and heir to a fortune of two million five hundred thousand francs, but preferred to resign an existence of affluent pleasure to become a French Oblate and devote himself to the evangelization of savages. In the disputes of the western tribes with the United States from 1860 to 1890 he has acted as arbitrator.

Revisiting Ireland.

VII. DUBLIN, May, 1891.

ANCIENT IRISH JOURNALISM.

RECENTLY a meeting was held in Dublin of the Royal Society of Antiquaries at which there was a very large attendance of the learned and *elite* of Ireland. A considerable time was spent in examining rare Irish manuscripts, early editions of famous Irish works, including a stone missal, the Annals of the Four Masters, and many other valuable relics bequeathed to us by Ireland's ancient scholars and art-workers. Charters granted to the city of Dublin from the time of Henry II., in 1171, down to those of James II., in 1637, were exhibited and critically examined. But few features of the rich and valuable collection excited more interest than the copies of old Dublin newspapers. Among these were the Dublin Journal, of the year 1764; Endall's News-Letter, dated 1751, and published at Copper Alley, on Cork Hill; the Dublin Gazette, dated 1755, and the Dublin Mercury of 1768. None of these are, however, as old as the Belfast News-Letter which saw the light as early as 1737, and continues to be published daily. The Belfast News-Letter is "high conservative" in politics, generally, and at certain seasons of the year becomes "low Orange." When a lad, serving my time as reporter in the office of the Belfast Vindicator, shortly after the retirement of Charles Gavan Duffy from the position of editor on that paper, I had occasion to examine some of the old volumes of the Belfast News-Letter, and I can never forget the sensation I experienced as I greedily perused the reports of speeches in the Irish House of Commons, particularly those of Henry Grattan, and read the accounts of the "American Rebellion" and the defeat of Cornwallis, at Yorktown.

Among other things of special note examined by the visitors at the meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries may be mentioned the book containing the signatures of honorary freemen, of which there are only fourteen. Among these were the names of John Dillon, August, 1882; William O'Brien, August, 1887; and Patrick A. Collins, August, 1887.

It is pleasant to have to record the name of Gen. P. A. Collins as among the distinguished Fourteen, and further to record that Boston is honored by her leading Irish-American son. Thus may it ever be!

Some of the "news" items in the old newspapers caused considerable merriment; as, for instance, items from France a month old, and others, again, from near-by Kilkenny, a fortnight old. There's a mighty change nowadays not only in the news line but in the paper line. The newspapers at the beginning of this century were printed on paper nearer a brown color than white, while the price of a folio sheet was equal to the price of a number of this, our own beautifully printed MAGAZINE. Even in days much more recent, up till about 1855, old men used to make a decent livelihood in Ireland by purchasing half a dozen copies of a newspaper, and lending them out to readers

at a penny for a couple of hours, then posting them to subscribers the day following at half price. But about that time the English government repealed the stamp duty on newspapers, and abolished the tax on advertisements. The stamp duty consisted of two cents on every newspaper, but the postage was free until the date of the next issue. Twenty-five per cent. discount was given by the government to those proprietors who got large quantities of newspapers stamped at one time; but the proprietors had to send the whole quantity of paper used to London, Edinburgh, or Dublin.

The tax on advertisements was twenty-five cents on every advertisement, whether consisting of one line, or one column. Early in the fifties all this was abolished, and a large number of new newspapers was established, the price coming down generally to two cents; tri-weeklies became dailies, and the dailies, all of which were high priced, gradually came down to the lowest figure.

At present there are one hundred and sixty newspapers published in Ireland, and of these fifteen are dailies. Among the latter, the Freeman's Journal (one hundred and twenty-five years old), the Dublin National Press, the Belfast Morning News, the Cork Examiner, the Cork Herald, and the Dublin Evening Telegraph are the leading Catholic dailies. The Catholic and Irish-American population in the United States is much larger than twice the population of Ireland, and yet there is not a single daily Catholic paper in all America! This is not very creditable, certainly, and while Catholics in America are fairly enough treated by the great dailies, yet they ought to have at least as many representative daily Catholic papers as poor Ireland.

I am not, just yet, in possession of information as to the advanced position, by circulation, of our special favorite publication, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, during recent months. But if merit be the criterion of success, it should have advanced pretty high by this time. I allude here to the excellence of this publication in point of paper, printing, binding, and general "get up," at a low, popular price, as well as to the excellence of the general contents, and the large quantity of good reading matter supplied in each number of the MAGAZINE. Subscribers generally possess a love for that which gives them most pleasure and instruction. Surely, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is first in this respect. But all who love this MAGAZINE should prove their regard for their favorite by inducing others to partake of the same literary feast that agrees so well with themselves. For sake of the good they accomplish, I could dearly wish to see such publications doubled, nay quadrupled, even after they have attained quite a respectable circulation.

THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

As already stated, this is the oldest newspaper but one published in Ireland. It has been a tower of strength to faith and fatherland for over a hundred years, and has been accepted by all governments in England, whether Whig or Tory, as the exponent of Ireland's rights, and claims to legislative independence. In years gone by, it had a sturdy competitor or two, among which was the Dublin Pilot,

O'Connell's favorite newspaper, and after which the Boston Pilot was named by Mr. Donahoe, when he launched that safe and steady Irish-American barque upon the turbulent sea of American life. The great Liberator and the Dublin Pilot are gone, but its Boston namesake and Donahoe seem to be cast among the immortals.

During the past four or five months the Freeman's Journal has, unfortunately, made itself obnoxious to the Hierarchy and priesthood of Ireland by its partisanship in the cause of Mr. Parnell. This opposition, headed by His Grace, Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, has resulted in the establishment of

THE NATIONAL PRESS.

This newspaper made its first appearance on March 7, 1891. It is a large eight-page daily paper of sixty-four columns. Its first issue contained forty-one columns of advertisements, and had a circulation of eighty-four thousand. It was started by a Limited Liability Company, and in this respect is like its contemporary, the Freeman, which is at present also owned by a like company, although its late proprietor, Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, controls the largest number of shares. The National Press went forth to labor for God and country with a capital of a quarter of a million of dollars. Its offices are situated in Middle Abbey street, and are, undoubtedly, among the finest and best appointed newspaper offices in Ireland. The premises were recently visited by Archbishop Walsh who expressed his pleasure and satisfaction at all he saw. The National Press is intensely Catholic, and national as its name expresses. Its title is printed on a very good engraving of the Old House in College Green. Its first issues were just in time to give extended reports of the great meeting at which the Irish National Federation was inaugurated in the Antient Concert Rooms, to take the place of the Irish National League. That meeting was one of the most representative that ever took place in Ireland. Over five thousand dollars was subscribed on the spot as the nucleus of the fund that has already swelled to fifteen thousand dollars, and continues rising upward day by day. The National Press has evidently a great future before it. It is already received as the organ of the Church in Ireland. Its editorials are written by skilled hands, guided by brainy men, and, as far as human foresight can perceive, is destined to become a great power in religion and politics, an educator of the people and a brilliant exponent of their national aspirations.

THE BELFAST MORNING NEWS.

This newspaper was established by Messrs. Robert and Daniel Read, in 1855. These enterprising printers had the paper "set up" and ready for issue just as the bill abolishing the stamp and advertisement duty received the royal assent. It was prosperous from the start, but was neither Catholic nor national, beyond the tone given it by the celebrated letters of "Barney McGlone," a famous and witty local writer whose use of the northern vernacular and racy allusions to passing events made his letters very popular.

After the death of the Messrs. Read, the Morning News became

amalgamated with the Ulster Examiner, the latter ceasing to be published as a daily ; it is now published as the weekly edition of the Morning News, both papers being owned by the same company. Since the Parnellite division among the Irish Nationalists the Morning News became strongly anti-Parnellite. As its chief owners belonged to the Freeman, particularly Mrs. E. Dwyer Gray, the editor, Mr. Kelly, was recently removed from his position, and now the priests and people of Ulster are calling for a new newspaper which will certainly be established before long. But rival newspapers in Belfast don't thrive well as evidenced by the Ulster Observer and Northern Star.

THE CORK EXAMINER.

This well-conducted newspaper has for many years been the vigilant sentinel of the south of Ireland. It was formerly edited and owned by the famous John Francis Maguire, author of the Irish in America. This genial Irish gentleman became mayor of Cork and subsequently member of parliament. He was an earnest and successful worker in the cause of his country, and the paper which flourished so well under his able management, and which continues to work on the lines laid down by him, is the best monument that could be erected to his name. There is no better provincial newspaper in Ireland than the Cork Examiner, and few metropolitan papers can surpass it in ability and enterprise. Cork and its surroundings is big enough and sufficiently spirited to support two national newspapers.

THE CORK HERALD.

This is a sprightly newspaper in which it would be hard to find a dull or uninteresting line. It is a great favorite with the farmers of county Cork, and throughout the South generally. Like its contemporary it is national to the core, and can strike as sturdy blows as the best of them. It bears all the appearance of success and popular support. There are few, if any, Irish newspapers more acceptable to the mass of the Cork people than the gallant and true-hearted Cork Herald. Most of our Irish-American papers will re-echo this thought.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC.

This weekly of fifty-six columns is published in Dublin, in connection, I think, with the Nation. It has a field altogether to itself, and fills the field well. It is, undoubtedly, one of the best, if not the very best weekly of its class in all Ireland. It is beautifully brought out, and its contents are altogether devoted to religious and national matters. Its religious sketches and stories are unequalled for beauty and originality, by any other publication in the British dominions. It is very carefully edited, and contains not a line contrary to the highest literary taste in prose and poetry. I don't know a publication in the world better adapted to all the wants of the Catholic family than the Irish Catholic. It is very handsomely brought out, and is published at the low price of two cents.

THE NATION.

In a recent letter I had occasion to mention this favorite national weekly as being reduced in price to ten cents, — it was formerly sold at twelve cents a copy,— and at the same time I gave some account of its origin. With all the competition to which the Nation has been subjected during the past forty years, it bravely holds its own, and is still an acknowledged power in the land. It would be unfair to compare it with itself, when there clustered around it such a galaxy of names as those of Duffy, O'Doherty, Mitchel, Davis, Meagher, Mangan, Dillon, Frank Davis (the Belfast Man), Speranza, Marie, and Eva (the Three Graces of the Nation), and others famed in poesy and Ireland's ancient lore ; nevertheless, it contains much of its early beauty and bloom, while its familiar face awakens thoughts that stir the blood, and brings back memories of a time when the heart of Young Ireland beat high with the hopes of our motherland's resurrection. The Nation is presently publishing the late John Boyle O'Reilly's Moondyne, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's memoirs of Thomas Davis. True to its early mission, it continues to instruct the multitude, and "To create and foster public opinion in Ireland, and make it racy of the soil."

UNITED IRELAND.

After the demise of the Irishman and Flag of Ireland, both of which papers were owned by Pigott, the suicide, the Irish Parliamentary Party started United Ireland, and under the editorial management of William O'Brien, Balfour's prisoner in Galway jail, the paper ran upward in circulation until it invades every city, town, hamlet, and parish in these countries known as the Three Kingdoms. O'Brien in the editorial chair levelled his whole strength at that citadel of corruption, Dublin Castle, and hunted the blackguards who inhabited it like rats into holes. Under the able guidance of O'Brien, United Ireland became all that could be desired as a fearless advocate of Ireland's rights. It has a later history into which I need not enter at present.

THE DUNDALK DEMOCRAT.

Where is the Irishman living who does not remember, and who would not recognize, the immortal Dundalk Democrat? That old South veteran has seen many ups and downs in Ireland, and has weathered more storms, blizzards, and tornadoes, political, financial, and social, than probably any other newspaper in Ireland. Yet there it lives at a green old age, and is still the accepted organ for Poor Law and county advertising, as it deserves to be. The editorials of the Dundalk Democrat are always spicy, well written, and able.

THE SHAMROCK.

Ireland is comparatively free of the obscene and trashy literature that prevails like a pestilence in America, destroying the minds and bodies of its wretched young votaries, and poisoning the well-springs of domestic life. This comparative freedom is a blessing so great as to be almost beyond computation. The Shamrock, which is devoted

chiefly to the interests of youth, may take no small share of credit to itself for occupying the ground that would otherwise have been occupied by the attractive but base literature of London that flows through these kingdoms like a malodorous stream from a sewer. It furnishes a healthy literature that stimulates and refreshes the mind of the young reader, while it instructs and directs him into healthy pastures as he grows older and takes to a higher order of the literary menu during life. The irrepressible Mick McQuaid still holds the pages of the Shamrock. There's no end to Mick. From the Souper and Scripture reader of our boyhood's days, Mick has risen to the dignity of one of Balfour's Removables, but he is the self-same Mick, still.

THE GALWAY VINDICATOR.

This is another of the old guard among Irish newspapers that has always been devoted to the national cause. But it also attends to local matters as in the days of good old Father Daly who fought a great battle to have Galway made a port of departure for trans-Atlantic steamships. That was a burning question in its day, and among its best advocates was the sturdy Galway Vindicator, then, I believe, in the editorial hands of Louis Ferdinand. The battle was fought and won; but some of the rich shipping merchants of Liverpool, seeing that there was commercial danger to their favorite port, bribed some of the pilots of the new line of steamers, and one of these was run upon a rock, in Galway Bay, and wrecked. This put a quietus upon the new enterprise for the time being; but any one who knows the commercial value of a couple of days in the matter of communication between America and Europe must see that Galway is destined to become the emporium on the great highway between the New and the Old worlds in the future. May the Galway Vindicator be on hand to enjoy the triumph that surely awaits this noble enterprise.

EDUCATIONAL JOURNALS.

The National Teacher and Educational Journal, the only journal in Ireland owned by national teachers, and the Irish Teachers' Journal, both published weekly in Dublin, are the chief representatives of the teachers' interests and of the cause of education generally throughout the country. Both journals are well conducted, and edited with considerable skill and ability. Each contains a practical educational department, and instructions for students preparing for the intermediate examinations which have proved of great value and service to the young candidates for special honors. With all the drawbacks of the national system of education, and they are neither few nor unimportant, education has made giant strides in Ireland during the past quarter of a century. Population considered, there are more pupils in Ireland attending school than in America, and, as a rule, they are farther advanced and better grounded in elementary education. The mixed system has been pretty well broken up, both by Protestants and Catholics, by building schools where the mixed system is impossible. The school-houses, especially in the country districts, while greatly

improved of late years, cannot compare with the school-houses of America. Recently in conversation with some teachers here, I incidentally mentioned the fact, that an ordinary school-house in New York City cost two hundred thousand dollars. The teachers first looked at me, and then at each other, with a smile of incredulity that was not over complimentary. "Forty thousand pounds sterling in this country would build five good-sized colleges, a dozen first-class model schools, or forty good, common school-houses," said one of the gentlemen. "I don't doubt it," I replied; "but you must not forget, gentlemen, that one American city raises as much by taxation for educational purposes as the entire grant received by Ireland from the British government, for like purposes." These gentlemen were, doubtless, excellent teachers, but their general knowledge did not extend very deep into American matters.

THE LABOR WORLD.

This excellent newspaper is not published in Ireland, but inasmuch as it is edited by Michael Davitt, and stoutly advocates the cause of Ireland, it is entitled to be placed among the best of our Irish journals. As its name indicates it is the advocate of labor, and never had the laborers in this or any other country a more earnest friend of their interests than the Labor World. It is a large sixteen-page paper, published at two cents, and at five cents in America where it has quite a respectable circulation. Its editorials are crisp and spicy, and simply bristling with facts and figures, so essential to the proper advocacy of the labor cause. It gives substantial money prizes for the best poetical contributions, the best anecdotes, and the best "social contrasts." The paper is an acknowledged power among the laboring classes of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Cork, Dublin, etc., and continues to gain head-way wherever intelligence is found to guide the cause it advocates.

YOUNG IRELAND.

This fine little serial, published weekly at a penny, like its friend the Shamrock, is intended chiefly for the youth of Ireland, and is as true to its mission as the best of them. Its stories and sketches are of a high order, pure and fresh as the minds of its young readers..

THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.

Although the newspapers already noticed are not all metropolitan, yet they may be considered as the principal newspapers of the country. Were I to give a list of all others published here, the work would be too extended, and would almost necessarily be a repetition one of the other. Those already named have distinct characteristics of their own, and I have endeavored to describe each according to its merits.

There is no better criterion of the advancement, progress, and civilization of a country, or even of a certain part of a country, than through the medium of its newspapers. These reflect the tone of the people, and form a true index to their educational, political, and

religious thought. Even the poorest districts of Ireland are well and faithfully represented by a press as independent as it is pure, and free of those immoral excrescences that are not uncommon in France, England, and America.

Ireland is just as much indebted to such able advocates as the Tuam Herald, the Derry Journal, the Western People, and the Donegal Vindicator, as any here enumerated; and so long as she is represented by the Waterford News, Roscommon Messenger, Sligo Champion, and Westmeath Examiner, the country's interests, and particularly the localities where these papers are published, are sure of honest vindication and representation.

There is quite a considerable portion of the Irish press that I have not yet named, for the simple reason that those newspapers while published in Ireland are in no way distinctly representative of the country, but only of Dublin Castle, the seat of coercion and misgovernment of the people, and of the landlord and Orange classes. As a rule, the landlord class, particularly that portion of it belonging to the North of Ireland, is the life and soul of the remnant of Orangeism that lives and thrives in and around Belfast.

Those newspapers that represent the landlord and Orange classes, and are the mouth-pieces of Dublin Castle, are, chiefly: — The Irish Times, Dublin Express, Cork Constitution, Belfast News-Letter, Northern Whig, etc. As newspapers they rank high, and are well supported, better, indeed, than worthier papers devoted to the great cause of the people. On occasions, however, these journals are capable of rising to the dignity of genuine Irish patriotism, and voicing the interests of the country in which they are published.

"REVISITING IRELAND" ceases with this letter. I have passed the last half year studying the condition of Ireland and its people, and making notes, and other memoranda of matter that may hereafter prove interesting, as, SKETCHES; or, IMPRESSIONS OF IRELAND. Ireland is a vast storehouse of quaint and beautiful lore, and affords wonderful facilities for descriptive narrative. In the limited space of half a dozen articles such matter could barely be touched upon. Besides, my mission forbade the introduction of things extraneous to the present condition of affairs in Ireland. Even these could not be treated in a manner worthy of their importance in the present crisis of the country as satisfactorily as might have been desired.

PETER MCCORRY.

NOTE: — The National press of Ireland is blameworthy in not having the fact constantly before the eyes of its readers, that Ulster is distinctly and emphatically Catholic, preponderatingly Catholic. The statistics on this question should be stereotyped and kept constantly "standing" at the head of editorial columns in order to counteract the assertions of men like Colonel Saunderson, and Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, who protest to the contrary; and thus by their conduct mislead the Unionists of England, and some of our best friends in Great Britain. I have not the statistics at hand just this moment, but I published them some time ago in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and I believe that by keeping them constantly before the public eye a great deal of good would accrue to the cause of Ireland.

How to Preserve Health.

One of the best ways to keep in good health, says the Monthly Bulletin, is not to think or worry too much about it. If you feel strong and well, don't imagine that some insidious disease may be secretly attacking your constitution. Many people are like the inexperienced traveller who anxiously inquired about the symptoms of sea-sickness, and how he should know when he had it. One generally knows when he is sick, and frequently many supposedly alarming symptoms prove, upon investigation, to be either perfectly natural occurrences or of very slight importance.

Eat and drink what you desire, as long as it agrees with you. Your stomach knows pretty well what it can digest. Plain, simple food is desirable, as a general thing; but the luxuries of the table, in moderation, will do no harm.

Alcoholic beverages are not fit for habitual use. They are true medicines, and should only be used like any other medicines — under the advise of a physician. As a regular beverage they can do no good, but will almost certainly do harm.

Take all the sleep you can get; but remember that the necessary amount varies greatly for different persons. Some must sleep at least nine hours, while others thrive under six. Only don't rob yourself of what you really need. The "midnight oil" is a terribly expensive illuminant to burn either for purposes of labor or study.

Always treat a common cold with great respect. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it will get well any way; but the hundredth cold, if neglected, may lead to bronchitis, pneumonia, or consumption. It is best to take no such chances.

If you are sick enough to need any medicine at all, beyond the simple remedies familiar to all, you are sick enough to need the attendance of a physician.

By all means take as much exercise as you can, and be in the open air as much as possible. Out-door life is the natural condition of mankind, and the more one can have of it, the better. The practice must not be carried to extremes, however. There are many days when one is much better off in a warm, comfortable, well-ventilated house than trying to take out-door exercise in a midwinter storm or under a July sun, and no one ever strengthened his constitution by sleeping with his bed-room window open with the outside temperature at zero, or allowing the snow to drift in upon his pillow.

Fresh air, sunlight, good and sufficient food, pure water, out-door exercise, temperance in all things, and a cheerful disposition, are the chief remedies in nature's dispensatory, and are worth more than all the drugs and medicines of the shops. Dr. Holmes has truly said that if nine-tenths of all the medicines, patent, proprietary, and otherwise, in the world, were poured into the ocean, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes; and the best physician can do little without good nursing, and thus aid nature in throwing off disease.

Kildoóna:

THE STRANGE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD.

From the Original Manuscript of Miss Alice Carroll, of Kildoona, Ireland.
Edited by Victor O'D. Power.
Author of "Bonnie Dunravan," "Duncarrick," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HAND OF FATE.

"FOR shame, Rollo! For shame, sir!" I cried, in high indignation and disgust; then again I turned to the new-comer, and for the first time saw his face distinctly.

I recoiled a little, and with difficulty restrained a cry; and it was a huge relief to me when at this instant Father William, Aunt Anne, Launce, Nora, and Nell Connor crowded around my brother, and all was confused handshakings and loud welcomes and hurried questions, in the midst of which hub-bub my startled looks passed unnoticed.

"Dick, old fellow, how are you? Surely, you haven't forgotten Launce Ronayne. And this is Nora — your little playmate of long ago."

"Richard, my dear boy, I'm so glad to see you again! It seems to me now only yesterday that I prepared you for your first confession."

"Oh, Richard, my heart, 'Aunt Anne' is overjoyed to see you!"

"Yerra, Master Rich, and don't you know poor old Nell Connor? Wisha, *cead mille failtha*, my darlint young gintleman! It's often we longed to see you back here agin."

And so forth; and so forth.

Was it possible, I thought, as I listened vaguely to all these kindly greetings, that no one else observed the change which the years of absence had wrought in the exile? Or, was it all fancy of mine; and was Richard, in reality, unchanged?

Yet no; no! The face, as I saw it now in the clear lamplight of the hall, was the face which I had seen in the Glen Chapel during that solemn midnight Mass, a couple of months before. The cheeks were hollow, and almost colorless; the once bright, winning, blue eyes, were sunken; and instead of the frank, open, genial expression which used to be their greatest charm, I now read, or fancied, in their depths, an odd, shifting, furtive look which chilled me to the soul.

And the mouth — the good-natured, expressive, smiling mouth! Where had it betaken itself to? It was now compressed, thin, a mouth cut out of stone, it seemed to me. The hair alone appeared unchanged, as it waved loosely above the forehead in silken masses; rich, auburn locks brightening to gold at the ends.

Even the voice was not, to my ears, as it used to be. The years of absence had hardened the mellow music of those tones, changing them almost beyond recognition; or so I fancied that night.

And alas, alas! the change was not confined to the outer man

alone. I observed Richard as he answered the warm-hearted greetings of his old friends in the hall; I listened to his brief words; I scanned every varying expression of his face, and stronger and stronger grew the blasting conviction within me that, although my lost brother had, indeed, returned home, the Richard whom I had known and loved in the dear olden time gone by had not returned; would never more return — never, never more!

Ah, sadder than death is this change in one we have loved of old! Better far for us that we had seen the coffin-lid close over the dead, kindly eyes, the dead, cherished face and features. Memory would then comfort us; we could go back again and again over the happy scenes gone by, listen anew to the dear, kindly tones, see again the smile of sunshine, feel again the clasp of the once familiar hand.

But this change in our loved one — this unaccountable, awful change! What words can express it? There is the figure, still living, breathing; but the soul is gone. It is, and yet it is not, the friend of the long ago. It is a ghastly effigy of that friend; and the sooner we tear up from the roots that old, clinging affection, the better for our own mental peace.

Some such thoughts as these rushed through my heart during those agitating moments following the exile's return. And as I watched Father William's face and Aunt Anne's and Launce's, the conviction grew upon me that to them, also, was this change apparent.

How, indeed, could it be otherwise?

Richard had received their impetuous greetings with that effort at reciprocal warmth which is more painful than studied coldness. Poor Nell's outburst of welcome, he had barely noticed.

To detail this scene is impossible. In truth, all is indistinct to me. So agitated did I feel during the time, that my memory preserves now but a vague impression of what occurred. I remember shrinking away at last from my brother, and, scarce heeding what I did, stooping to Rollo and lifting his cowering, sullen face to mine.

"Poor Rollo! Poor old doggie!" I whispered to him, and my tears fell upon his shaggy head; "you, too, are shocked at all this — and no wonder. Your old master has returned — but your old friend will return never again!"

"Richard, boy, you must be both frozen and starved!" I heard Aunt Anne say presently; and I knew — dear soul! — that her bright tones were assumed just now, and that her heart was sinking fast. "Perhaps you had better come in to the Elm Parlor first and have something to eat, before you go up to see your father."

"Yes; I daresay it would be as well," was Richard's reply. "By the way, how is the poor old gentleman? Getting strong — eh?"

"The prospect of seeing you, my boy, has done wonders for him," Father William made answer, as we all entered the Elm Parlor. "He is very sorry for the past, and is longing to tell you so."

"Yes; he did treat me a bit roughly, we must allow," was the rejoinder; "but I have decided to forgive and forget. It does look like old times to be here again," he added, glancing about the room, and

then turning and scanning our faces one by one. "Ah, you all begin to grow upon me now, and, I fancy, I am absent only ten months, instead of ten years. But you are not all here. I miss one. Where is my other sister? Where is Marion?"

"Oh, Richard, did not Curly Rue tell you the story, as he drove you home to-night?" cried Aunt Anne. "I was hoping he would have spared us the melancholy task."

"I told Curly not, on any account, to speak of the occurrence," I put in, in a very low voice, "I thought it better not."

"But what is it, anyway!" cried Richard. "Speak out, Alice. Surely, Marion is not — not dead!"

Father William approached hastily and placed his hand on Richard's shoulder. I saw Launce Ronayne shrink aside, his arms folded upon his chest, his dark eyes falling to the floor.

"Not dead, we all trust and pray," the old clergyman said solemnly; "but her fate is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. She disappeared from her home and friends, Richard, some months ago, quite suddenly and mysteriously, and has not since been heard of. By and by you shall hear the full story. Now, my poor boy, do not think of it at all. Try to eat something after your long journey. We must all hope for the best."

"Just so," assented Richard, with a relieved briskness which shocked me. "We must all, as you say, sir, hope for the best. I must say I am anxious to hear the particulars. Poor Marion was always a bit wildish!"

He seated himself by the table and did full justice to his dinner. He was naturally, of course, very hungry, and I should have made all due allowances for his long drive in the cold night, and for the prompting of a sharpened appetite. Yet I remember marvelling inwardly, at the time, how, under all the circumstances, and without having as yet seen his father, my brother could so thoroughly enjoy the viands set before him, hurrying not a whit, but, on the contrary —for so I fancied — prolonging the comfortable meal to its farthest limits.

Aunt Anne had, in the meantime, gone upstairs to prepare her brother, most probably, for the interview with his son. She returned while Richard was still busy with his knife and fork, and announced that all was now ready and that he could go to his father any time he pleased.

"Ah, very good," was his reply. "I am so dreadfully hungry that, really, I feel I am behaving like a brute! But I shan't delay much longer."

And in a few minutes thereafter he rose and announced his intention of going to the sick room.

We all accompanied him, Father William leading the way. My heart was beating heavily; for the life of me, I could not restrain my fast-falling tears. I had so built on this home-coming of my loved outcast brother, hoping wistfully to find in his fond companionship once again a comfort and sympathy which would go far to console me for my dear sister's loss.

And in one moment, one remorseless, fatal moment, my rose-colored dream was rudely dispelled. As yet I was too agitated to arrange these fevered impressions; to bring home to my clear reason the actual differences between my happy anticipation and the chilling reality. But that the reality *was* chilling, I was bitterly conscious; and never before had Marion's fate appeared to me so intolerable as now.

"How can I live without her?" I moaned. "I feel utterly, utterly alone!"

We all paused at the door of my father's room.

"I will go in first and announce you, boy," Father William said, his kindly gray eyes full of sympathetic concern, his thin, white hands shaking a little. Dear, true heart! He feared for the shock of this meeting upon my poor father's enfeebled frame. "Be very bright and cheerful, Rich. Make no reference whatsoever to the past."

He entered the room. I saw him advance hurriedly and place one arm about my father's neck. He stooped and spoke rapidly; then turned and motioned to Richard to enter. We all crowded after him.

I saw my father start up out of his arm-chair, his eyes strangely bright in the subdued lamp-light, his face strangely flushed, his attenuated arms flung wide to gather in the outcast to his heart.

Then — then — Ah! how did it happen! I can scarce tell you of the un-lookedfor climax. I saw Richard approach. I heard a wild cry of gladness from my father:

"Oh, Richard! Oh, my poor, cruelly-treated, wronged son! welcome, welcome to my heart again! say you forgive — "

The words died away into a gasping groan. The feeble frame tottered; the outstretched arms fell, as if struck with paralysis. Ere Richard had time to clasp those trembling hands, to utter the glad assurances that all was forgiven and forgotten — the fiat of a remorseless fate had already been pronounced, and death had stepped in between son and father.

For one second I saw the picture: the prone, dying frame supported by Father William's arms, the still-moving lips, the still-staring eyes, the face already darkened with the livid hues of death.

Then I felt Aunt Anne's arms flung about me, and I was forced back from the room. But too late; too late! Notwithstanding her eager words of comfort, her assurances that it was only a passing attack — my heart told me full bitterly that the worst had come at last, that all was indeed over.

CHAPTER XII.

A TIME OF DARKNESS.

THE shadow of grief brooded darkly over Kildoona, and, as though in sympathy with our trouble within, the face of outward nature was clouded, the sullen gray sea stretched monotonously to the sullen gray sky, dense mist-wreaths swathed the hills, and, at last, the rain began to

fall, not wild, angry, driving rain lashed onward by the fury of the gale, but a slow, steady, dreary downpour which utterly hid the wintry landscape and intensified the gloom which shrouded our hearts.

Upstairs in the dimly-lighted chamber of death lay the mortal remains of my dear father, looking wonderfully happy and bright and young in his brown habit, with a wreath of *immortelles* on his pulseless breast and tall wax-lights burning at each side.

So, at least, they told me; for I dared not enter that dreadful room. To me, the sight of the dead was ever an intolerable shock. I always wished to remember those whom I loved, as they had been in life — bright, animated, with the bloom of vitality in the cheeks, the sparkle of intelligence and sympathy in the eyes. But should I glance but once upon the face of a dead friend — should I once stamp upon my mind, that dreadful, soulless calm of death, the set features, the colorless lips, the sunken eyes, not to speak of those awful changes which so frequently disfigure our dead ones — to the last hour of my life would that fatal picture remain before me, staring in upon me in moments of silence and solitude, haunting me like some ghastly nightmare which it is impossible to forget.

For this reason, too, I have always strongly disapproved of public "wakes," and have not hesitated to say so, greatly to the amazement and dismay of old Nell Connor whose views on the subject were rigidly conservative.

"Yerra, whisht now, Miss Alice," Nell would say, with as shocked tones and looks as though I had denied one of the chief articles of our faith. "Don't you let any one hear you saying the likes o' that! Sure we *all* must be waked, child, from the king to the pauper. Yes, indeed! To bury a Christian like a dog! *That's* what you'd say, I s'pose, Miss Alice. I'm surprised at you, Miss!"

My poor father's wake was a memorable one. Our house was crowded from garret to cellar. Friends, neighbors, acquaintances, relatives near and distant unto the fifth generation, I verily believe, flocked to Kildoona. The big kitchen was full. So was the chamber of death. Up and down the stairs thronged the mourners of all creeds, classes, sexes and ages. Whiskey and *poteen* went round in tumblersful; and tobacco and snuff were freely distributed.

Six hooded women, seated or kneeling by the body in the wake-room, raised, at intervals, the wild "Irish Cry" — saddest, most terrible of out-bursts. I could not shut out that awful *caoine* from my shrinking ears! Hide myself in whatever corner of the old rambling house I would, that frantic wail found me out and appalled me.

"Oh! tell them to cease it," I cried once to Aunt Anne. "I cannot bear it. Our grief is true and real enough, without that!"

"My dear child, what can I do? These poor creatures are genuine in their sorrow. I always knew your father was loved far and near; but I never really gauged that loving devotion to its depths, until now. I only hope, Alice, that Richard will walk in his poor father's foot-steps and uphold the time-honored traditions and character of his old home."

"I hope so, Aunt Anne," I made answer, and my heart sank, and I sighed heavily.

For the moment I forgot that that awful death-wail still rang in my ears. Aunt Anne's words had revived the darkening misgiving, which lay heavily at my heart since Richard's return to Kildoona on the night before.

I had observed him closely since, and alas! my first impressions had not been dispelled. On the contrary, almost every act, word, and look of his confirmed my dismaying conviction that my brother had undergone a dreadful and hopeless change.

His father's sudden death — occurring, too, under circumstances, which should, one would suppose, wring the son's very soul — did not appear to upset Richard over-much. He appeared to take it coolly enough; and I did not see him shed a tear.

He moved about the house in an impatient sort of way, as though his only concern was an anxiety to get all this annoyance off his hands; and that he disapproved highly of this public wake was evident, at least to me.

He received the impetuous welcomes, greetings, and condolences of his old friends and acquaintances with a reserve, a chilling want of sympathy, which brought the hot blood in a wave to my very temples. I saw the kindly faces fall and heard the thronging words falter and die away; and as my brother passed on hastily, many a word of surprise and chagrin reached my ears, each of which did but chime in full bitterly with my own conclusions.

"God help us! It was soon he forgot us! An' he used to be such a nate *gorsoon* before he went away."

"Them furrin counthries is the dickens intirely. They'd change any one."

"Sure, he's not a bit like himself! He was rosy-cheeked and blue-eyed and full of fun and archness. And now look at him! You'd think he was thirty years older, an' that he didn't know any of us."

"He don't want to know us, Mary; that's the fact. Sure, you know he couldn't forget us in ten years."

"Wisha, faith, we won't trouble him so! It's seldom we'll come to Kildoona from this out. God be with the old master! It's he that used to have the welcome for all of us!"

And so forth.

My heart shivered as these sentences, and many such reached my ears. I saw clearly that this general opinion was but too true; and I shrank from the thought of what my life in dear old Kildoona would be like, henceforward.

Yes; it had already come to this. I had eagerly anticipated Richard's return; now it seemed to me the saddest occurrence of my life.

My brother had given but a vague, unsatisfactory account of himself, during the past ten years. Smarting under the sense of wrong, he had, he said, sworn at first never again, under any circumstances, to enter the doors of Kildoona, never to address one line to his friends

at home. Then, at last, after some years, he had, he declared, written to Marion, and received no reply. I assured him that his letter had most certainly not reached poor Marion's hands; it must have been lost during transit.

"Perhaps so; let us hope so at least," was his reply. "The fact is, at all events, that I wrote the letter; and as it was a particularly affectionate, even a penitent letter, I was doubly pained at her silence. So I became more reckless and hardened than ever. I came to the conclusion that I was forgotten at home; disowned utterly by all of you; and I renewed my past vow, never again to force my unfortunate name and circumstances upon your memories. That vow I kept until I chanced to see one day Father William's advertisement. You know the rest yourself."

"Oh, Richard, how could you so wrong us!" I exclaimed reproachfully. "Were we not — we three — always dear old chums, you and Marion and I? Don't you remember our hill-climbing together, and our story-telling in the heathy nooks along the cliffs, and our long day's ramblings in search of wild bees' nests, and "—

"Yes, yes," he broke in impatiently; "I remember everything, of course — and precious fools we three were in those days! But time changes every one, Alice. It is only the natural result of years and experience. So that, I assure you, I thought it quite within the bounds of possibility, at least, that you and Marion had behaved as most people do; that was all."

I said no more, my heart would not allow me to argue the point; but that my brother could so misjudge me, could so wrong my poor warm-hearted sister, was, indeed, a bitter discovery.

This conversation took place between us on the morning following Richard's arrival at Kildoona, and for the ensuing few days I almost shunned him.

My dear father was laid to rest in the ancient grave-yard in the glen. His funeral is spoken of to this day around cabin and farm-house firesides amid my native hills. It was such a funeral as had seldom before been witnessed in that part of the country. The "Irish Cry" was heard for miles, as it rose and fell in fitful fluctuations of grief, upon the chilly February blast.

A dead silence and loneliness overhung Kildoona after that agitating day. Aunt Anne and I kept together as much as possible, for, alas! we expected and looked for but little comfort from Richard.

My father's will was duly read, and Richard became formally the new master of Kildoona. I was suitably provided for; and whenever I should think well of leaving Kildoona and residing elsewhere I was quite at liberty to do so, sufficient means being allowed me for that purpose. Neither was dear Aunt Anne forgotten; nor yet my ill-fated sister who, in case of her ever being heard of, was to receive from the property a yearly allowance similar to mine.

The days dragged slowly by. March was ushered in with wild wailing gusts and angry biting showers, and all along our shingly coast the roar of the Atlantic breakers was heard; an awful dirge which

travelled mournfully to our ears as we crept silently about the lonesome, deserted house.

For deserted it now appeared, in truth. My father's death, following so closely on Marion's disappearance, had quenched every flickering hope of our hearts. We missed him sorely. Poor Aunt Anne's daily task was at an end; and, strive as she might to conceal her sorrow from me, I read plainly enough, in her sunken eyes and colorless cheeks, the grief which was consuming the warm, sensitive heart within.

Launce Ronayne and Nora seldom came near us now; and even Father William was not so frequent a visitor as of old.

Ah, why, why was this! Had they all been chilled by my brother's cold looks and words? So, in truth, it seemed to me.

It was about this time that two incidents occurred with regard to Richard which now stand forth in my memory in vivid outline, and which I will tell you here. To be continued.

To Combat the Slave-Trade.

A CABLE dispatch from Algiers announces that Cardinal Lavigerie having consecrated the Armed Brothers of the Sahara, they will at once begin the work to which they have dedicated their lives. Their purpose is to combat slavery in the Sahara desert. They will endeavor, throughout the vast region extending from Algiers to the Soudan, which has recently come within the sphere of French influence, to prevent the dispatch of slave caravans across the desert and to close the slave markets. When slavery is finally abolished the Brothers will devote themselves to protecting the feeble, establishing in the Sahara centres for the care of the sick, and opening the interior to the civilized world. The French Government and the Church will heartily support them in their work.

The slave-trade in the Sahara has been greatly reduced within the past few years, but it still exists. The Sultans of the Soudan states of Waday, Baghirmi, Bornu, and Sokoto, have long made slave-hunting grounds of the southern portions of their territories. Many of their slaves are retained in bondage by these captors, while others are sent to the oases in the desert and to the Mohammedan states north of the Sahara. Their market has been greatly curtailed by the closing of the towns in Tripoli against their caravans, and by their exclusion from the territories controlled by France. It is not known how active the slave-trade in Morocco is now, but it is believed to have greatly fallen off recently. Three years ago, however, there was an active trade in slaves in nearly every town in Morocco.

The Brothers of the Sahara will endeavor to extend their operations as far west as Tenduf, which is the greatest slave market in the Sahara. The caravan routes across the desert are marked by the bones of thousands of slaves who have perished during the terrible march.

To be saved, we must be always afraid of being lost. — *St Alphonsus Liguori.*

Catholic Examiners at West Point.

SOME of our (Catholic News) contemporaries, noting the appointment of a Catholic priest as examiner of the students at the Military Academy at West Point, speak of it as a first instance. This is not so. Rev. Thomas C. Levins, the famous controversialist, a great civil engineer and mathematician, was so appointed. Rev. John Farnan was another priest selected, and Father James Clark, S. J., of Georgetown College, a remarkable mathematician, was another examiner. The Jesuit Father Wallace might well have been selected. He was one of the most remarkable mathematicians we ever had in this country.

At a diplomatic dinner in Washington once the French Minister spoke of a problem propounded by a learned academy in France, and expressed regret that we had not in this country scholars sufficiently advanced to solve it. Rev. William Matthews, of Washington, was present, and was too true an American to see his country snubbed in that way. He asked for the problem, saying that there was a person within a mile or two who could solve it, and sent a messenger off with the problem to Father Wallace, telling him to wait for an answer. Before the guests rose from the table, the messenger returned with the solution, which Rev. Mr. Matthews handed politely to the representative of France. Father Wallace's solution was sent to France, found to be correct, and one of the best received.

So did a Jesuit once uphold the fair fame of this land which "we love because it is our own, and scorn to give aught other reason why."

The Ocean's Depth.

THE "dark unfathomed caves of Ocean" are being slowly sounded, though up to date the greatest depth to which the lead has reached is 4,655 fathoms, off the north-east coast of Japan. How far light penetrates is still a mooted question. Four hundred fathoms have been taken as the maximum depth at which it can have any effect. Yet bright-hued animals, with sensitive eyes, have been brought up from an abyss of at least two thousand two hundred fathoms, and calcareous sea-weeds have been dredged in over one thousand fathoms; but no colored species has ever been known to exist so far from the surface. Accordingly, the announcement that the Austrian expedition on board the Pola has found abundance of the green sea-weed (*Halospœria viridis*) at the depth of two thousand metres (that is, more than one thousand and ninety fathoms), is of great interest to botanical geographers and the physicists concerned in studying the ocean depths, for no plant has until now been discovered in such an abyss.

IF we reflect that the Son of God left the bosom of His Father through obedience, to serve us, we shall not find it very difficult to submit to our superiors for the sake of God, nor to deprive ourselves of any comfort through obedience.— *St. Teresa.*

Ethics of the Dirt.

In Ruskin's book, Ethics of the Dust, he aims at drawing out the ethical character of the laws which the creative power of God has impressed on matter. From the working of these laws, under the requisite favorable conditions, he seeks to show how they illustrate such moral virtues as truth, justice, sympathy, kindliness, and the like.

On the other hand, he brings out how, under unfavorable conditions, their results are typical of such immoral doctrines, as, for example, "that a nation can stand on its vices better than on its virtues;" and again, of that horrible creed of modern "social science" that all social action must be scientifically founded on vicious impulses.

While some of Ruskin's conclusions are somewhat marred by the singularly narrow and sectarian spirit in which he applies them, the general aim of the work is praiseworthy, from its implied protest against that coarse materialism which does not shrink from extenuating, or even justifying, under the plea of irresistible necessity, the most repulsive forms of immorality.

The message which modern materialism has brought to the world has been designated by Carlyle as the "Gospel of Dirt." It is with the ethical side of this modern "gospel" that the following article is concerned.

I.

Modern materialists may be divided into two classes; first, those who deny the existence of God, and of every other spiritual being, and who hold that the material world is alone real, alone actual. That a God exists who rules the universe, that there exists in man a spiritual principle distinct from the body, they profess to regard as pernicious delusions of the human mind.

The second class do not directly deny the existence of God and of the soul of man. They assert that we have no means of knowing whether God or the soul exists. These are questions wholly beyond and outside the sphere of knowledge, since every effort of thought is vain which seeks to pass from the domain of the sensible to the supersensible. "*Ignoramus et ignorabimus*," — "we are ignorant and will remain so," — this is their motto. It is true that they disclaim the appellation of materialists; they prefer to be known as agnostics; yet, materialists they are to all intents and purposes. For if God and the soul be unknowable, then for all practical purposes they do not exist; the sole subject of knowledge is the visible universe; and this can only be regarded as the outcome of the play of material forces.

It would be a grave mistake to suppose that doctrines such as these are merely floating far above our heads in the cloudland of speculative thought. Is not materialism proclaimed as the final result of physical science by its leading representatives of the present day? In the economic order, modern Capitalism and the Socialism which protests against it, are alike ruled by principles of materialism. In many of the various theories of education, in discussions of the social

questions of the hour, in politics and legislation, we discern the traces of its presence. Indeed, the modern State can hardly be regarded otherwise than as resting on a materialistic basis.

History and experience alike go to show that principles become speedily transmuted from the domain of theory into that of practice. Sooner or later they filter down from the higher levels and become operative in the daily life of human kind. In the current literature of the day, articles and editorials, double-leaded, are written in their defence; later on, what will require to be double-leaded, will be the policeman's club. Nor is this a mere smart, antithetical expression. The atrocities of the French Revolution in the Reign of Terror were largely the outcome of the materialistic doctrines of the eighteenth century. When men's minds began to recover from the horror of the time, and the spirit of order began to assert itself, the citizens of Paris organized themselves for police duty throughout the city. "Instead of arms," says Alison, "they bore short *clubs loaded with lead*." (Alison, History of Europe, Vol. III., p. 221.)

II.

Every system of philosophy, proposed for the acceptance of the human intellect, finds itself on the very threshold confronted with the questions, "What is good, and what is evil? Why must I do the one, and avoid the other? Where am I to find the ultimate source and sanction of the moral law?" Failing to render a satisfactory answer to these questions, it stands self-condemned before the tribunal of the practical reason.

The Christian view of morality is, that it is essentially bound up with religion; that its origin and sanction must be sought for in God; that its dictates are to be obeyed because they are the laws of God. In other words, morality presupposes a Being who alone has the right to impose it as a law and obligation binding on the will of man. It must be recognized as the expression of the divine will before it can possess any binding power, or carry with it the duty of obedience. To use the grand words of the old Greek tragedian, its dictates are "laws sublime, engendered within the firmament of heaven, whose only father is Olympus; *nor did the perishable nature of man give them being; no, nor shall oblivion ever drown them in sleep. Great is the divinity in them, nor groweth old.*"*

While it is possible to call in question the Christian theory of ethics, which necessarily presupposes the existence of God, it would be difficult to deny, in the face of historical fact, the downward course of morality, in speculation and in practice, when shaken loose from its religious basis. It is seen to perish as a tree withers and dies when

* οὐδέ νιν
θνατὰ φύσις ἀνέρων
ἔτικτεν, οὐδὲ μήν ποτε λάθα κατακοιμάσει.
μεγας εν τουτοις θεος, ουδε γηρασκει
(SOPH. *Œd. Rex*, 841.)

torn up by the roots from the soil in which it lived and thrived. Among the early Greek republics, at the close of the Peloponnesian wars, when belief in God had been undermined by the teachings of the sophists, the moral ties which held together the framework of government and law became relaxed, and Greece tottered to its fall. So also with Rome in the time of the Cæsars, and with the old French monarchy before the Revolution. History points to religion watching over the cradle of every nation, and unbelief standing by its tomb.

Not only practically, in the life of individuals and of nations, is this truth illustrated; in the domain of theory and speculation, in the various ethical systems, the same fact is clearly manifest. The descent into hell is easy, and the downward course of morality, shaken from its divine foundations, is one of the most significant and instructive lessons which the history of human thought teaches.

In the Platonic system of ethics the ideas of right and justice have their archetypes in the mind of God. Aristotle was the first to proclaim a divorce between morality and religion. Morality exists solely with reference to the present life. It does not spring from, nor depend for its sanction on a higher divine law. The next phase in the dissolving view of morality is the system of the Stoics. In the conception of virtue as formed by this school of thought, religion has no place. A virtuous life is simply a life in accordance with the laws of Nature. By an easy and natural gradation this system lapsed into Epicureanism, in which the highest good was pleasure, the highest evil, pain. The practical development and working of this system was witnessed later on in the profound moral corruption which rotted away the pillars of imperial Rome's supremacy and brought it down in ruin.

Like causes produce like effects. In modern times the religious revolution of the sixteenth century having proclaimed the sufficiency of faith without good works, it was only natural that the rationalists of England and Germany in the succeeding centuries should deny all essential connection between morality and religion. Inasmuch as morality conduces to the happiness of the individual and the general welfare of society, it should be practised on these grounds apart from any divine sanction. Its value and significance are for this life alone, and as such it stands self-sustained and self-justified.

Once more the foundation proved too frail for the weighty structure, which, in these latter days, has sunk into the quagmire of materialism, beyond which there is no lower deep. With that brutal frankness, so characteristic of the modern school of materialism, we are informed by one of its most prominent representatives:

> "It is alike ridiculous to desire to do good for its own sake or for the sake of an everlasting reward. Rather is it the case that we do good or evil merely because we wish to do so. Whatever accords best with our nature, whatever external surroundings most strongly impel us to do — that we do. That which is conformable to the nature of man is good; whatsoever conflicts therewith must be rejected as evil. Practically, all men are atheists, epicureans, egoists — and *rightly* so!" (Buechner, *Force and Matter*, p. 243.)

And so it confessedly comes to this — the "pig-philosophy" of Carlyle:

"The Universe, so far as sane conjecture can go, is an immeasurable Swine's-trough."

"Moral evil is unattainability of Pig's wash; moral good, attainability of ditto."

"Who made the Pig? Unknown;—perhaps the Pork-butcher."— *Latter-Day-Pamphlets.*

It should, however, occasion no surprise to learn that "pig-philosophy" is the practical outcome of scientific materialism, since, as we are assured by materialists themselves,— "The force which digests in the stomach is the same that thinks in the brain!" (Buechner, *Kraft und Stoff*, p. 122.)

III.

But morality as an element in human nature, a main-spring of human action, is a fact which cannot be ignored or explained away. In all ages and among all nations we discern the traces of its existence. It has survived the wreck of creeds, and the most deep-seated corruption of which history has any record. Philosophers and teachers of every school have testified to its universal and indestructible character.

Materialism must, accordingly, find a place for morality in its system of thought. But how? Morality presupposes 1st, a moral order of the universe, emanating from a Being, namely God, who alone has the right to impose it as a law or obligation binding on the human will: 2d, it presupposes the existence of moral beings who are to live under its sway.

Materialism, rejecting the existence of God, or regarding it as an insoluble problem, is called on to answer the question — what is the source of the moral law, whence does it derive its authority? It answers the question by pointing to a *deus ex machina* of its own — the STATE. In the materialistic system the State takes the place of God. It is, as Hegel says, *der presente Gott*, God present in the midst of us. The corollary to this assertion is supplied by a French disciple of Hegel, Michelet, who informs us that "man belongs body and soul to the State."

It follows from this that the laws of the State are the sole sufficient standard of human conduct. They constitute the objective basis of a morality which has replaced the antiquated morality of the catechism. They are the expression of the "public conscience," against which the "private conscience" has no rights. In short, an act is good or evil according as it conforms to, or conflicts with, the law of the State. Such, indeed, is the explicit declaration of a representative materialist of the present day:

"It is a matter of indifference to the individual, alike for himself and for his conscience, how he acts, if he only avoid coming into collision with society and its laws." (Buechner, *Kraft und Stoff*, p. 247, 248.)

Thus, materialism would dethrone God, and set in His place its pet idol, the State, compounded of gold and brass and iron, but with feet of clay. Taine styles it "the modern sphinx which has devoured the time-honored rights won by the Church during centuries of toil, — freedom of conscience, the distinction between the civil and religious

powers — inflexible, tyrannical, monopolizing everything, religion, justice, education, the army, administrative authority, and claiming to recast the human intellect in its own mould."

Since, however, law is an act of the will rather than of the intellect, the anxious enquirer is led to ask: "Why am I obliged to obey the laws of the State? Whence do these laws derive their authority?" The materialist answers the question by pointing to Force. It is the superior force with which the State is invested that enables it to curb the lawless will of the individual. It is force that gives the State the right to rule, and from the right so founded springs the duty of obedience on the part of the individual. In a word, Might is Right.

A theory such as this is fatal to all morality. Obedience to the laws of the State becomes a duty only because, antecedent to these laws there is a moral law, emanating from God, which makes obedience a matter of duty and obligation. Apart from such moral sanction the whole duty of man consists in keeping out of the clutches of the police. The constable, the sheriff, or the hangman is the proper representative of the "private conscience," as enlightened by State morality.

Nor will the free and intelligent will of man acknowledge a duty of obedience resting solely on naked force. "You can do anything with bayonets except sit on them," some one has aptly remarked. Were the theory in question true, then every law passed by the state would be *eo ipso* just and right. The maxim that the State can do no wrong would be transformed from a legal fiction into absolute fact. Reason will never surrender its right to pronounce adverse judgment on human laws when they conflict with the higher rule and standard of the moral law.

Again, if the right of the State to rule rest on force; if, with superior force, right and authority also pass away, it is clear that this so-called right should be tested from time to time, and the only way to test it is to apply the touchstone of Revolution. A popular *emeute*, a conspiracy, which develops greater force than that of the existing government steps into the seat of power, and stands justified before the world because it has succeeded. The maxim that Might is Right finds its Nemesis in that other maxim: Success is the test of Right.

But in case the revolutionary forces are slow in coming to a head, it may be necessary to quicken their action and precipitate events by assassination. The following list, which we find in Cantu's History of the last Thirty Years, is a very significant commentary on the principles we have been combating.

Before the year 1848, seventeen attempts were made on the life of Louis-Philippe of France.

1848. — Attempt on the life of the Prince of Prussia at Minden.

1849. — Murder of Minister Rossi in Rome.

1853. — Emperor of Austria wounded.

1854. — Duke of Parma killed.

1855. — Napoleon III. shot at.

1856. — Attempt on the life of Isabella of Spain.

1858. — Conspiracy of Orsini. Bombs explode and kill and wound several persons.

1862. — At Baden, a student fires two shots at the King of Prussia.

1862. — Attempt on the life of the King of Greece.

1865. — Assassination of President Lincoln.

1865. — Attempt on the Czar's life at St. Petersburg.

1867. — President Lopez of Montevideo assassinated.

1867. — Prince Michel of Serbia killed.

1867. — Attempt on the Czar's life in Paris.

1871. — Attempt on the life of Amadeus, King of Spain.

1872. — President of Peru assassinated.

1873. — President of Bolivia assassinated.

1877. — Attempt on the life of the President of Paraguay.

1878. — Two attempts on the life of the Emperor of Germany.

1878. — Seven attempts on the life of the King of Spain.

1878. — Attempt on the life of the King of Italy.

1879. — Attempt on the life of the Sultan of Turkey.

1880. — Discovery of an explosive mine under the imperial palace, St. Petersburg.

1881. — Assassination of Czar Alexander II.

1883. — Attempt on the life of Czar Alexander III.

Some further additions could be made to this gory calendar, were it continued down to the present day.

In national affairs the test of strength is revolution; in international affairs — war. Right being based on force, the strong nation is justified in conquering and absorbing the weaker nation; and the weakness of the latter debars it from all right to complain. Its weakness is its crime. And, therefore, it is, that, at the present day, Europe is transformed into an armed camp, that human ingenuity is ever on the strain to devise more deadly weapons of destruction, that the nations are groaning under a burden of taxation, and that military training from early youth far into manhood is the law of the land.

IV.

Finally, morality can have no place in a system which denies the freedom of the will. Only a being who can freely determine to do or not to do is capable of performing a moral act. But materialism regards man as a mere product of nature, of a realm, that is, in which physical, chemical, physiological laws alone prevail. Such, indeed, is the explicit declaration of materialists themselves. Says Vogt:

"Free will has no existence, and, in truth, we are neither responsible nor accountable for our actions." (*Bilder aus dem Thierleben*, p. 419.)

And Buechner:

"Each individual man represents the sum-total of his parents and ancestry, of conditions of place and time, air and climate, food and clothing. His will is the necessary consequence of these causes which bind him by a natural law as the planet is bound to its orbit. All the talk about the independence of the human mind is mere nonsense." (*Kraft und Stoff*, p. 122.)

As a resultant of atomical forces acting in obedience to necessary

mechanical laws, man is not free nor responsible for his actions. To try a man for murder would be as much of a solemn farce as to arraign a locomotive for exploding its boiler and killing the engineer. The materialistic State in the act of punishing a criminal would be fitly represented by Xerxes lashing the Hellespont with chains to avenge the destruction of his fleet. Crime should be considered from a pathological, not an ethical point of view. Prisons should be abolished, or turned into hospitals and insane asylums. Not being responsible for the shape of his skull, the criminal cannot be punished for acts which are the direct consequences of such cranial malformation. The superstitions of astrology have made way for the superstitions of science, and the words of Shakespeare are applicable to the age we live in:

"This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behavior), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves and thieves by spherical predominance, drunkards and liars by an enforced obedience of planetary influence." (*King Lear*, Act I. Scene II.)

A system which leads to such untenable conclusions, and lends itself so readily to the *reductio ad absurdum* process, refutes itself. Happily, when theories are vicious, men shrink from the extreme consequences to which they lead. A saving element of common-sense comes into play which keeps men illogical, inconsistent in conduct with the principles which they profess to hold; while the moral sense revolts against the practical application of principles which are at variance with that Truth which is one, and universal in the range of its beneficence.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

Marketing.

THERE are schools in France in which the pupils are taught trades such as fine white sewing, ironing, stay-making, artificial flower making, millinery and dress-making, as well as household work. This is practical common-sense. The pupils range in age between thirteen and eighteen. Their time is not wasted in smattering of science that can never avail them; they are not taught to play the piano, but they are taught what will enable them to earn a living. One thing is very striking, and that is that they are taught to market with advantage. French women are models of kitchen economy. They do not buy meats or other food wastefully; they learn how to buy. They prepare what they buy so as to obtain from it the most nourishing dishes. They do not waste meats or fuel. If our ruinously expensive public schools, which spend millions and teach nothing of practical use, would only take a lesson from the French and teach pupils how to judge and how to buy meats, fish, poultry, wearing fabrics, the American people will be less severe in the terrible judgment they must one day pronounce on their extravagant, useless, ruinous system of schools. There are seventeen trade schools in Paris alone; and the New York Board of Education has none, says the Catholic News. We presume other cities are in a like condition.

The Servant Girl as a Capitalist.

Our servant girls are the great depositors in the savings banks. The millions held by those institutions and lent out to erect the palaces of the wealthy, are after all only the collected savings of the poorer, but industrious and thrifty class. This is a fact not always borne in mind, yet much of the improvements throughout the country could not be carried on were it not for the savings of servant girls and other humble workers. In a speech made by Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, he remarked: "It has been said that the servant girls of Hartford hold the mortgages on the town." What is true of Hartford is true elsewhere. Where a vast Catholic congregation pours out from a church in the early morning, there will be enough among them whose savings are represented by mortgages on the palatial houses they pass, and of which, in many cases, they own more than the so-called owners.

The Great Spanish Painter and His Slave.

Murillo, the greatest of Spanish painters, and one of the greatest of all ages and countries, was born in Seville, 1618. At that time the old city was the richest in Spain; the Guadalquivir, its "flowing river," renowned in song, was alive with shipping, and in these scenes of life and wealth the young Murillo easily found food for his imaginative and artistic eye.

Murillo was very poor, so poor that he was one of the artists that painted anything that they thought would take the public fancy, and exposed their pictures for sale on the steps of the Cathedral, hoping thus to earn enough to sustain life, which Murillo was barely able to do.

At the age of twenty-five, friendless and poor, he made his way on foot to Madrid, and sought out the great Spanish artist, Velasquez, then at the height of his fame.

Struck by his genius, Velasquez at once took up the young painter, and afforded him opportunity to study art and the old masters, in good examples of whose work Madrid was rich. From this day Murillo's success was assured, and, after two years spent in Madrid, he returned to Seville the superior of any artist there.

The first pictures he painted were for the Franciscan Convent, and they brought him great fame. He married a lady of noble birth, and his house became a social centre through his wife's connections and his own renown.

Murillo met his death by a fall from the scaffolding when he was painting a marriage of St. Catharine for the Capuchin Church of Cadiz, and was buried in the Church of Santa Cruz, a church that was burned during the French invasion.

Murillo had a slave, a young mulatto boy, who, unknown to his master, learned to paint, as he frequented the studio unobserved. One day the master had left unfinished on his easel a head of the Blessed Virgin. To his surprise on his return he found it finished, and vainly conjectured who the artist might be. Dreadfully frightened at what

he had done, the slave, Sebastian Gomez, threw himself at his master's feet, confessing and begging forgiveness. This was gladly granted, and Murillo freed the gifted youth, glad to find an artist in his slave. Although he never reached great heights in his work, Gomez learned to color very like Murillo, and was sometimes entrusted to paint in lesser figures in the great pieces of his master's works. There are two of his paintings in the Museum of Seville, and he holds a place among the lesser Spanish painters. He did not long outlive Murillo, who died in 1682.

The Sign of the Cross.

THE general intention for June is the practical love of the Cross. A little incident that happened to a young priest in an out-of-the-way mission some years ago may help to increase this practical love in our hearts.

As this priest was travelling through a rather wild and desolate district of his mission, he learned that in a certain place there lay ill a man who had not practised any religion for years. A scoffer and a blasphemer through life, he now lay helpless and almost abandoned, not knowing when the dread summons would come: *Render an account of your stewardship.* The young priest, full of zeal, determined to make one effort to save this soul.

Several hours over a rough road brought him at length to the home of the dying man. He entered the house, and the wretched man no sooner recognized the character of his visitor, than, with a storm of oaths and blasphemies, he ordered him to leave the house. "He would have nothing to do with God or priest. He had lived without them, he would die without them, and he did not fear what might be beyond the grave."

Very quietly the priest took a seat by the bedside, and when the unhappy blasphemer was utterly worn out with the efforts he had made, the priest began. He spoke of God's mercy and love for sinners, of the stable at Bethlehem, and the garden of Gethsemane and Calvary. He told the story of the Prodigal; but his heart at length began to sink, for he saw clearly that it was only weakness and utter exhaustion that kept the dying man silent, and that if it were not for this, his own charitable efforts would have but excited him to greater and more terrible blasphemies.

Finally, the priest arose and said: "Well, N —, you have lived many years, and in all those years you never did a thing for God. It cannot be long now before you will be standing before your Judge. Here, make the Sign of the Cross, any way, and have that, at least, to say to Him: 'I once made the Sign of the Cross,' when He asks you what you have done for Him." Suiting the action to the words, the priest took the man's hand and formed the Sign of the Cross over him. Hardly had he done so than the man burst out into tears, and before the priest left the house, to his own great consolation, he had reconciled this poor man to God.

Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Apparition of the Immaculate Virgin.

THE NEW OFFICE OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

THE decree by which the Sacred Congregation of Rites approved the Office for the new feast of Our Lady's Apparition at Lourdes bears the date of July 16, 1890; but it was only recently that the printers of the Vatican Press began its reproduction. An inspection of the first proof-sheets by the promoters showed that in the lessons of the second nocturn the story of Lourdes was not related in a satisfactory manner. It was felt that the legend of the apparitions formed the basis of the Office, and that the nature of the narrative should more distinctly manifest the mind of the Church in giving it her approbation.

After some delay, the Bishop of Tarbes submitted to the Sacred Congregation another recital, which, in a tableau succinct but complete, presented all the facts, and the most striking details of the different apparitions in their providential occurrence. He sent his document to Rome by one of his priests, and commissioned him to exert himself in the name of his Bishop to have it accepted.

Much difficulty in the accomplishment of this task was to be expected. The rules and practice of the Congregation gave no reason to hope for more than a simple modification, and that only in essential points. When the exposition of the matter was concluded, however, the usual opposition soon ceased. The Spirit of God seemed suddenly to have enlightened the high intelligences whose duty it was to give a decision; and, after a very rapid negotiation, it was decided by the members of the Congregation of Rites that the first copy should be discarded, and that the three new lessons proposed by the Bishop of Tarbes be substituted.

This serious action, and the unexpected promptitude with which it was taken, only manifested the religious dispositions of the eminent cardinals. They were all full of faith in Our Lady of Lourdes, and their unanimous desire was to give to her all the glory they could, while observing the laws and usages of the Congregation. Their principle was to refuse nothing that was favorable to the cause, if it was compatible with their rules. The Prefect of Rites, his Eminence Cardinal Aloisi Masella, has made known the following details:

The Congregation did not wish to restrict itself to the mere consecration of the devotion to the Immaculate Virgin of the Grotto, nor to the recognition of that place as sacred. Its intention was that its approbation should cover even the apparitions of the Holy Virgin. This, however, seemed hazardous as well as novel. There had been numerous approbations of images found miraculously and other occurrences of like nature, but there was doubt as to whether the Congregation had ever been called on to pronounce on an event such as this of Lourdes. A search having been instituted in the annals of the Congregation, two precedents were found. This sufficed: the title of the Office and of the Mass was at once decreed.

When the question arose as to the special form of recital which the Church should approve, there was much indecision. In such

matters it is the custom of the Congregation to show the strictest reserve. It does not usually affirm, it merely repeats information received: it mentions public rumor, reminiscences; *ut fertur, ut memoriæ traditum est.* The Cardinal Prefect declared before the eminent assembly that in the case of Our Lady of Lourdes such formulas would be an insult to Providence and to the Christian world. The story of the apparitions has the glory of certitude; the Church should recognize and consecrate it. This motion was carried, and every restrictive expression was eliminated from the narrative. The Church will, therefore, recount to future generations as an indubitable fact that the Immaculate Virgin appeared in the Grotto of Lourdes.

The following is a translation of the lessons of the second nocturn of the Office, the others being taken from Holy Scripture and the writings of the Fathers:

LESSON IV.

In the fourth year after the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, on the bank of the river Gave, near the town of Lourdes, of the diocese of Tarbes, in France, the Holy Virgin herself often appeared in a niche of the rock above the Grotto of Massabielle, to a young girl called Bernadette, very poor indeed, but ingenuous and pious. The aspect of the Immaculate Virgin breathed youth and benignity; she was clothed with a robe and veil white as snow, and wore a blue cincture, her bare feet were adorned with a golden rose. On the day of the first apparition, the eleventh of February, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, she taught the young girl how to make the Sign of the Cross worthily and piously; and, taking in her hand a pair of beads which had been hanging on her arm, she encouraged her, by her example, to recite the Rosary; this she also did in the subsequent apparitions. On the day of the second apparition the young girl, fearing a ruse of the demon, threw, in the simplicity of her heart, holy water toward the Virgin; but the Blessed Virgin, smiling sweetly, showed her a still more benignant countenance. When she appeared for the third time, she invited the young girl to visit the Grotto for fifteen days. She spoke to her often, and exhorted her to pray for sinners, to kiss the earth, and to do penance; then she ordered her to tell the priests to build her a chapel in that place, and to come thither in solemn processions. Moreover, she ordered her to drink of, and wash herself with, the water of the fountain which was still hidden in the sand, but was soon to burst forth. Finally, on the Feast of the Assumption, the young girl, asking with instance the name of her who had so often deigned to appear to her, the Virgin, placing her hands on her bosom and raising her eyes to heaven, answered: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

LESSON V.

The fame of the blessings which the faithful were said to have received in the holy Grotto having constantly increased, the concourse of men drawn to the Grotto by veneration for the place also increased from day to day. Thus, impelled by the celebrity of the prodigies and

the candor of the young girl, the Bishop of Tarbes, four years after the events narrated, and after a juridical examination of the facts, gave his judgment that the character of the apparition was supernatural, and authorized the cult of the Virgin in this same Grotto. A chapel was soon built there. From that time, either to accomplish a vow or to present their prayers, almost innumerable crowds of the faithful have thronged thither every year, from France, Belgium, Italy, Spain, and other countries of Europe, and even from the far-distant regions of America; and the name of the Immaculate Virgin of Lourdes grows more and more famous throughout the world. The water from the fountain is sent to all parts, and restores health to the sick. The Catholic universe, grateful for so many blessings, has reared at Lourdes sacred monuments of wonderful execution. Numberless standards, sent by cities and nations as testimonials of favors received, form in the temple of the Virgin an admirable decoration. There, as on her throne, the Immaculate Virgin is honored without interruption, — during the day by prayers, religious song, and other solemn ceremonies; at night, by those sacred processions in which innumerable throngs of pilgrims walk by the light of candles and torches, and sing the praises of the Blessed Virgin.

LESSON VI.

These pilgrimages, as the whole world knows, have warmed the tepid faith of our age; have given men courage to profess the Christian law, and have marvellously increased the cult of the Immaculate Virgin. In this admirable profession of faith the Christian people have for leaders the pastors, who bring thither their flocks. Bishops themselves frequently visit the holy spot, preside over the pilgrimages, and assist at the more solemn festivals. It is not very rare to see there, as humble pilgrims, the Princes of the Roman Church clothed in their purple. The Sovereign Pontiffs themselves, in their devotion to the Immaculate of Lourdes, have bestowed innumerable magnificent gifts on the holy temple. Pius IX. honored it by according to it indulgences, the privilege of an archconfraternity, and the title of minor basilica; and he also had the statue of the Mother of God, which is venerated therein, solemnly crowned by his apostolic nuncio in France. Leo XIII., in his turn, has loaded the sanctuary with innumerable favors. He accorded indulgences in the form of a jubilee on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the apparition; has encouraged pilgrimages by his authority and word, and caused the solemn dedication of the Church of the Rosary to be performed in his name. He has crowned these favors by permitting, at the request of a large number of bishops, the celebration, by a proper Mass and Office, of a solemn feast under the title of the "Apparition of the Immaculate Blessed Virgin Mary."

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We may mention, as a somewhat extraordinary concession, the retention in the Breviary of the vernacular names, Lourdes and Bernadette, instead of their Latin equivalents, *Lapurdum* and *Bernadina*.

The Church the Civilizer.

In the second volume of his Conquests of Peru, Prescott says: "The effort to Christianize the heathen is an honorable characteristic of the Spanish conquests. The Puritan, with equal religious zeal, did comparatively little for the conversion of the Indian. But the Spanish missionary from first to last has shown a keen interest in the spiritual welfare of the natives. Under his auspices, churches on a magnificent scale have been erected, schools for elementary instruction founded, and every national means taken to spread the knowledge of religious truth, while he has carried his solitary mission into remote and almost inaccessible regions, and gathered his Indian disciples into communities like the good Las Casas in Cumana, or the Jesuits in California and Paraguay. At all times the courageous ecclesiastic has been ready to lift his voice against the cruelty of the conqueror, and when his remonstrations have proved unavailing, he has still followed to bind up the broken-hearted, to teach the poor Indian resignation under his lot, and light up his dark intellect with the revelation of a holier and happier existence. The same nation which sent forth the hard-hearted conqueror from its bosom, sent forth the missionary to do the work of beneficence, and spread the light of Christian civilization over the farthest regions of the New World."

In another place the same historian speaks of the Spanish conqueror of Mexico: "The conversion of the heathen was a predominant motive with Cortes in his expedition. It was not a vain boast. He would have sacrificed his life for it any time, and more than once by his indiscreet zeal, he did actually place his life and the success of his enterprise in jeopardy. It was his great purpose to purify the land from the brutish abominations of the Aztecs by substituting the religion of Jesus. This gave to his expedition the character of a crusade."

The Great Scientific Undertaking.

One of the chief aims of Leo XIII., in re-establishing the Vatican Observatory, was to enable Father Denza and his assistants to take part in a work of the highest importance to astronomical science. This work is the preparation of a colossal photographic map of the heavens, for the production of which arrangements are being made by an international congress of astronomers now sitting in Paris. The enterprise is one of the most gigantic ever undertaken. The proposed map is to be made up of something like two thousand separate sheets photographed at different points of both hemispheres. An idea of the magnitude of the task is furnished by the fact that it is necessary to explore an expanse in which no fewer than forty million stars can be reckoned. The work will extend over a period of three or four years, and if it be successfully accomplished the astronomers engaged in it will be able to hand down to future generations an exact record of the firmament as seen from this planet at the close of the nineteenth century. The part taken by Leo XIII. in this undertaking is worthy of a Pope whose Pontificate is already distinguished by so many memorable deeds.

The Dominion.

INTERESTING CEREMONY AT QUEBEC.

On the 12th of May the ancient city of Champlain witnessed a solemn funeral service. The remains of Father John de Quen, Superior of the Jesuit Missions in Canada, who died a victim of charity in 1659; Father Francis du Perron, a laborious missionary, who died in 1665: and Brother Liegois, killed by the Iroquois, were transferred to the vaults in the church of the Jesuit Fathers. These remains had lain undisturbed beneath the chapel in the old Jesuit College at Quebec, so long shamefully misused by the Canadian Government as a barracks for soldiers. They have been since 1878 at the Belmont Cemetery, and were transferred with solemn ceremony once more to the vaults of a chapel of their order. The caskets of the Jesuits were borne in the procession by eighteen Hurons in war costume, followed by a detachment of the Montagnais, among whom Father de Quen had labored. Fathers of the Society, the highest officials in church and state, with Catholic societies swelled the line. Thus, after more than two centuries the old apostles are honored, and the tribes they converted join with the descendants of the early settlers in the funeral cortege.

MONTREAL'S TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

The city of Montreal is about to celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. To speak more correctly the Catholic Church in Montreal is about to do so. This shows a public spirit, and the memory of the Venerable Rev. John J. Olier, of Maisonneuve, of Mlle. Mance, Margaret Bourgeoys, and the early pioneers will be revived. Religious services, a solemn high Mass, probably, will be held on Point a Calliere where Maisonneuve landed. The Archbishop of Montreal, Right Rev. Dr. Fabre, seeing the apathy of the city authorities in the matter, has addressed the following note to his Honor the Mayor:

Archbishop's Palace, Montreal, April 13, 1891.

Hon. Jas. McShane, Mayor: Sir — As you may have seen in La Semaine Religieuse of the 28th of March, ult., I am preparing a religious ceremony for the celebration, on the 18th of May next year, of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Montreal. As the entire population of the city will be interested in this anniversary, I would be happy to hear that on the other hand civic festivities worthy of such a great event are being organized. This is the reason why, Mr. Mayor, I consider it my duty to communicate my plans to you, being convinced that on your side you will do all that may devolve upon you in order to give to the celebration in question all the eclat that one could desire. I have the honor to be, Mr. Mayor,

Your very humble servant,

† Edouard Charles, *Archbishop of Montreal.*

When we begin to practise mortification, everything naturally seems hard and difficult to us; but God works such a change in us, and grants us so many graces that all that we can do in this life seems very little. — *St. Teresa.*

Carmelite Centenaries, 1891.

THIS year the Carmelite Order celebrates the Centenaries of three great servants of God and remarkable members of the grand old Order of Mount Carmel. First, that of the death of St. John of the Cross, who died in 1591, and was raised to the honors of the altar by Pope Benedict XIII., 1726; second, that of the beatification of Sister Mary of the Incarnation, so eloquently eulogized in the pastoral letter of his Eminence Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, as published in The Irish Catholic; and the third, that of the death of Blessed Thomas Scrope Bradley, Bishop of the diocese of Dromore, and Apostolic Legate to the Knights of Rhodes. Blessed Thomas was descended from a very respectable family in the town of Bradley, Leicestershire, and was born in the year 1391, and, as he died in 1491, we celebrate this year the centenaries of his birth and of his holy death. We are told that in his youth he pursued his studies with all that zeal which is ever inseparable from a true servant of God. But, whilst anxious to attain all that knowledge which was so necessary to fit him for the glorious vocation destined for him by the Almighty God, it never interfered with the religious formation of his spiritual life, his love for prayer, and mortification. Having arrived at that time of life at which one is capable of selecting his vocation, after fervent prayer and anxious study of the will of God, with all the zeal of a true child of grace, he entered a Benedictine monastery. Here he zealously advanced in the path of perfection, praying much, and chastising his body frequently. But Thomas would seem to have been called to a still higher state of perfection, and so he resolved to enter the Carmelite Order, which then flourished with great perfection in England and Ireland. Having accomplished his desire in 1431, he pursued a life of almost incredible austerities, and so advanced rapidly to the very highest pitch of perfection. After passing twenty years in this solitude, obedient to monastic discipline, the odor of his virtues spreading far and wide, his sanctity attracted even the notice of Pope Eugenius IV. He was called forth from his loved solitude by that venerable Pontiff to instruct the faithful, not only by his eloquent words, but still more by his example. Well, indeed, might be applied to him, even then, those words of the Holy Ghost: "He shone in his days as the morning-star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full, and as the sun when it shineth, so did he shine in the temple of God." But Almighty God had a still higher office in store for his servant; and as no one was more capable of judging his fitness for an exalted position in the house of God than the great Father of the Faithful Himself, Pope Nicholas V., who then occupied the chair of St. Peter, appointed him to the See of Dromore about the year 1450. According to Stephen's Monastican, and Leland, he was appointed shortly afterwards by the same Pope as Papal Legate to the Knights of Rhodes, and, having returned from that commission, he retired from the diocese of Dromore, left Ireland, and returned to his monastery in Norwich, where he passed the remainder of his days in great sanctity. All the revenues which he

received from his diocese, as well as what came to him from other quarters, he bestowed upon the poor or expended in other pious uses. He lived to a very advanced age,— Cotton says more than a hundred years,—and died at his monastery, in the odor of sanctity, 1491. His tomb is yet to be seen at Lowestoft, a seaport town in Suffolk. On it is inscribed the following epitaph :

Wasted with sickness, in the West he dies,
And here entombed among the dust he lies,
And while his spirit, light as air, ascends
His body to Mother Earth descends.

It is to be fervently hoped that before long, he will be raised to the honors of the altar. Two other Carmelite Bishops of great piety and learning filled the See of Dromore during the same century — Venerable David Cherbury and the Most Rev. Richard Nyssen.

The Diphtheria Bacillus.

THE ardor with which the study of the causation of diphtheria has been pursued among those who are engaged in that branch of medical science has been at last rewarded by the discovery of the true diphtheria bacillus. The most eminent bacteriologists in the world with great unanimity announce the fact. Dr. Klein, the eminent English bacteriologist, has published an elaborate report in the Nineteenth Annual Report of the Local Government, in which he enters into the details of his methods of investigation and his tests. His paper contains several facts of prime importance, a knowledge of which should be generally known. Among them are the following: Some of the lower animals, particularly cows and house cats, are susceptible to this disease, and instances are cited in which the domestic cat has communicated the infection to the family to which it belonged, with fatal results. He has also demonstrated the presence of the infection in the milk of cows previously inoculated with diphtheria bacilli. He takes occasion to emphasize another fact which is of great practical importance, and should always be borne in mind by health officers, to wit: The contagion of diphtheria is to be classed with those which can exist and thrive outside the human body. "It is a matter of common belief," he says, "that a room may retain active the diphtheritic contagion for a very long period; that milk may be not only the vehicle, but even the multiplying ground of the diphtheritic contagion; and that sewer air and sewage may contain and be the means of distributing this contagion."

WHERE does the social equality come in, which, we are told, the godless schools of the United States create? As a matter of cheapness and convenience the rich and poor sit side by side in the same street horse-car, but do the poor sit side by side in the parlors of the rich, or at the tables of the wealthy? Is it not a fact that the rich have their own godless schools in their own rich quarters in our great cities?

Intellectual Life of the Catholic Church.

WHAT has the Church done for society by her religious orders, in the highest sense of the word intellectual?

Well, three things, which society, without the religious orders, could never have done for itself. From a literary point of view, the religious orders preserved literature, pagan and Christian, so that to them we owe the best half of our present libraries. Theologically, the religious orders have been the high schools of Christianity, without which we should have missed our best scholastic teaching. While even chivalrously, in the martial, heroic sense, the religious orders have set the example of Catholic heroism in many a time of danger to Christian nations.

Let us see how these three offices work together. Thus, the Benedictines, the Chartreux, the Bernardines, defended intellectualism with the pen. The Trinitarians, the Brothers of Mary, and some of the chivalrous orders, aided the champions of intellectual liberty in these two ways — by devoting themselves to the redemption of Christian captives, and to the emancipation of those Christians who had been made slaves. And thirdly, the Templars, the Knights of St. John, the Teutonic Orders, defended civil and religious liberty with the sword. When the tide of Moslem barbarism seemed not unlikely to inundate the West, secular chivalry offered its aid to the spiritual chivalry; the Roman Church, in her marvellous fecundity, creating those Catholic military orders in which the zeal of the monk was blended with the passion of the soldier, both reaching a pitch of heroism whose feats are scarcely paralleled in story, and leaving traces in Syria, Rhodes, Spain, and Palestine, by which we may note their work and faith.

But, to return to the monastic orders.

Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, Augustinians, in their preaching both to pagans and to Christians, were putting before them the intellectual ideal of natural duties, in grounding them upon the Catholic Roman faith. Nor can even Protestants withhold their tribute of admiration from those religious orders of the thirteenth century, who contended against the Waldenses and the Manicheans: nor from the Capuchins, of the sixteenth century, who revived the primitive rule of St. Francis; nor from the Carmelite Order, whose foundress was St. Theresa; nor from the Maurist Benedictines, whose services to patriotic literature are not likely to be forgotten for all time; nor from the Lazarists, who, in directing seminaries and missions, have been the pride and ornament of the Church in France; nor, later in the Church's life, from the Redemptorists, whose apostolic labors have met with such success in Italy, Germany, Belgium, and America; nor from the Ursulines, devoted to the education of women; nor, finally, to omit the mention of many others, from the Jesuits, whose services to half the world have been as intellectual as they have been spiritual, as scholastic as they have been auxiliary to civilization. "Paraguay"

was a triumph of the highest science of civilization, of the combined forces of spiritual energy and human culture, such as no achievements of Protestant missions has ever distantly approached, nor even so much as emulated in endeavor.

Protestants forget, when they speak of the learning, the education of some few of their notabilities in the sixteenth century, that just as the services which Bacon rendered to philosophy, or the services which Newton rendered to science, were indirectly due to the root of Catholic theology which lay at the bottom of the Church's mind for a thousand years, so the lofty philosophy of Shakespeare — himself the product of the ages of faith — was the *natural* issue of that rarified intellectualism which was the atmosphere of all taught Catholics for many centuries.

Heresy has been always blended with truth, in every sect and schism from the beginning; the truth being always Rome's, while the heresy was that person's who corrupted it. Whatever is good and true in Protestantism is of Rome; and just as Protestantism would have no Bible but for the Catholic Council which settled its canon, and but for the Catholic monks who translated it, so no Protestant "Churches" would ever have been formed if the great old Church had not overspread Europe. The boast of glorious possessions — and, intellectually, they have always had great possessions — is like the boast of the appropriator who has broken up stolen goods so as to prevent their identification or reclaim.

American Cath. Quar. Review.

Irish Industries—English Hostility.

EVERY one is aware that the north of Ireland is the most prosperous portion of that country. Writers hostile to the native population are accustomed to account for this fact in a manner satisfactory to their prejudices, but entirely at variance with veracity. They say, it is attributable to certain Scottish colonists, whom James I., King of England, transplanted into Ulster in the course of his reign. Thrift and industry characterize the descendants of these Scotch settlers, and the prosperity of Ulster is attributable to this hereditary thrift and industry. This is a cherished theory of the adversaries of the native race which they delight in reiterating, and is quite as true as the allegation of the Egyptian task-masters who told the Hebrews (the most industrious of mankind), "Ye are idle, ye are idle."

The true cause of the prosperity of the north of Ireland is to be found in the manufacture of linen, which England tolerates in that province for purposes which are purely political. This is the opinion of Mr. Froude, who expressly tells us "The Irish linen trade depends entirely on the protection of this country," meaning England. It is not the industry of the people; it is the policy of the government which gives vitality to that trade, while in the south, the industrial torpidity is attributable to the suppression of the woollen manufacture which was for ages the staple of that province. This is a manufacture

which England jealously monopolizes, and will not share with her Irish sister, and which William III. pledged himself in the most solemn manner, in the presence of his Parliament, to extinguish by every means in his power. The industrial difference between the north and south of Ireland lies in this: In the one, the staple manufacture was crushed by governmental influence, while in the other it was fostered by parliamentary bounties.

Had the woollen manufacture been spared to the inhabitants of Munster, that province would in the present day rival and even surpass Ulster in prosperity. Froude corroborates this assertion. He tells us that "a haunting terror of Irish rivalry" animated his countrymen to suppress the industry of Ireland. In short, the Ulster linen trade is an artificial growth, fostered by the English government for purposes entirely political.

Owing to their enormous capital, and the amount of credit they can give to the shop-keepers or distributers of goods, the English can crush any rival manufacture which is not protected by domestic legislation. They could easily extinguish the linen trade of Ulster as they extinguished the woollen trade in the south; but, in that case, the loyalty of Ulster — its fidelity to the English crown — would disappear, and Ulster would prove as insubordinate in 1891 as it was a hundred years ago when it established, in all its sub-divisions, the society of United Irishmen, and something like nineteen Ulstermen were hanged for high treason.

Another source of Ultonian prosperity, and perhaps, the most important, is to be found in the system of banking which prevails in that province. The generous liberality of the northern bankers nourishes industry and makes the country flourish. It is a system which originating in Scotland proved eminently beneficial to that country, and which when transferred to Ireland has proved equally beneficial. The Ultonian bank accommodates its customer in proportion to the value of his *Plant*, and even takes into consideration the moral qualities of the manufacturer. It infuses vitality into all the branches of trade, and is entirely at variance with the grudging reluctance of the bankers in the south, who deem it their duty to paralyze enterprise, and frustrate by their stinginess the efforts of the Munstermen to give prosperity to their native province.

But all these causes sink into utter insignificance — they are of no account whatever — compared to the benefits which the manufacturers of Ulster have derived from the generous patronage of Irish Catholics, who, spread throughout all the colonies of England, the West Indies, and the United States, have generously patronized the flaxen tissues of Ulster, and thus showered gold on its inhabitants. The Sovereign Pontiff has remarked that wherever Irish emigrants form a settlement they immediately found a church. His Holiness has not remarked, however, that every one of these churches — no matter where established — contains, at least, a thousand dollars' worth of linen manufactured in Ulster. Every Irish priest throughout the world, every Catholic altar on the face of the earth — "from the rising of the

sun to the going down of the same" — is draped with linen of the finest description, such as Ulster boasts of producing. This is the exclusive source of that golden stream which meandering through Ulster, gives prosperity to all its inhabitants. Here is the cause of its superiority to the rest of Ireland. It is Catholic liberality which makes Ulster opulent. To do this would be impossible to Great Britain. With all her wealth that country could not purchase, year after year, those flaxen tissues which the Catholic Church, spread throughout the world, purchases and employs in her religious services. This should be borne in mind by the inhabitants of Ulster, when in the recesses of their Orange lodges, in their convivial orgies, they celebrate the memory of William III. and piously desiderate "The Pope in the pillory, the pillory in hell, and the devil pelting priests at him."

Nor is it the Catholic clergy alone; the laity likewise contribute powerfully to promote the prosperity of Ulster. They are remarkable for those long funeral processions which Cæsar remarked in the Celts of Gaul, and which seem to be imitated by the Celts of Ireland. In these funeral processions the principal mourners are decorated with white scarfs and hat-bands made of linen, every one of which contributes in a greater or less degree to employ the looms of Ulster and give occupation to the inhabitants of that province. Indeed, laity and clergy throughout the whole extent of Ireland, and we might say of the world, seem unanimous in their efforts to promote the well-being of Ulster. Yet Englishmen have the courage to assert in the face of this matchless liberality, that if Ireland were independent, the safety of the Protestants would be imperilled by the bigotry of the Irish Catholics. They would be persecuted, forsooth! But nothing can be more at variance with experience than this statement which is evidently invented by falsehood for the frustration of justice and the perpetuation of oppression. It seems evident from all this that the prosperity of Ulster is not attributable to the "thrift and industry" which according to English writers have descended from the Scotch colonists of the seventeenth century to the Ulstermen of the present day.

C. M. O'KEEFE.

Caterpillars Stop Trains.

THE Carolina Central runs through the Big Swamp just east of Lumberton on trestle-work, broken here and there in the solid portions of the swamp by embankments of earth. On April 28, an army of caterpillars began moving out of the swamp, and when they reached the streams, they proceeded to cross on the trestles. The rails and ties were covered several inches deep with the moving mass, and the first train that encountered them was brought to a stand-still, the driving wheels of the engine slipping around as if the rails had been oiled. The engineer exhausted the contents of his sand-box before he got through the swamp and reached a clear stretch of track.

It was thought that trip would be the end of the caterpillar trouble, but the next day a train encountered another army of caterpillars crossing the trestle, and had the same difficulty.

My Canary's Song.

KNOW you what a tide of rapture
Through my sunlit being streams?
Where from? — Tropic light I capture
'Neath the charm of forest-dreams.
'Tis ancestral joy and freedom
Stirs my gladsome, fluttering wing;
Sweet and tender, rapt and willing,
Heavenly aim of Life fulfilling,
In Love's ecstacy I sing!

Ring the chimes!
Of the forest-censers, fragrant
With the breath of summer climes;
To the whispering of the roses,
Answer, music-freighted rhymes!
Soar above the world of sorrow,
Fearless soar!
Yonder gleams the happy morrow,
Light and Love forevermore; —
Soul of all that loving liveth,
The Creative Will adore!

On, and past
All the mystic shadows cast
By the hemlocks, dark and vast,
By the balsam-shedding pines,
Where the light of Winter shines,
Haste o'er distant lands and sea!
Who sings of captivity? —
Sorrow hath no part in *me!*
I, whose soul is poised above,
In divinest search of Love, —
I forevermore am free
As the song-tides of the sea,
Free! *free!* FREE!
As the song-tides of the sea.

I am feathered Seer and Poet!
Tidings bring of things divine;
Gleams of paradisian glory
God vouchsafes to me and mine!
Swiftly winging, earthward flinging
The Eternal Summer's sway; —
I am Dream of Song embodied
'Neath the glow of perfect day;
With me to yon heights — away!

On, and past
All the shadows erstwhile cast!
'Neath the spicy winds that blow
Ever-blooming roses grow;

Gold and azure, song-filled skies,
Smile o'er vales of Paradise;
See! my native forests, there
Spring's immortal verdure bear;
Hark! the morning's varying song,
Of the gold-decked, happy throng!
Hymning voices of the sea
Answer swift the forests' glee;
Blent the flowery censers chime
To the fleeting hours of Time.

Ring the bells!
Swayed of zephyrs in the dells;
Sweet intoned of wave and wood,
Be the chants of solitude!
Little minstrel glad and willing,
Of the Beautiful I sing;
With the balm of music stilling
Griefs that wound, and woes that cling,
To the summons of the roses,
And the wildwood's beckoning sheen,
See! the Gate of Heaven uncloses, —
Stretch "the fields of living green!"

Sweet, oh, sweet!
Is yon fair world's calm retreat;
Is the light, that hallowing streams
O'er its morning's rose-veiled dreams;
Matchless charm and higher grace
Rests upon that holier place;
Jewelled wings flit to and fro,
In the forest-aisles, aglow.
Sweet, oh, sweet!
Is the song-bird's home retreat;
Far above earth's crowning fame,
Song may heavenly kinship claim.

Ring the chimes!
Of the veiled celestial climes;
Yet one glimpse of land and sea,
Ere you bid me homeward flee,
Give, dear angels! give to me!
Yet one heaven-awarded dream,
Mine be, ere the sunset's gleam!
Mine once more, the gracious tryst,
By the mount of amethyst;
With the choristers divine,
Where the unknown splendors shine!

Speed the flight,
Earthward, from the Realms of Light!

For, the angels say to me,
"Winged of Truth and Purity,
Shall thy soul's uplifting be
At thy coming, gates of rose
For the Heavenly World unclose;
And thy tryst with things divine
Mark thee with a holier sign;
In thy song the sunshine be
Of the blessed land and sea;
All good tidings go with thee!"

Only a bird! a wee, slight thing,
Yet with power to charm, as its golden wing
Seems to follow with cleavings of upper air
Its innermost song to the shrines of prayer,
And the home of the angels. By memory stirred
The dear voice of my loved one in Heaven I heard,
'Mid thy sweet, thrilling cadence of song, little bird!

I am indebted to Brother Boniface, of St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary in Brighton, for this beautiful canary. This charming singer cheers for me many an hour of solitude.

Interpreted by CORA WILBURN.

Defenceless Condition of Our Seaports.

THE need of fast war vessels was well illustrated by the recent incident in the harbor of San Diego, when a Chilian cruiser belonging to the insurgents entered the bay, anchored, took on board recruits, supplies of provisions, ammunition, and then sailed away. This ship, under the laws of nations, was, in fact, a piratical vessel, and as such was seized by the government authorities at San Diego, and a United States marshal placed on board in possession. But the Chilian rebels paid no attention to the laws of the United States; they may be said to have captured the place. When they had obtained all the supplies they wanted to assist them in carrying on war against a friendly nation, they upheaved anchor and steamed away, carrying off as a prisoner the official representative of the great Republic. This was a small ship called the Itata, carrying four guns.

Report has it that the government is mildly indignant at this occurrence, and has ordered the United States war ship Charleston, at San Francisco, to sail in pursuit of the Itata and recapture her if possible. Allowing this could be done, and the Itata could be destroyed, it might be dangerous to attempt it. The Chilian rebels would be maddened and might retaliate. There is nothing to prevent them from sending in other boats to capture or bombard San Diego, or other towns along the coast. Indeed, while the Itata, was taking on supplies at San Diego, other vessels of the rebels were hovering outside the harbor.

We have no navy worthy of the name, and nearly all our seaports are without proper defences. Like San Diego, they are at the mercy of any single piratical boat that chooses to enter. This is a very humiliating position for a country like ours to be placed in.

Scientific American.

The Influenza Epidemic.

THERE is an old tradition that the familiar German custom of wishing people "good health" when they sneeze, originated in an epidemic which began with a cold and proved extremely fatal. A glance at the history of earlier epidemics renders the tradition extremely credible. There was an epidemic in 1580 which spread over Asia, Africa, and Europe, and was attended by a fearful mortality. In Rome alone, approximately nine thousand persons are said to have fallen victims to the epidemic, and Madrid was almost depopulated by it. This was an exceptional attack; the "grip" epidemics of the earlier ages having been neither more nor less severe than that now prevalent: many were attacked, but the mortality was not considerable. We have no precise information as to whether the disease was known to antiquity, our earliest records dating from 1323, from which date records of influenza epidemics are common enough. The greater number of them spread from east to west, but there are instances on record of the course having been reversed. It is remarkable that the influenza should have passed so almost universally out of public recollection, seeing that in 1836–37 an epidemic of the disease followed precisely the same course as the present, was as generally prevalent, and more fatal. It began in Russia in December, and was so general in London that few of the inhabitants escaped an attack. Since then there have been several lesser, local epidemics. One in Berlin in 1874, and one in Wurzburg in 1883. In these milder epidemics, the victims were generally confined to aged and sickly persons, and children. As to the origin of this disease, many theories have been advanced, the most general view being that it is developed from a miasma in the air, and this view appears to be confirmed by occasional outbreaks of the epidemic at sea, and the nearly simultaneous appearance of it in places remote from each other. Our forefathers made light of the milder epidemics, as we may infer from the name *mode-malheur*, or "fashionable sickness," as it was frequently termed; but the severer epidemics have engendered their full measure of anxiety.

The beginning of the present epidemic, which must be regarded as a light one, will be generally remembered. Russia, Berlin, and Paris were first attacked, and from these points the disease spread in all directions. My personal experiences were confined mainly to Leipzig, which was certainly one of the places most severely attacked, and while it is not, strictly speaking, possible to give the exact number of cases, it is safe to say that considerably more than half the population of the city contracted the disease.

I believe the first case in Leipzig came accidentally under my notice. It appears to have been brought in from Berlin on December 5th. Fourteen cases declared themselves within the next fourteen days, and thenceforward it spread with fearful rapidity, reaching its maximum at Christmas, which will be remembered as a sad festival by many. With the beginning of January, the disease itself slowly retreated, but now the more serious after-consequences began to declare

themselves. At the outset, strange as it may appear, the patients were for the most part strong young men; at a later stage, the disease was indiscriminate in its attacks; but it was observed, to the last, that middle-aged men were subject to the most protracted and violent attacks. Women and girls were less seriously affected, and children least of all. Every case showed its own special characteristics; nevertheless, it is possible to group them all under three strongly marked types. Ordinarily, the first symptoms were shivering or chill, accompanied by strong headache and pains in the back. The weakness is frequently so great as to produce utter helplessness. There is complete loss of appetite and occasionally nausea; the ordinary symptoms of cold, in any degree of strength, a short cough, pain attending movement of the eyes, and racking pains in the whole body, especially along the ribs and legs. The fever is intermittent, rarely high, sometimes even absent; occasionally there is tendency to perspiration, the face is frequently flushed, the pulse at first much contracted, scarcely perceptible; later, and after the subsidence of the fever, much accelerated; the bowels cease to perform their functions. This lasts three or four days; the pains then pass off, the patient feels better, but it often takes weeks before he recovers his former health and vigor.

In the second type, the earlier symptoms are the same as in the first, but less pronounced; the patient struggles against the disease, the fever is longer absent, appearing only in the evenings, but at length the system succumbs to the poison, and the symptoms are more violent, headache and vomiting supervene, and the patient, deceived by the mildness of the preliminary stage, thinks he has suffered a relapse.

The third type is by no means infrequent. After a more or less stormy beginning, catarrh establishes itself. The discharge, at first transparent, becomes opaque, and the catarrh rapidly extends to the frontal cavity, the ears, the bronchial tubes, etc., with occasional loss of voice and hearing; moreover, and especially with women and children, the nerves are much shaken, and loss of sleep and general prostration are further consequences of the influenza poison.

The study of the present epidemic points conclusively to the view that it is an infectious disease precisely as small-pox or cholera is. We know nothing as to its place of origin, but, probably, like cholera, it originates in some place in which the germ is always present, whence, under conditions favorable to its spread, it sets out on its world-wide travels.

DR. TABE, in *Die Natur, Halle.*

WHEN Lord Salisbury in a recent speech assailed the priests of Ireland for their opposition to Parnell and cried, "No priests in politics," some one whispered to him a reminder of the fact that there are twenty-six Church of England bishops in the House of Lords. The Marquis smiled, and paraphrased the story of the actor's interview with St. Peter when he applied for admission to heaven. The Saint refused the actor admission, saying that actors were not admitted to heaven. "But," said the actor, looking between the bars, "I see So-and-So in there."—"Ah," said the Saint, "but So-and-So never was an actor.

Convent Floriculture.

It has often seemed strange to us that some convents near large cities have not taken up the cultivation of flowers. The demand in this country for cut flowers (says the Catholic News) is so great that the supply is never too great. Hot-houses could easily be connected with convent buildings. Sisters attending the flowers would not be needlessly exposed, and as every lady, we may say, spends some time in caring for flowers or garden, there would be nothing in the employment that would offend the taste of any. The ground could be prepared in the spring by hired men as the gardens of many families are. A convent in France impelled by a Sister with true artistic taste took up stained-glass windows, in order to relieve the convent from debt. Their wonderful success justified the venture. But the staining of glass is a far more laborious and less womanly occupation than the culture of flowers.

A recent publication of the Census Bureau gives some idea of the growth of this industry in the United States. Prior to 1810 there was only one florist establishment in the country, and that was in New York. In 1820 there were only eight. In 1850 the florists numbered only 25; but in 1860 there were 313; in 1870, 998, and in 1880, 1,797. In 1890 there were 4,659. Of the total number 312 are owned and managed by women. The total value of the establishments is more than thirty-eight million of dollars. New York takes the lead, followed by Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, more than eighteen millions of dollars being invested in floriculture in the three contiguous states, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The states from Ohio to Kansas come next although the capital in twelve states barely exceeds New York. All the rest of the states scarcely balance Pennsylvania alone.

The taste for the use of flowers in the decoration of altars in churches, at weddings, dinners, and other social gatherings is growing steadily. Church and society unite in condemning a lavish use of flowers at funerals, but they cannot suppress the custom entirely. There is, therefore, an ample field still for any institution to enter on this attractive industry in order to relieve itself from an oppressive debt. The neighborhood of great cities, of course, is the best position. The District of Columbia, supplying Washington, has more money in the business than the states from Virginia to Florida. Some may ask what flowers pay.

Roses, both the plants and bloom, appear to be in the greatest demand. One firm making a specialty of rose propagation reports having sold one million plants in 1889. Their plants were mostly small ones, grown in two and a half inch pots, sent out by mail all over the country, and delivered promptly and in good condition.

Other florists make a specialty of the rose for the production of cut flowers. Others, again, grow only carnations or violets, and wholesale their productions to retail florists in cities. Still others grow a variety of both plants and cut flowers, and wholesale most of the entire

product; and, in fact, this is the business of nearly all the large establishments, while the medium ones, of from fifteen hundred to five thousand square feet of glass area, do mostly local business, largely at retail, of both plants and flowers. Many of these florists also do a considerable business in the spring in the arrangement and planting of both public and private grounds, and especially is this the case with florists located near the summer resorts.

Of the plants sold the demand in northern and eastern states is greatest for geraniums, coleus, roses, pansies, verbenas, heliotropes, carnations, chrysanthemums, palms, ferns, and fuchsias, nearly in the order named. In the south the demand is for roses, chrysanthemums, geraniums, coleus, palms, and ferns, while California shows the demand to be largest for roses, carnations, chrysanthemums, geraniums, palms, and pansies. There is also a very general and growing demand for aquatic plants, and specialists are giving marked attention to this branch of the business. Regarding cut-flower sales, reports show that, while there is a slight variation in the demands of the different markets, the greatest demand everywhere is for roses, followed closely by carnations. These two furnish about sixty-five per cent. in value of all cut flowers sold. Violets, chrysanthemums, lilies, hyacinths, smilax, bourvardia, heliotrope, pansies, and tulips, in the order named, supply twenty-five per cent. more, while the other ten per cent. is made of orchids, tuberoses, mignonette, primroses, camellias, daffodils, and many others cultivated in a small way to supply a special or local demand.

Armed Brethren of the Sahara.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE'S Modern Crusaders, writes a French correspondent, are on the war-path. At Biskra, in Algeria, his Eminence has opened the first house — or, rather, barracks — of the "Armed Brethren of the Sahara." These new Sir Galahads are to go forth to battle, if necessary, with slave-owners and slave-drivers. They are monks and soldiers at the same time. Each Armed Brother of the Desert is both a Trappist and a Templar. The latest acquisition of the Order is Vicomte Guy de Bressac, a noble Frenchman, whose affianced bride having died of consumption, he has resolved to withdraw himself from the pomps and vanities of the world. Unlike the once fashionable M. de Brecourt, who died recently as a simple doorporter in the Convent of the Grande Chartreuse, Vicomte de Bressac will lead an active rather than a passive and contemplative religious life. The Brethren of the Sahara, as Cardinal Lavigerie said, will be the pioneers of civilization in the Dark Continent without any hope of earthly reward. They will be obliged to spurn life's light allurements; to live humbly, obscurely, and abstemiously in miserable huts in the desert, and to cut themselves off permanently from the luxuries of civilization — no easy things to do in this all-grasping age.

PERFECTION does not consist in spiritual delectation or joys, but in the greatness of love. —*St. Teresa.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Two Lives.

Two youths from a village set out together
To seek their fortune the wide world through;
One cried, "Hurrah for the autumn weather!"
The other sighed: "Winter is almost due!"

One failed, they said, for he never was thrifty,
Returned to the village, and laughed and loved,
The other succeeded, and when he was fifty
Had millions and fame, and the world approved.

But the failure was happy, his smile was a blessing,
The dogs and the children romped at his feet,
While from him who succeeded, tho' much possessing,
The little ones shrank when they chanced to meet.

One purchased respect by his lordly giving;
The other won love by his lovely ways:
And if either had doubts of his way of living
It wasn't the one with the humble days.

They never knew it, but both were teachers
Of deep life-secrets, these village youths —
The one of a school where Facts are preachers —
The other of a world that worships Truths.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The Fur Seals in Behring Sea.

EVERY spring the seals appear in droves from their unknown winter quarters, and settle down on the Pribylov Islands, some two hundred miles away from the mainland of Alaska. The males come first, accompanied by the young seal pups born during the previous summer, and choose their respective homes on the rocks. The females follow three weeks later — meek little creatures, in steel gray garb, very different from the big brown male seals, with their fighting propensities. Often one seal possesses twenty wives, and he has hard task to defend his home and family from his neighbors. Indeed, the old seals fight like furies, becoming covered with scars and terrible wounds, and sometimes losing an eye or part of a flipper in the fray. Most of the fighting is done with the mouth. The combatants approach each other with averted heads and sly looks, till suddenly they utter a shrill piping whistle, and engage with their sharp canine teeth, the hair flies and the blood flows amid much furious bellowing. The young bachelors — from one to five years old — herd together in their own quarters at a respectful distance, till they are strong enough to fight for wife and home.

Fairy Tales.

IV. — The Golden Spears.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a little house under a hill a little old woman and her two children, whose names were Connla and Nora. Right in front of the door of the little house lay a pleasant meadow, and beyond the meadow rose up to the skies a mountain whose top was sharp-pointed like a spear. For more than half-way up it was clad with heather, and when the heather was in bloom it looked like a purple robe falling from the shoulders of the mountain down to its feet. Above the heather it was bare and gray, but when the sun was sinking in the sea, its last rays rested on the bare mountain top and made it gleam like a spear of gold, and so the children always called it the "Golden Spear."

In summer days they gambolled in the meadow, plucking the sweet wild grasses — and often and often they clambered up the mountain side, knee-deep in the heather, searching for frechans and wild honey, and sometimes they found a bird's nest — but they only peeped into it, they never touched the eggs or allowed their breath to fall upon them, for next to their little mother they loved the mountain, and next to the mountain they loved the wild birds who made the spring and summer weather musical with their songs.

Sometimes the soft white mist would steal through the glen, and creeping up the mountain would cover it with a veil so dense that the children could not see it, and then they would say to each other: "Our mountain is gone away from us." But when the mist would lift and float off into the skies, the children would clap their hands, and say: "Oh, there's our mountain back again."

In the long nights of winter they babbled of the spring and summer-time to come, when the birds would once more sing for them, and never a day passed that they didn't fling crumbs outside their door, and on the borders of the wood that stretched away towards the glen.

When the spring days came they awoke with the first light of the morning, and they knew the very minute when the lark would begin to sing, and when the thrush and the blackbird would pour out their liquid notes, and when the robin would make the soft, green, tender leaves tremulous at his song.

It chanced one day that when they were resting in the noontide heat, under the perfumed shade of a hawthorn in bloom, they saw on the edge of the meadow, spread out before them, a speckled thrush cowering in the grass.

"Oh, Connla! Look at the thrush — and, look, look up in the sky, there is a hawk!" cried Nora.

Connla looked up, and he saw the hawk with quivering wings, and he knew that in a second it would pounce down on the frightened thrush. He jumped to his feet, fixed a stone in his sling, and before the whirr of the stone shooting through the air was silent, the stricken hawk tumbled headlong in the grass.

The thrush, shaking its wings, rose joyously in the air, and perching upon an elm-tree in sight of the children, he sang a song so sweet that they left the hawthorn shade and walked along together until they stood under the branches of the elm; and they listened and listened to the thrush's song, and at last Nora said:

"Oh, Connla! did you ever hear a song so sweet as this?"

"No," said Connla, "and I do believe sweeter music was never heard before!"

"Ah," said the thrush, "that's because you never heard the nine

Before the palace was a crowd of fairy maidens pelting each other with rose leaves.

little pipers playing. And now, Connla and Nora, you saved my life to-day."

"It was Nora saved it," said Connla, "for she pointed you out to me, and also pointed out the hawk which was about to pounce on you."

"It was Connla saved you," said Nora, "for he slew the hawk with his sling."

"I owe my life to both of you," said the thrush. "You like my song, and you say you have never heard anything so sweet; but wait till you hear the nine little pipers playing."

"And when shall we hear them?" said the children.

"Well," said the thrush, "sit outside your door to-morrow evening, and wait and watch until the shadows have crept up the heather, and then when the mountain top is gleaming like a golden spear, look at the line where the shadow on the heather meets the sunshine, and you shall see what you shall see."

And having said this, the thrush sang another song sweeter than the first, and then saying "good-by," he flew away into the woods.

The children went home, and all night long they were dreaming of the thrush and the nine little pipers; and when the birds sang in the morning, they got up and went out into the meadow to watch the mountain.

The sun was shining in the cloudless sky, and no shadows lay on the mountain, and all day long they watched and waited, and at last, when the birds were singing their farewell song to the evening star, the children saw the shadows marching from the glen, trooping up the mountain side and dimming the purple of the heather.

And when the mountain top gleamed like a golden spear, they fixed their eyes on the line between the shadow and the sunshine.

"Now," said Connla, "the time has come."

"Oh, look! look!" said Nora, and as she spoke, just above the line of shadow a door opened out, and through its portals came a little piper dressed in green and gold. He stepped down, followed by another and another, until they were nine in all, and then the door slung back again. Down through the heather marched the pipers in single file, and all the time they played a music so sweet that the birds, who had gone to sleep in their nests, came out upon the branches to listen to them. And then they crossed the meadow, and they went on and on until they disappeared in the leafy woods.

While they were passing the children were spellbound, and couldn't speak, but when the music had died away in the woods, they said:

"The thrush is right, that is the sweetest music that was ever heard in all the world."

And when the children went to bed that night the fairy music came to them in their dreams. But when the morning broke, and they looked out upon their mountain and could see no trace of the door above the heather, they asked each other whether they had really seen the little pipers or only dreamt of them.

That day they went out into the woods, and they sat beside a stream that pattered along beneath the trees, and through the leaves tossing in the breeze the sun flashed down upon the streamlet, and shadow and sunshine danced upon it. As the children watched the water sparkling where the sunlight fell, Nora said:

"Oh, Connla, did you ever see anything so bright and clear and glancing as that?"

"No," said Connla, "I never did."

"That's because you never saw the crystal hall of the fairy of the mountains," said a voice above the heads of the children.

And when they looked up, who should they see perched on a branch but the thrush.

"And where is the crystal hall of the fairy?" said Connla.

"Oh, it is where it always was, and where it always will be," said the thrush. "And you can see it if you like."

"We would like to see it," said the children.

"Well, then," said the thrush, "if you would, all you have to do is to follow the nine little pipers when they come down through the heather, and cross the meadow to-morrow evening.

And the thrush having said this, flew away.

Connla and Nora went home, and that night they fell asleep talking of the thrush, and the fairy and the crystal hall.

All the next day they counted the minutes, until they saw the shadows thronging from the glen and scaling the mountain side. And, at last, they saw the door springing open, and the nine little pipers marching down.

They waited until the pipers had crossed the meadow and were about to enter the wood. And then they followed them, the pipers marching on before them and playing all the time. It was not long until they had passed through the wood, and then, what should the children see rising up before them but another mountain, smaller than their own, but, like their own, clad more than half-way up with purple heather, and whose top was bare and sharp-pointed, and gleaming like a golden spear.

Up through the heather climbed the pipers; up through the heather the children clambered after them, and the moment the pipers passed the heather a door opened and they marched in, the children following, and the door closed behind them.

Connla and Nora were so dazzled by the light that hit their eyes, when they had crossed the threshold, that they had to shade them with their hands; but, after a moment or two, they became able to bear the splendor, and when they looked around they saw that they were in a noble hall, whose crystal roof was supported by two rows of crystal pillars rising from a crystal floor; and the walls were of crystal, and along the walls were crystal couches, with coverings and cushions of sapphire silk with silver tassels.

Over the crystal floor the little pipers marched; over the crystal floor the children followed, and when a door at the end of the hall was opened to let the pipers pass, a crowd of colors came rushing in, and floor, and ceiling, and stately pillars, and glancing couches, and shining walls, were stained with a thousand dazzling hues.

Out through the door the pipers marched; out through the door the children followed, and when they crossed the threshold they were treading on clouds of amber, of purple, and of gold.

"Oh, Connla," said Nora, "we have walked into the sunset!"

And around and about them everywhere were soft, fleecy clouds, and over their heads was the glowing sky, and the stars were shining through it, as a lady's eyes shine through a veil of gossamer. And the sky and stars seemed so near that Connla thought he could almost touch them with his hand.

When they had gone some distance, the pipers disappeared, and when Connla and Nora came up to the spot where they had seen the last of them, they found themselves at the head of a ladder, all the steps of which were formed of purple and amber clouds that descended to what appeared to be a vast and shining plain, streaked with purple and gold. In the spaces between the streaks of gold and purple they saw soft, milk-white stars. And the children thought that the great plain, so far below them, also belonged to cloudland.

They could not see the little pipers, but up the steps was borne by the cool, sweet air the fairy music; and lured on by it step by step they travelled down the fleecy stairway. When they were little more than half-way down there came mingled with the music a sound almost as sweet — the sound of waters toying in the still air with pebbles on a shelving beach, and with the sound came the odorous brine of the ocean. And then the children knew that what they thought was a

"And away the nine little pipers marched."

plain in the realms of cloudland was the sleeping sea unstirred by wind or tide, dreaming of the purple clouds and stars of the sunset sky above it.

When Connla and Nora reached the strand they saw the nine little pipers marching out towards the sea, and they wondered where they were going to. And they could hardly believe their eyes when they saw them stepping out upon the level ocean as if they were walking upon the land; and away the nine little pipers marched, treading the golden line cast upon the waters by the setting sun. And as the music became fainter and fainter as the pipers passed into the glowing distance, the children began to wonder what was to become of themselves. Just at that very moment they saw coming towards them from the sinking sun a little white horse, with flowing mane and tail and golden hoofs. On the horse's back was a little man dressed in shining green silk. When the horse galloped on to the strand the little man doffed his hat, and said to the children:

"Would you like to follow the nine little pipers?" The children said "yes."

"Well, then," said the little man, "come up here behind me; you, Nora, first and Connla after."

Connla helped up Nora, and then climbed on to the little steed himself; and as soon as they were properly seated the little man said "swish," and away went the steed galloping over the sea without wetting hair or hoof. But fast as he galloped the nine little pipers were always ahead of him, although they seemed to be going only at a walking pace. When, at last, he came up rather close to the hindmost of them the nine little pipers disappeared, but the children heard the music playing beneath the waters, the white steed pulled up suddenly, and wouldn't move a step further.

"Now," said the little man to the children, "clasp me tight, Nora, and do you, Connla, cling on to Nora, and both of you shut your eyes."

The children did as they were bidden, and the little man cried:

"Swish! swash!"

And the steed went down and down until at last his feet struck the bottom.

"Now open your eyes," said the little man.

And when the children did so they saw beneath the horse's feet a golden strand, and above their heads the sea like a transparent cloud between them and the sky. And once more they heard the fairy music, and marching on the strand before them were the nine little pipers.

"You must get off now," said the little man, "I can go no farther with you."

The children scrambled down, and the little man cried "swish," and himself and the steed shot up through the sea, and they saw him no more. Then they set out after the nine little pipers, and it wasn't long until they saw rising up from the golden strand and pushing their heads up into the sea above, a mass of dark gray rocks. And as they were gazing at them they saw the rocks opening, and the nine little pipers disappearing through them.

The children hurried on, and when they came up close to the rocks they saw sitting on a flat and polished stone a mermaid combing her golden hair, and singing a strange, sweet song that brought the tears to their eyes, and by the mermaid's side was a little sleek brown otter.

When the mermaid saw them she flung her golden tresses back over her snow-white shoulders, and she beckoned the children to her. Her large eyes were full of sadness; but there was a look so tender upon her face that the children moved towards her without any fear.

"Come to me, little one," she said to Nora, "come and kiss me," and in a second her arms were around the child. The mermaid kissed her again and again, as the tears rushed to her eyes, she said:

"Oh, Nora, avourneen, your breath is as sweet as the wild rose that blooms in the green fields of Erin, and happy are you, my children,

who have come so lately from the pleasant land. Oh, Connla! Connla! I get the scent of the dew of the Irish grasses and of the purple heather from your feet. And you both can soon return to Erin of the Streams, but I shall not see it till three hundred years have passed away, for I am Liban the mermaid, daughter of a line of kings. But I may not keep you here. The Fairy Queen is waiting for you in her snow-white palace and her fragrant bowers. And now kiss me once more, Nora, and kiss me, Connla. May luck and joy go with you, and all gentleness be upon you both."

Then the children said good-by to the mermaid, and the rocks opened for them and they passed through, and soon they found themselves in a meadow starred with flowers, and through the meadow sped a sunlit stream. They followed the stream until it led them into a garden of roses, and beyond the garden, standing on a gentle hill, was a palace white as snow. Before the palace was a crowd of fairy

"They saw sitting on a flat and polished stone, a mermaid combing her golden hair."

maidens pelting each other with rose-leaves. But when they saw the children they gave over their play, and came trooping towards them.

"Our queen is waiting for you," they said; and then they led the children to the palace door. The children entered, and after passing through a long corridor they found themselves in a crystal hall so like the one they had seen in the mountain of the golden spear that they thought it was the same. But on all the crystal couches fairies, dressed in silken robes of many colors, were sitting, and at the end of the hall, on a crystal throne, was seated the fairy queen, looking lovelier than the evening star. The queen descended from her throne to meet the children, and taking them by the hands, she led them up to the shining steps. Then, sitting down, she made them sit beside her, Connla on her right hand and Nora on her left.

Then she ordered the nine little pipers to come before her, and she said to them:

"So far you have done your duty faithfully, and now play one more sweet air and your task is done."

And the little pipers played, and from the couches at the first sound of the music all the fairies rose, and forming partners, they danced over the crystal floor as lightly as the young leaves dancing in the wind.

Listening to the fairy music, and watching the wavy motion of the dancing fairies, the children fell asleep. When they awoke next morning and rose from their silken beds they were no longer children. Nora was a graceful and stately maiden, and Connla a handsome and gallant youth. They looked at each other for a moment in surprise, and then Connla said:

"Oh, Nora, how tall and beautiful you are!"

"Oh, not so tall and handsome as you are, Connla," said Nora, as she flung her white arms round his neck and kissed her brother's lips.

Then they drew back to get a better look of each other, and who should step between them but the fairy queen.

"Oh, Nora, Nora," said she, "I am not as high as your knee, and as for you, Connla, you look as straight and as tall as one of the round towers of Erin."

"And how did we grow so tall in one night?" said Connla.

"In one night!" said the fairy queen. "One night, indeed! Why, you have been fast asleep, the two of you, for the last seven years!"

"And where was the little mother all that time?" said Connla and Nora together.

"Oh, the little mother was all right. She knew where you were; but she is expecting you to-day, and so you must go off to see her, although I would like to keep you if I had my way — all to myself here in the fairyland under the sea. And you will see her to-day; but before you go here is a necklace for you, Nora; it is formed out of the drops of the ocean spray, sparkling in the sunshine. They were caught by my fairy nymphs, for you, as they skimmed the sunlight billows under the shape of sea-birds, and no queen or princess in the world can match their lustre with the diamonds won with toil from the caves of earth. As for you, Connla, see, here's a helmet of shining gold fit for a king of Erin — and a king of Erin you will be yet; and here's a spear that will pierce any shield, and here's a shield that no spear can pierce, and no sword can cleave as long as you fasten your warrior cloak with this brooch of gold."

And as she spoke she flung round Connla's shoulders a flowing mantle of yellow silk, and pinned it at his neck with a red gold brooch.

"And now, my children, you must go away from me. You, Nora, will be a warrior's bride in Erin of the Streams. And you, Connla, will be king yet over the loveliest province in all the land of Erin; but you will have to fight for your crown, and days of battle are before you. They will not come for a long time after you have left the fairyland under the sea, and until they come lay aside your helmet, shield, and spear, and warrior's cloak and golden brooch. But when the time comes when you will be called to battle, enter not upon it

without the golden brooch I give you fastened in your cloak, for if you do harm will come to you. Now kiss me, children; your little mother is waiting for you at the foot of the golden spear, but do not forget to say good-by to Liban the Mermaid, exiled from the land she loves, and pining in sadness beneath the sea."

Connla and Nora kissed the fairy queen, and Connla, wearing his golden helmet and silken cloak, and carrying his shield and spear, led Nora with him. They passed from the palace through the garden of roses, through the flowery meadow, through the dark gray rocks, until they reached the golden strand; and there sitting, and singing the strange, sweet song, was Liban the Mermaid.

"And so you are going up to Erin," she said, "up through the covering waters. Kiss me, children, once again; and when you are in Erin of the Streams, sometimes think of the exile from Erin beneath the sea."

And the children kissed the mermaid, and with sad hearts, bidding her good-by, they walked along the golden strand. When they had gone what seemed to them a long way, they began to feel weary; and just then they saw coming towards them a little man in a red jacket leading a coal-black steed.

When they met the little man, he said: "Connla, put Nora up on this steed; then jump up before her."

Connla did as he was told, and when both of them were mounted —

"Now, Connla," said the little man, "catch the bridle in your hands, and you, Nora, clasp Connla round the waist, and close your eyes."

They did as they were bidden, and then the little man said, "Swash, swish!" and the steed shot up from the strand like a lark from the grass, and pierced the covering sea, and went bounding on over the level waters; and when his hoofs struck the hard ground, Connla and Nora opened their eyes, and they saw that they were galloping towards a shady wood.

On went the steed, and soon he was galloping beneath the branches that almost touched Connla's head. And on they went until they had passed through the wood, and then they saw rising up before them the "Golden Spear."

"Oh, Connla," said Nora, "we are at home at last."

"Yes," said Connla, "but where is the little house under the hill?"

And no little house was there; but in its stead was standing a lime-white mansion.

"What can this mean?" said Nora.

But before Connla could reply, the steed had galloped up to the door of the mansion, and, in the twinkling of an eye, Connla and Nora were standing on the ground outside the door, and the steed had vanished.

Before they could recover from their surprise the little mother came rushing out to them, and flung her arms around their necks, and kissed them both again and again.

"Oh, children! children! You are welcome home to me; for though I knew it was all for the best, my heart was lonely without you."

And Connla and Nora caught up the little mother in their arms, and they carried her into the hall and set her down on the floor.

"Oh, Nora!" said the little mother, "you are a head over me; and as for you, Connla, you look almost as tall as one of the round towers of Erin."

"That's what the fairy queen said, mother," said Nora.

"Blessings on the fairy queen," said the little mother. "Turn round, Connla, till I look at you."

Connla turned round, and the little mother said:

"Oh, Connla, with your golden helmet and your spear, and your glancing shield, and your silken cloak, you look like a king. But take them off, my boy, beautiful as they are. Your little mother would like to see you, her own brave boy, without any fairy finery."

And Connla laid aside his spear and shield, and took off his golden helmet and his silken cloak. Then he caught the little mother and kissed her, and lifted her up until she was as high as his head. And said he:

"Don't you know, little mother, I'd rather have you than all the world."

And that night, when they were sitting down by the fire together, you may be sure that in the whole world no people were half as happy as Nora, Connla, and the little mother. EDMUND LEAMY, M. P.

Caught by a Bear.

AN organ grinder who was travelling through the country accompanied by a tame bear which he had trained to dance, stopped before a farmer's house late one afternoon, and after amusing the family with his performances obtained permission to stay all night. The bear was placed in the barn for safe-keeping. During the night the family were alarmed by a terrible noise in the barn. Some one was screaming and shouting, "Murder! Help" and apparently engaged in a struggle for life.

The farmer hastened to the spot, followed by the organ grinder and other inmates of the house, and found the tame bear with a man in his embrace, hugging him tightly, while the poor fellow struggled frantically to escape.

The bear was muzzled and could do the man no serious injury, though he was far from being comfortably situated. From examination it proved to be a dishonest butcher, who had come to the barn to steal a fine calf. In the darkness he had stumbled over bruin, who had seized him and held him fast.

The organ grinder learning how matters stood called out, "Hug him, Jack," and the bear, enjoying the sport, continued to squeeze him unmercifully until the farmer thought he had been sufficiently punished, when he was released. The story soon spread abroad, and the butcher left the town to escape the ridicule to which it subjected him.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

YOUR children are what you make them; if you want their first and best love you must give them yours; if you expect them to be refined and high-toned give the key-note yourself.

THE Catholic Church is the most perfect organization on the earth. It is composed of one head and of many members, and all make but one and the same body. Inside of this complete organization, there are many smaller ones, which are modelled after it. They are formed of the young and of the old people, and for the promotion of different virtues and the suppression of different vices; and while the Catholic Church could exist without them, she wisely sustains and fosters them in every part of the world.

THE Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Aloysius can be considered the most successful organization for the young inside of the Church, for the church is a rare one which has not either one of these societies. The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary takes into its embrace the girls and young women, and St. Aloysius' Sodality, the boys and young men. Each has its rules and its orders of spiritual exercises for the celebrations of the general and particular feast-days of the year, and with few exceptions the members go to Confession and Holy Communion once a month. One of their rules, and their best one, obliges them to go to Holy Communion in a body. That custom is a figure of the unity of the Catholic Church, and it is the strongest example which can be set for young and old, to make them be more frequent in their Holy Communions, and more bold and united in the expressions of their Catholicity.

THIS is the season of the year when recruits are secured for these sodalities. Some Sunday in the month of May, Mary's month, is taken for that purpose; and the young girls and the older ones are received into the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Devout and pious women and the good Sisters of the different orders and communities make these receptions resemble strongly the most solemn celebrations of the Church in honor of the Mother of God in the month of May. Then in "the leafy June," when St. Aloysius Gonzaga is honored as the patron of youth, the teachers of the boys, the good Brothers and their aids, lead their charges to the altars that this great saint may take them under his protection in heaven, and lead them safely through the storms of life's tempestuous seas.

THE children who go to the godless public schools are deprived of the advantages of these sodalities, for the practice of religion of any kind is forbidden by law in such schools, and the devotions and exercises of prayer of the sodalities would certainly come under that iniquitous law. When these children grow up to be men and women, they may charge their indifferent fathers and mothers with their ignorance and want of religion, even as Almighty God will charge them on the Last Day and give them the punishment they deserve.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY, 1891.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

The Pope's Encyclical.

WE give this month, one of the most important documents ever issued from the Vatican. It should be read by every Catholic in the land. It is as interesting to our separated brethren as to Catholics. Let all read it carefully, and take the advice of one of the greatest Pontiffs since the days of St. Peter.

THE accounts of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for 1890 have just been issued. The contributions of the faithful last year show a large increase on those of 1889, and are the highest yet recorded since the foundation of the society. The following are the figures: — 1890, 7,072,811 francs, or £282,912 ; 1889, 6,541,918 francs, or £261,664 ; increase in 1890, 530,893 francs, or £21,258. Among all the countries which contribute to the fund France comes first.

Particular Notice.

THOMAS J. BUTLER, who has acted as canvasser and collector for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, is no longer connected with the Magazine. Neither is he authorized to procure subscribers for The Pilot ; should any one pay him money, they will not get credit for Pilot or Magazine.

ONE of the best known and most highly esteemed clergymen in the Hartford diocese, Rev. Father Tierney, of New Britain, celebrated on the 28th of May, his silver jubilee, or the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the sacred ministry. Since Father Tierney was ordained a servant of the Lord, says the Connecticut Catholic, he has witnessed many remarkable changes in this and the neighboring diocese of Rhode Island, and in the quintette of cities in which he has been stationed ; he has done yeoman's service in supervising the erection of temples that have been dedicated to the glory of God. Some of the most prominent converts, that are now to be found in close communion with the Church, can trace their early spiritual training from the wise teachings of Father Tierney.

ONE of those unreasonable men who takes a newspaper for a year or two, and then sends it back "refused," was sued by a publisher in Michigan a short time ago, and the judge gave a verdict for the plaintiff of full amounts and costs. The court decided that notice to discontinue was not sufficient if the subscriber was in arrears. He must pay first.

Brother Thomas Promoted.

BROTHER THOMAS, formerly of St. Joseph's School, Leroy street, and lately in charge of St. Patrick's Academy, Newburg, N. Y., has been transferred to New York City, and appointed director of St. James' School. By this, Brother Thomas, who is one of the ablest men in the Order, returns to his old charge to the great pleasure of his numerous friends.

Blair.

WALES' FIBRE AND FABRIC : When is Senator Blair going to China ? This is not so important a question since the senator left Congress, still it is important, considering the liberties of our people, that he should have a foreign mission, and China is a good place. It is far away, and it is enclosed by a very high wall. The fact that the Chinamen everywhere protest against receiving this "Christian" among them is serious, still there ought to be some way of persuading them to take him and keep him.

Wanted Copies of Donahoe's Magazine

FOR March, April, May, June of 1889, for which fifty-cent books will be sent on receipt of the Magazines.

The German Navy.

ELEVEN line-of-battle ships, with an aggregate displacement of seventy thousand tons, are now being built for the German government, viz., three at Bremen, two at Gaarden, near Kiel, one at Wilhelmshafen, three at Dantzic, two at Bredow, near Stettin.

Save Me from My Friends.

IN New Orleans the other day the curious spectacle was witnessed of an Italian appealing to the city authorities for protection from the Mafia, and in particular for protection from his own brother. At a time when the entire swarm of Italian Reds, who have settled in the United States, like a brood of harpies, are declaring to the American citizens the non-existence of the society of assassins called the Mafia, such an incident is impressive. There is one feature of the whole Italian trouble which we must not permit our Protestant brethren to forget. They welcomed the officials of Italian secret societies to American shores, overlooking their atheism, anarchism, and diabolism because the Pope was the object of these isms. Does any one regret the muddle in which American respectability and Italian rascality are now entangled? asks the Catholic American.

To Drive Out Mosquitoes.

I HAVEN'T a mosquito bar nor screen door about my house, and yet there are seldom any flies, and never any mosquitoes about it. I learned the secret of successful warfare against these pests when living in the swamps of Louisiana, where, summer and winter, mosquitoes swarm. For some years life was unendurable, and no meal could be eaten in peace. But all at once there was a change for the better. Bars and screens were often out of place, but there was almost an immunity from insects. I was baching at the time, and had just changed my colored boy. The new-comer explained to me how he kept the "critters" away. He burnt small pieces of gum camphor on the cook stove, and used a secret preparation he called "sudekillo." When I got married and came to Missouri I imparted the secret to my wife, and as there is no patent on it that I know of, I would advise all fellow sufferers to go and do likewise. The gum camphor alone is ample for the purpose, and need only be used two or three times a day.

A Battle with Snakes.

THE Pall Mall Gazette states that an extraordinary campaign against snakes has been fought out with brilliant success at Ptolemais. Myriads of snakes had assembled between Ptolemais and Haifa, whither they seem to have forced their way to find some refuge from the icy breath of the winter of 1890-91, which has disagreeably affected the reptile world as well as mankind. A letter from Cairo, in a German contemporary, describes the turning out of the whole population to an attack upon these undesired refugees, not, indeed, out of malice towards the snakes, but out of anxiety to earn the ten piastres per one hundred which is the price offered by the authorities for dead snakes. The battle seems to have been as expensive in its degree as a battle against human enemies. The conscript fathers of Ptolemais have had to pay over ten thousand piastres for the slaughter of over one hundred thousand snakes. At least fifty thousand more were killed by the soldiery and the police, who, however, had no share in the premium.

School for Colored Children in Texas.

BISHOP BRENNAN, of the new diocese of Dallas, has made arrangements with Sister Catherine (Miss Catherine Drexel) for the establishment of a school for colored children here. Sister Catherine is to provide the money, and members of her new Order are to manage the school. This will be the first work of the Order which Sister Catherine has founded with the special object of laboring among the Indians and negroes of the United States.

A Priest Building a Church.

REV. EUGENE P. MAHONEY is the rector of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Five years ago, he began to prepare for the erection of a new church, and his first step was to buy an acre of ground for the site. He was not yet determined as to the kind of material he would use; but while he was studying up the subject, he learned of a ship-load of Norwegian granite that was on the market through a singular complication. About two years ago, the granite quarries in Guernsey began sending dressed stone to England, and excellent granite being quarried in Norway, a great lot of it was dressed and sent to the English market in competition with the Guernsey exporters. The market became glutted, and a ship-load of granite was consigned to a silk importer of this city. The stone was in pieces, twelve inches square at the ends and of different lengths. It was slightly reddish, but dressed in good shape. For fourteen hundred dollars Father Mahoney got stone that could not be gotten from the American quarries and dressed for less than fifteen thousand or sixteen thousand dollars. Architect Bernard O'Rourke drew plans for a church that would fit the amount of granite on hand. When it was found that American granite would be needed for the larger parts of the building, facings, door steps, door copings, and so on, Father Mahoney bought for a small sum large blocks of old granite from destroyed buildings. The new church, outwardly, is solid and impressive. It has a roof of slate that matches well with the granite. From the time he bought the acre of ground until now Father Mahoney has superintended the placing of every stone, and he can be seen any day rolling stone about, and with his own hands assisting in the work which he has brought so near completion. When completed the edifice will hold comfortably one thousand persons seated.

IT is estimated that in the year 2000 no less than one billion seven hundred million people will be speaking the English language, while only five hundred million will be speaking other European tongues. English is thus indisputably the language of the future.

A Bishop Among the Convicts.

THE 10th of May was an unusual day at the Ohio Penitentiary. The public chapel was turned over to Bishop Watterson, of the Catholic Church, and he confirmed a class of fifty-six convicts and preached a most eloquent sermon. The music was a feature. The Catholic chapel, where the confirmation services were held, had been handsomely decorated. Among the number confirmed were three women. The sermon in the regular chapel at 11 A. M., was listened to by over two thousand people, including the sixteen hundred convicts. It was a scorching rebuke to unbelievers, and an answer to their favorite arguments.

The Grand Old Man.

GLADSTONE'S forces still appear to have a way of coming to the front at the appropriate time, and show the world what kind of people they are. Notwithstanding the schemes that are at present rending the Irish Home Rule party asunder, the followers of the "grand old man" never falter in their operations to the principles he has inculcated in them, and at every election they hold their own, and make great inroads into the Tory camp. They have lately gained another parliamentary member, and almost succeeded in wiping out the big Tory victory a year ago in another district. As some of our leading exchanges very truly remark, "if the Irish Home Rule party were again reunited, Gladstone would live to see the day that his latest efforts for the down-trodden people of the Emerald Isle were at last gloriously realized.

VICTORIA began her seventy-third year Sunday, May 24th, and in about a month will begin the fifty-fifth year of her reign. Most everybody will be sorry when the old lady gets through, because ALBERT EDWARD will certainly be no improvement, says the Boston Daily Globe.

The Voice of the Plenary Council.

In the Pastoral Letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States assembled in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, we find these sentiments expressed on the School Question, and there is not a single word in the document which in any way contradicts them. Speaking of the cry for Christian education which was heard all over the land from Protestant sects years ago, the Bishops say: "Hence the cry for Christian education is going up from all religious borders throughout the land. And this is no narrowness and 'sectarianism' on their part; it is an honest and logical endeavor to preserve Christian truth and morality among the people by fostering them among the young. *Nor is it any antagonism to the state;* on the contrary, it is an honest endeavor to give to the state better citizens, by making them better Christians. The friends of Christian education *do not condemn the state* for not imparting religious instruction in the public schools as they are now organized; because they well know that it does not lie within the power of the state to teach religion. They simply follow their conscience by sending their children to denominational schools where religion can have its rightful place and influence."

Some Funny Dogs.

The latest London novelty is the Dogs' Orchestra, which is stated to have had great Continental success, and was introduced at the Cagliostro-mantheon on last Saturday afternoon, when the performances of the canine instrumentalists proved a very mirth-making entertainment. There are six of them, each attired in quaint costume, and it is the drollest of spectacles to witness the entrance of these four-footed musicians on hind-legs, obedient to the word of the conductor, M. Louis Lavater, take their places for the concert. Arranged for violin, 'cello, trombone, big drum, side drum, and cymbals, M. Lavater, in his motley garb, begins to fiddle "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and lo! Hair Jochin scrapes, Signor Holdman follows suit, M. Blazaway's paw works to and fro, Professor Wakemupp thumps, Mr. Wattarow rattles away, and Signor Puppi clashes the metals. Droll, indeed, is the pantomime that was met by continuous laughter and applause. Nor is the conclusion of this canine comedietta less diverting, a trio going through accompaniments by bell ringing to the conductor's instrumentation of "The Last Rose of Summer." The Standard declares that if the amusement of an assembly be any criterion of the success of an entertainment, M. Louis Lavater cannot feel disappointed at the *debut* of his cleverly trained troupe on Saturday.

Healy and Parnell.

During the debate in the House of Commons, Mr. Healy and Mr. Sexton twitted Mr. Parnell for upholding the proposals of a man whom he had hitherto denounced as the worst enemy of Ireland. Speaking at a League meeting Mr. Parnell responded. He said that in the acceptance of the new clause lay the ultimate solution of the land question. Though it was a Conservative measure, and was given through a man who had disgraced his tenure of office, it was a good clause; and if driven from public life for supporting it, he would cheerfully yield, being convinced that it was among the greatest services that it had ever fallen to his lot to render Ireland.

A Frightful Sacrilege.

The Paris *Univers* of May 1st publishes the following: "A horrible sacrilege has just been committed in the church at Auyillar, which the evil-doers have visited for the fourth time. Urged by a satanical inspiration, they have taken away along with the ciborium, the consecrated Hosts which were in the Tabernacle, and even the Host for the monstrance, leaving the case in which it was reserved. Christian souls suffer at the repeated sacrileges which ward off from France the Divine Benediction. But whilst ceremonies of reparation are taking place, a still more complete *amende honorable* imposes itself — namely, an act of general reprobation, capable of tearing France from the Freemasons, and of re-establishing in souls the reign of Jesus Christ."

Orange Seed in the Stomach.

FREDERICK LEEK, a fourteen-year old lad, died in New York from the effects of an operation on his stomach. He had complained of great pain in the lower part of the stomach. The boy was put under the influence of chloroform, and at the place where he located the seat of the pain Dr. Hammond made an incision an inch and a half long. The cause of the trouble was found at once in an orange seed, lodged at the junction of the large and small intestines. The seed was greatly swollen and had a sprout an inch long. The boy stood the operation well. Upon his return to consciousness he asked to see the cause of his suffering. He said it did not look one-tenth as big as it felt, and even laughed feebly at the idea of "an orange-tree starting to grow inside of him." He rested easily after that, and it was thought he would get well, but peritonitis set in and he died the next day.

KILDOONA. We notice that our sprightly contemporary, The Catholic Visitor, of Richmond, Va., is publishing the story now going through our MAGAZINE.

BISHOP SHANLEY has decided to remove his official residence from Jamestown to Fargo, in order to be nearer the centre of Catholic population of Dakota. Jamestown will remain the See of the diocese. As an inducement, Fargo people raised twelve thousand dollars to pay old debts and start building a new church.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the elevation of Bishop Hennessey to the episcopacy will be made the occasion of a public celebration. The date set for the celebration is the 30th of September next, that being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the young priest's consecration as bishop of the diocese of Dubuque. A fact noteworthy in this connection is that the consecrating prelate of the occasion, Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, still presides over the See, and will celebrate his fiftieth anniversary, or golden jubilee, two months after the date set for the silver jubilee of Bishop Hennessey.

Tree Raising in Ireland.

FROM 1888 to 1890 an area of 4,126 statute acres was cleared of timber. During the year ended 30th June, 1890, as many as 1,256,887 trees were felled — 412,464 in Leinster, 677,897 in Munster, 132,025 in Ulster, and 34,501 in Connaught. The counties in which the clearances were most extensively effected were Kilkenny, 133,803 trees, Wicklow, 146,926, Cork, 193,563, Tipperary, 153,372, and Waterford, 277,625. Within the year a total area of 1,399 acres was cleared, of which 786 were in Munster, and 400 in Leinster. The uses to which the timber was put are thus summarized: — Of the 1,256,887 trees felled, 793,805 were used for "propping," which appears to have been the chief purpose to which the timber of almost all descriptions was applied. Thus, of the 529,433 larch trees felled, 367,073 were used for "propping," as were also 133,316 of the 160,782 fir trees, 36,935 of the 47,288 spruce, and 64,186 of the 95,946 pine trees. The numbers applied to the principal specified uses comprise also: 64,104 trees (including 30,434 larch and 18,033 oak) for sleepers, 50,598 (chiefly larch) for paling, 23,238 for spools, etc., 30,806 furniture and building purposes, 19,346 for carts, wagons, etc., 10,574 for clog soles, 11,590 (mainly oak from the county of Wicklow) for ship building, and 5,750 for telegraph and telephone poles. Having in view the fact that a considerable proportion of the entire area of the country is suitable for timber-growing, and worthless for anything else, we have repeatedly urged the advisability of promoting the business of forestry in Ireland. It is understood that the government contemplate some tentative scheme of planting areas in the West with trees suitable to the soil. We are pleased to observe that in the meantime private enterprise was usefully employed last year in the same direction as 1,488 acres were planted with 3,803,280 trees. This leaves a balance at the right side; but much more will have to be done before the bleak hill-sides and cheerless moors of the country, now lying unprofitable, are turned to account, and adequately utilized for the production of the timber that we now import from abroad.

The Christian Brothers.

MARINO, Dublin, May 15, 1891.

My Lords and Gentlemen : — As chairman of the Education Committee of the Institute of the Christian Brothers of Ireland, I beg to lay before you the enclosed document for your consideration. It embodies the views of the committee on the programme lately issued by your honorable board.

The members of this committee representing the brotherhood of Ireland, feel it incumbent on them to watch over the interests of the large proportion of the number of children under their care that are pursuing their studies in the various grades of the Intermediate course.

I find by returns from our different Intermediate schools throughout the country, that in the examinations for the past three years, 2,986 pupils of the prescribed age passed, of whom 157 won exhibitions and 205 prizes. Nearly forty per cent. of all that passed in Ireland were pupils of our schools, including twenty-two per cent. of the exhibitions, twenty-one per cent. of the prizes, and seventeen per cent. of the medals awarded.

From the commencement of our Institute — more than eighty years ago — the pupils in all our highest classes throughout the country were receiving an Intermediate education in the strict sense of the term, and hence they represent a class whose educational interests were unquestionably contemplated in the Intermediate Act of 1878, which declares that " For the purposes of this rule, a school shall mean any educational institution (not being a National School) which affords classical or scientific education ; " which scientific education our highest classes have always been receiving during the past three quarters of a century.

It is with deep regret that the committee has learned from statistics just received that nearly five hundred of our Intermediate pupils are injuriously affected by Rule 8 of Programme 1892.

I have the honor to be, my lords and gentlemen, your obedient servant,

RICHARD A. MAXWELL,
Superior-General, Christian Brothers.

THE cable states that the evicted tradesmen of Tipperary have accepted the landlords' terms, and have been reinstated in their shops. The day was observed as a general holiday in Tipperary, in celebration of the settlement of the dispute, which includes those of the Smith-Barry tenant farmers.

Killed by Locusts.

A RECENT telegram from Algiers, Africa, says the French *savant*, M. Kunckel Herculais, the president of the Ethnological Society, who was employed on the government mission of investigating the locust plague in this province, has met a horrible death. While examining a deposit of locusts' eggs at the village of Sidieral, he was overcome with fatigue and the heat and fell asleep on the ground. While sleeping he was attacked by a swarm of locusts. On awaking he struggled desperately to escape from the living flood. He set fire to the insect-laden bushes near him, but all his efforts proved ineffectual, and when finally the locusts left the spot his corpse was found. His hair, beard, and necktie had been entirely devoured. M. Herculais was a member of the French Academy, and the author of several valuable works on insects.

Triumph for the Christian Brothers.

THE Catholics of Tournai, France, have reason to be proud of the success of their schools taught by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. In the recent annual government competition among the Primary schools, the Brothers presented seventy-six candidates, of whom seventy-five were successful ; and of these fifty-eight obtained first prizes, eight, second prizes, and nine, third. Thus, out of a total of one hundred and ten places gained by all the schools of Tournai, the Brothers' pupils carried off seventy-five, and out of sixty-eight first prizes they gained fifty-eight. This is the greatest triumph yet won by them ; their success having gone on increasing year by year since 1885.

As long as we are in this mortal life, nothing is more necessary for us than humility.— *St. Teresa.*

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union

Of the Archdiocese of Boston held its fifteenth annual convention in the hall of St. Francis de Sales' parish on Memorial Day. The convention was notable for numerous attendance, enthusiasm, and practical work accomplished. Much credit is due to the St. Francis de Sales' Total Abstinence Society, who were the hosts of the occasion, and who provided most hospitably for the convenience and pleasure of their guests.

The delegates, one hundred and ninety-two strong, met at 8.30 A. M., at the hall of the society above named, on Bunker Hill street, and thence marched to the Church of St. Francis de Sales. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. M. J. Supple, with the Rev. James N. Supple, deacon; the Rev. James J. McNamara, subdeacon. The Rev. John M. Donovan was master of ceremonies. The Rev. D. F. Feehan, rector of St. Bernard's Church, Fitchburg, Mass., preached from the text: "Be not given to drink, for in it there is much sin." The Reverend gentleman delivered an excellent sermon. After Mass, came the parade. It formed on Bunker Hill, and moved through the principal streets of Charlestown. The procession was gay with the stars and stripes and brilliant temperance standards; banners bearing the likeness of Father Mathew being conspicuous. The numerous cadet societies were the most hope-inspiring feature of the parade. The John Boyle O'Reilly Cadets, of Natick, who had just come from the grave of their titular captain at Holyhood, made the finest display; but Father McKenna's St. John's Cadets, of Marlboro, ran them close in friendly rivalry, as did also the cadets from the Church of the Sacred Heart, Cambridge, and the St. James' Cadets of Boston.

The convention delegates assembled in the parochial hall in the new schoolhouse. They were called to order by the president, Mr. Christopher J. Fay. Prayer was offered by the treasurer, the Rev. P. A. McKenna, of Marlboro'. The Rev. James N. Supple, spiritual director of St. Francis de Sales' Society, welcomed the delegates. "A Catholic priest can bid you welcome to the top of Bunker Hill," he said, "with his heart swelling with patriotism as great as that which animates the breast of any other American-born citizen."

After a recess for luncheon, the president made his annual address to the delegates. The president opened with a touching allusion to Memorial Day, and after an eloquent address, concluded: "And now, my friends, a last word: Be earnest and sincere in your work. Let your interest in it never flag. Be regular in your attendance at meetings of your several societies. Seek to enlist the youth in the cause. Lend the influence of your presence at the meetings of your sister societies. Create fresh interest in the movement from time to time by rousing rallies. Show your fellow-citizens that you are neither radicals nor men of one idea alone. Always remember that your labor has an object above and beyond your own personal welfare. Show that you are working for the good of your fellow-men, for the good of the state, and to make your faith understood and respected by all men." (prolonged applause).

Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell next addressed the convention.

THE RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, In the face of a so wide-spread, so universally acknowledged evil, methods for checking its work of ruin should be devised, therefore

Resolved, That the methods of action and principles which guide us as Christians, in our attempt to find "a way out from its darkest continent" for struggling, suffering, dying humanity, all appeals to the reason by agitating—helps to the heart from the sacramental life of the Church—the coöperation of press, pulpit, platform, and all other means, animated by the same principles of Christian love and effort.

Resolved, That amongst these "other means" are the untiring efforts of our leaders, lay and clerical, the encouragement of total abstinence literature and a total abstinence press, the organizing of total abstinence societies for men, of total abstinence cadet bands for our youth, of Women's Auxiliary T. A. Societies, reading rooms, gymnasiums, and public rallies, united on the basis of the Baltimore Catholic Congress, and which rallies recognize no race, no creed, no color distinction in a common struggle against a common foe.

Resolved, That we pledge our united efforts to help any labor organization which recognizes our platform as one of the chief helps in elevating and ameliorating the condition of the toiling millions, and we pledge our support to candidates for public

office, whose public efforts shall be earnestly directed to the furtherance of our total abstinence reform.

Resolved, That Catholic maidens and matrons be appealed to in order that, by their organized effort, they may imitate the noble example given to the world by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, in their untiring efforts to annihilate the horrors of intemperance, with its train of attendant evils, for Women's Auxiliary Total Abstinence Societies mean, everywhere — husbands redeemed, sons and brothers lifted up to nobler impulses, and the love of cherished ones raised to a holier and purer level.

Resolved, That sound public policy does not require the licensing of a privileged rumocracy, whose privileged traffic is ruthlessly crushing out our industries by covering this fair land with imported breweries, is wrecking tens of thousands of our homes, is blighting high hopes, is breaking fond hearts, and is grinding down priceless immortal souls into the mire and filth of unutterable wretchedness and untold woes.

Resolved, That this constant menace to religion, to prosperity, to public order, and private weal, receive additional checks (instead of encouragement by statute enactments), by vigilant, untiring enforcement of the "No" vote in no-license strongholds, and by resisting, through the press and otherwise, the repealing of all laws made to check this accursed traffic's power, whether in the Senate Chamber of Massachusetts or in the State Assembly of New York.

Resolved, That we hail as a triumph of law and order over the Liquor Dealers' Protective Association, the recent decision of the Federal Supreme Court, affirming the constitutionality of the "original package" law, thus giving to prohibitory states, and "no license" cities, the right to absolutely enforce their statute laws and votes, and thus strengthening us in our struggle against the law-defying saloon element.

Resolved, That we recommend the Marlboro Star, the Rev. P. A. McKenna editor, as the official organ of our Archdiocesan Union, and urge our societies and members to aid it in its struggle against our common foe. For organized effort by societies, by the loyal union of press, pulpit, and platform, are able to create an agitation whose power no abuse is able to withstand. REV. P. A. MCKENNA, *Chairman*.
JOHN W. FERGUSON.
JOHN P. MAHONEY.
PATRICK J. HEASLEY.
B. J. HEALEY.

THE ELECTION OF OFFICERS resulted as follows: President, Christopher J. Fay; vice-president, John B. Tivnan, of Salem; treasurer, Rev. P. A. McKenna, Marlboro'; secretary, Edwin Mulready. These were elected delegates to the National Convention C. T. A. U. of America: the Rev. James N. Supple, of Charlestown; the Rev. P. A. McKenna, of Marlboro'; John P. Mahoney, of Lowell; alternates, Lewis Tuohy, of Lawrence; William Shannon, of South Boston; Edwin Mulready, of Rockland.

Letters of regret were read from Archbishop Williams, Congressman O'Neil, ex-Governor Long, and the Rev. Edward E. Clexton.

The election of county directors was postponed until the next quarterly metting of the Union.

A banquet in Monument Hall concluded the exercises. Mr. William H. Marnell was toastmaster. Speeches were made by Father Supple, Mr. George B. Neal, of Charlestown, President Fay, Secretary Mulready, Lewis Tuohy, of Lawrence, and several other gentlemen.

Mr. T. J. Brennan was chairman of the committee, under whose charge the arrangements for the convention were so ably planned and carried out.

MRS. MARGARET SHEPHERD, the no-Popery fraud, so thoroughly exposed by Rev. Dr. Mahar at Akron, O., has come to grief in Chicago. Her alleged husband, who had been acting as his "wife's" secretary and treasurer, has deserted her in the Windy City, carrying off with him what there was of her ill-got gains.

AT a public consistory held in the Vatican on June 4, His Holiness the Pope created Monsignori Rotelli and Ruscha Cardinals. His Holiness also preconized fifty bishops, including four Americans:—Monsignor Scannel, Bishop of Omaha; Monsignor Katzer, Archbishop of Milwaukee; Monsignor Durien, Bishop of New Westminster, Canada, and Monsignor O'Connor, Bishop of London, Ontario.

A cable message is said to have been received in St. Louis from Rome announcing that, at the consistory held in the Holy City on Friday, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., had been "reserved in petto" by the Pope for the Cardinalate, and that he would, accordingly, be created a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church at the consistory to be held in December next.

The Church in South America.

IT is stated that the Vatican has just completed its labors in connection with the reorganization of the Catholic Church in Brazil. That country will henceforth be divided into two ecclesiastical provinces instead of being composed of only one as heretofore, that of Bahia. The new province to be formed will be that of Rio Janeiro. The number of dioceses will also be increased from twelve to sixteen. Very important negotiations have recently taken place between the Vatican and the bishops of South America. The Pope requested each bishop to give his opinion as to the advisability of holding a grand South American ecclesiastical council on the model of the one recently held in Baltimore. A majority of the bishops gave a decision in favor of the proposition, and the council will accordingly be held shortly. Its aim will be the entire reorganization of the American churches. Where the council will be held has not yet been determined. The Vatican has also decided to increase the number of Mexican bishops, and a provincial or national council will soon be convoked.

The Locust Plague.

IT is announced from Tunis that the annual plague of locusts has made its appearance in the neighborhood of that city, and that the authorities are taking measures for combating the evil. Two thousand "Cypriot" apparatuses have been purchased, the brushwood and grass have been cut down on the extensive tracks where the insects have deposited their eggs ready to be burned, and large quantities of heavy oils have been ordered, the smoke from which has the effect of suffocating the locusts. The general commanding the brigade of occupation in Tunis has placed all his troops at the disposal of the native officials to aid in the suppression of the plague.

Bring Your Sewing with You.

IT is sometimes lamented that, in these days of lunches and afternoon teas, the pleasant old fashion of going out to spend the afternoon, and carry a pretty bit of fancy work or sewing has been entirely forgotten. A Brooklyn woman has recently sent out an invitation to lunch, inviting her guests to come from twelve to three, and bring their sewing. Perhaps other women will follow suit, if they can possibly spare so much time to one set of friends, and thus establish again the more intimate companionship engendered by sitting down and sewing together. Such social gatherings, conducted by a wise and agreeable hostess who knows how to lead interesting and profitable conversation, and has sufficient strength of mind and character to discourage trivialties and unkind gossip, might become one of the best fashions of the day.

The New Order.

MISS KATE FIELD, in a notice of Mother Catherine Drexel and her Order, in a late issue of the Washington, says of the project to which the new Order is to be devoted: "We must act according to our light, and Mother Catherine has it in her power greatly to help two peoples sorely in need of friends. Rabid Protestants will, of course, protest against any attempt to convert either negroes or Indians to Roman Catholicism; yet no one knows better than broad-minded observers, in or out of churches, that primitive races, given to superstition and emotion, are most affected by form, color, sound, and symbols. They also know that the organization of the Church of Rome furnishes in its priests, nuns, and ever-blessed Sisters of Charity such materials for proselytizing and civilizing as can be found nowhere else. If Mother Catherine puts up technical schools beside her chapels, and teaches her pupils to be clean, honest, and industrious she will need no canonization to be regarded as a saint by every American patriot."

WHEN Bishop Bonacurn, of Lincoln, Neb., denied Patrick Egan, the Irish leader, the privileges of a communicant in St. Theresa's Cathedral, Egan refused to pay a five hundred dollar subscription he had made to the building fund. The Bishop sued Mr. Egan for the amount, and Judge Tibbets decided this week that Egan must pay the subscription.

THE death, on June 6, of Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of Canada, removed the greatest personality of the Dominion, a man of wonderful ability, tact, energy and resource. It is doubtful if Canada has ever had his equal in the combination of audacity and shrewdness which lifted him above the rank of a mere provincial magnate. His field was limited, but he filled it ably. He has been compared with Disraeli, but the comparison is not complimentary; for Macdonald was less of a charlatan, and more of a patriot, than the English Premier. He made Canada a nation politically; by his protective policy he made it commercially independent. His methods were not always commendable. In fact, he was very much the same kind of a statesman as our own Mr. Blaine, magnetic, brilliant, and not over-scrupulous about the means which he employed to effect his purposes. The Conservative party of Canada will find it hard to replace him.

Appointments and Transfers in Archdiocese of Boston.

THE Rev. Thomas H. Shahan, for the past seven years rector of St. Malachi's Church, Arlington, has been appointed by Archbishop Williams to the charge of the new parish at Malden Centre. Father Shahan took leave of his congregation, who sincerely regret his departure, last Sunday morning. The chief works of his pastorate in Arlington are the flourishing parochial school, attended by 250 girls and small boys under the Sisters of Notre Dame, and the Mission Chapel at Belmont. Father Shahan's new parish has 2,500 people. They have a large sum of money in hand towards the erection of a church.

Father Shahan will be succeeded at Arlington by the Rev. John Mulcahy, late of Franklin.

The Rev. Martin J. Lee, late senior assistant at the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, South Boston, is appointed to the pastoral charge of Franklin.

The Rev. J. J. Buckley, for the past twelve years assistant at St. Patrick's, Mount Pleasant, Boston, succeeds the Rev. John F. Cummins in pastoral charge of Plymouth.

These changes have been made among assistant priests:—

The Rev. Wm. F. Powers is transferred from St. Mary's, Charlestown, to SS. Peter and Paul's, So. Boston.

The Rev. James W. Allison is transferred from Hyde Park to St. Mary's, Charlestown.

The Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, rector of St. Bridget's, Lexington, is replaced, during his vacation visit to Ireland, by the Rev. J. V. Tracy, of the Catholic University.

The Rev. L. J. O'Toole, rector of St. Bernard's, West Newton, is replaced during a health trip abroad by the Rev. John J. Griffin.

A MARRIAGE of more than usual interest was that of Dr. Thos. F. Harrington and Miss Mary Isabel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Dempsey, at St. Patrick's Church, Lowell, on June 2. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and plants, and there were about 600 guests present. The Rev. Michael O'Brien, rector, was the officiating priest, and celebrated the Nuptial Mass. The regular choir rendered the music, and Mrs C. M. Williams sang Abt's "Ave Maria." Dr. William T. Carolin was the groomsman, and Misses Kate, Helen and Sarah Dempsey, Mary Harrington and Abbie Hanly, of Providence, R. I., bridesmaids. George C. Dempsey, James Boyle, William E. Marren and Colonel James H. Carmichael, of Lowell; John M. Kimball, of New York, and Dr. T. Carroll, of Newton, were the ushers. A wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's parents on Salem Street, and was followed by a reception. The spacious house was made beautiful by great clusters of wild flowers. The American orchestra rendered some charming music.

THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER

OF our Holy Father the Pope will be given gratis to all new subscribers to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BUFFALO Catholic Union and Times: The June exhibition of cultured cats in Boston gives great joy to the æsthetic old maids of that town.

An Englishman's Views of American Trusts.

MR. PLIMSOLL, a member of the English Parliament, in an article in the Nineteenth Century, has discovered that in the United States no less than seventy-one large combinations were organized in 1888-89. Some of these include many others; in all four hundred and ninety "trusts" were organized in two years. They have been formed to control almost every branch of industry, including the manufacture of paper bags, coffins, and pickles, and it is computed they include no less than $2,000,000,000, or considerably more than two-thirds of the entire manufacturing capital of the United States. Mr. Plimsoll is afraid that further attempts will be made to foster and develop this odious trust system in England, and he urges her legislators to rouse themselves promptly to the danger of this fearful menacing calamity. He suggests that a select committee or a royal commission should be constituted without loss of time, "to inquire into the whole of the subject."

Backward in Time's Flight.

SAYS the Catholic Home of Chicago: "Fifty-eight years, May 5, the Rev. Father St. Cyr celebrated the sacrifice of the Mass for his first time in that city. This settlement was as yet not even a village; there was no house of worship here of any kind, and the temple of the holy mysteries was a little log-cabin belonging to the late Mark Beaubrien, renowned in local tradition as the proprietor of the Saugenash hotel. It is worth while to look about at our church edifices of to-day, and give glory to God who builds."

President Emmet's Address.

PROGRAMME OF THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF AMERICA.

DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, President of the National Federation of America, the new Irish home rule organization which was formed on May 21, issued, on June 10, the appended address "to the friends in America of home rule for Ireland." The address says:

"From all in sympathy with the sufferings of the Irish people, due to centuries of misgovernment, and all who advocate home rule as the only remedy to better their condition, we ask co-operation and assistance to bring about a consummation. The time has passed for inaction, and he who now hesitates to take part in what, God grant, may prove a final effort, is either blindly ignorant and indifferent to passing events, or secretly sympathizes with those in opposition. Deep has been the disappointment suffered by one generation after another. Each in turn has passed away, with hope deferred, to join the majority, yet with prayers ever raised on high that the sunburst of light and happiness might yet in the near future dawn on their beloved land.

"How often have they been betrayed! In our generation the Irish people have suffered and almost lost their cause when success seemed within easy grasp. For months past every effort has been paralyzed through the acts of one man, most trusted of all, who sinned and fell by his own hand. He thus betrayed the welfare of his country, so blindly intrusted to his guidance, and dragged the chaste name of Ireland into the gutter with his own sullied reputation. The necessity for assisting the starving and evicted tenants of Ireland was deeply appreciated in this country, and a noble effort was made to effect the purpose. Mr. Parnell was fully pledged to carry out this object; but he has betrayed his trust by his duplicity, his equivocation, and his utter disingenuousness. His continuous selfish subordination of the welfare of the Irish peasantry to his own personal ends, in the matter of home rule, is no less conspicuous.

"Mr. Parnell stands to-day responsible for the present sufferings of the evicted tenants of Ireland, so far as they might have been mitigated by the use of the Paris fund, in the application of which he has refused to act with the other custodian. This fund consists of over two hundred thousand dollars, the greater portion of which was raised in this country. This he now holds, as he does his political position, by false pretences, and to forward his own personal ends. The people of this country are too sharp-witted not to fully appreciate his purpose. And the fact that he did not dare carry out his own proposition when the opportunity was given him, to meet his constituents at the polls, has shown to the American mind how fully he himself realizes his desperate fortunes. He is yet claimed as a leader by a small portion of the Irish people. We raise no issue with them, nor doubt their honesty, but we impugn their judgment. They will soon penetrate the glamour associated with the past service of an over-rated leader.

"Those who have worked and hoped for home rule in Ireland are not divided into two parties; there exists but one party and a faction. Mr. Parnell was the first to advocate that the majority should rule and the first to disregard the fact. The opinion held by the large majority of thinking men in this country, if expressed, would be to the effect that Mr. Parnell is now politically dead and can never be resuscitated to hold a position of trust.

"When the cause was betrayed and there arose at first some difference of opinion as to the culpability of the act, Irish-Americans were unwilling to interfere and wished the difference settled by the Irish people themselves. We at a distance were better able to judge of the merits of the case; but our feeling of delicacy has been grossly misrepresented by the minority. Notwithstanding their representatives have canvassed this country for months past in quest of aid and support, and to so little purpose, it is absurdly claimed by them that the people of America are in sympathy with their leader. Our silence and inaction can therefore do good no longer; but, on the con-

trary, are freely used to the detriment of the cause we advocate. The time has now assuredly arrived for us to pronounce our denunciation on the one hand, and, on the other, our fullest sympathy with those who represent the true interests of Ireland.

"The future guidance of Irish affairs, in the bringing about of home rule, must be trusted only to the majority of those elected to represent Ireland in the British Parliament. The members of the National party are not partisans of Mr. McCarthy, nor of any other leader, for with them the interest of the country is greater than that of any man. Were Ireland a unit, her proportion of representation in Parliament is too small to gain home rule unaided, and this can alone be obtained by assistance from one or the other of the two great parties in England. A large portion of the English people has at length recognized the justice of the Irish claims for self-government. Under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone, the Liberal party stands pledged to the support of home rule for Ireland, and no true man has cause to doubt his intent or honesty of purpose.

"Parliament may be dissolved this year, but certainly next year by limitation, and the present party in office must appeal to the people. A desperate struggle will be made by the Tory party, with the aid of money, influence, and every other means to gain a new lease of power, which, if successful, would neutralize every effort of the past twelve years to advance the cause of home rule. The friends of Ireland cannot stand by inactive and expect the Liberal party of England to bear the brunt, nor more than their just proportion of the burden. Money is needed, and needed quickly, and at no time has an appeal been presented to the American people for the support of a cause more in accord with their appreciation and love of self-government.

"Few realize how much the Irish race aided during the revolution in gaining the special form of government which we now prize so highly. Several of those who signed the Declaration of Independence were of Irish birth, and others were of Irish parentage. Many of Washington's most trusted officers were Irishmen, and the sons of Erin in the colonies were almost to a man found in the American ranks. Of those who were members of the Continental Congress, and who formulated the unique system of Federal and State Government under which we have so prospered, a large proportion, especially in the Northern States, were natives of Ireland.

"We can, then, justly ask for the people of Ireland that they obtain the right of self-government in the direct management of her domestic affairs — which experience has shown us to be most conducive to advancing the prosperity of mankind. And when the Scotch, the Welsh, and the English people themselves realize the necessity for such a boon we trust it may be granted them.

"The National Federation of America is similar in organization to the one existing in Ireland and is for the same purpose. In addition to the officers it will consist of a central Board of Trustees for the purpose of controlling and transmitting the funds of the properly constituted authorities of the National party in Ireland. The funds will consist of donations and yearly subscriptions made by individuals and by the members of the local branches of the federation and affiliated organizations, which will be organized throughout the country, and will be collected and forwarded to Mr. Eugene Kelly, of New York, the Treasurer of the organization. The Board of Trustees will at an early day issue in a printed form the constitution and an account in detail of the organization."

Poor Dr. McGlynn.

THERE seems to be a well-grounded belief (says the Catholic Columbian) that Dr. McGlynn will, before many days, enter a monastery to spend the remainder of his days. He has but one choice between despair and salvation, and those who recall the good in the erring priest's past, will pray for the restoration of God's grace that his pride may be subdued, and the humility of a true follower of Christ lead him to penance for the scandal he has given, and the souls whose salvation he has imperilled.

Death of Sir Edward Kenny.

OUR numerous readers in the Dominion, and, indeed, throughout the American Continent, will regret to learn the death of Sir Edward Kenny. He is another of Ireland's sons who made his way to the front rank of the statesmen of this country during the past generation. In every home in Halifax, N. S., the poor as well as the rich, the name of Edward Kenny is familiar to all and respected by all. By his death the Catholic Church and the Irish cause lose a faithful adherent and a generous benefactor. He raised a family who would reflect credit on any father, and the distinguished Jesuit, Rev. Father Kenny, now of Guelph, Ont., who, by common consent, is thought to be the greatest Catholic pulpit orator in Canada, was one of his sons. There are, no doubt, many readers of the MAGAZINE in Halifax and throughout Nova Scotia, who will remember the fate of the passengers on the ocean steamer *City of Boston* twenty years ago. The news of the loss of that vessel caused the late Sir Edward Kenny great sorrow, because on it sank, never to rise again, his favorite son. The youth was on his way to college in England. On May 16, the day of his death, he was within a few days of being ninety-one years old, having been born in 1800. Sir Edward was born in county Kerry, Ireland, and educated there, coming to Halifax at the age of twenty-four to manage the wholesale dry goods house of James Lyons & Co., of which he was, in 1826, admitted a partner. Two years later, he entered into partnership with his brother Thomas, under the firm name of T. & E. Kenny, and their joint industry has built up one of the largest wholesale dry goods businesses in the Dominion, but from which Sir Edward retired some years ago, leaving a worthy successor in the person of his son, Mr. T. E. Kenny, M. P. for Halifax. Sir Edward took an active interest in politics, and was a member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia for twenty-six years, for eleven of which he was President of that body. At Confederation he was called to the Senate, and was sworn of the Privy Council, as the Irish-Catholic representative, the late Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee, who had been a member of the government of the old Province of Canada, resigning his claims in that respect in favor of Mr. Kenny. He was appointed Receiver-General, and held that portfolio until October, 1869, when transferred to the Presidency of the Council. In May, 1870, he was appointed Administrator of the government of Nova Scotia, when he retired from the Senate and Ministry. In September, 1870, he was knighted. Sir Edward was a fine specimen of the Old Irish Gentleman, and always took a warm interest in the welfare of his country and his countrymen; and was twice President of the Irish Society of Halifax.

In addition to several prominent Canadians from different parts of the province and clergymen of the diocese were noticed at the funeral the following residents of Halifax city :

Lieut. Col. J. R. McShane, Hon. A. J. White, Messrs. John Hogan, D. Cronan, J. B. Ryan, Francis Hamilton, M. Walsh, P. B. McManus, P. Thompson, E. Kelly, A. D. Gillis, Jas. Finley, W. P. Quiraue, F. J. Quinn, Edmund Ryan, F. J. Scott, James L. Griffen, Jas. Heman, Arch. Mulvena, M. Sullivan, M. F. Murphy, Jno. Sheridan, R. E. Gaul, Jos. During, Thos. Cahalane, Con. Drolin, Francis O'Connor, M. J. Power, R. M. Anderson, A. Briand, E. M. Buckley, John E. Burns, John P. Cahill, Jas. T. Carew, John Courtney, A. B. Crosby, John Druce, John F. Dorine, Patrick Doyle, Ed. Duffy, Jas. Dwyer, M. Dwyer, Jas. P. Flannigan, Ed. Faltz, Jno. Foley, Jas. Fortune, M. Gilfoyle, A. L. Graves, M. Heman, Wm. Hurley, Maurice Kavanagh, M. E. Keating, Wm. H. Keating, A. Laugenberg, M. J. Maher, J. A. Mackasey, W. B. McSweeney, Nicholas Meaher, Pierce Mullally, Tim. Mullane, Jer. Murphy, T. Murphy, D. Murray, J. C. O'Mullin, D. H. Pitts, Jno. Prigh, P. L. Purcell, Ed. Quirk, Alex. Robertson, J. J. Skerry, J. P. Skerry, M. J. Slaney, M. Sullivan, Stephen Tobin, Jas. Vaughan.

Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."— *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

TWO WAYS.—TOM-BOY. By Anna Hanson Dorsey; author of Beth's Promise, Adrift, The Flemings, Palms, etc.

Any production from the prolific pen of Mrs. Dorsey is sure to meet the eye of the general reader. Very few of our Catholic authors have produced better books.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and Chi.

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"No one, whether Catholic or Protestant, can read Catholic Belief without being greatly benefited; the Catholic will have a better knowledge and truer love of his holy faith; the Protestant, if not convinced and persuaded to take the final step and enter the one fold under the one shepherd, will retain no anti-Catholic prejudices, will be more a Christian, wiser, and better. — *Extract from Bishop Ryan's Preface.*

READINGS AND RECITATIONS FOR JUNIORS. By Miss Eleanor O'Grady, author of Select Recitations, Aids to Correct and Effective Elocution, etc. 16mo. cloth, net, 50 cents.

A HAPPY YEAR; OR, THE YEAR SANCTIFIED BY MEDITATING ON THE MAXIMS AND SAYINGS OF THE SAINTS. By the Abbé Laseusse. Translated from the French by Mrs. James O'Brien.

One of the best books published.

THE NEW THIRD READER. By the Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmour, D.D., late bishop of Cleveland.

The book is well gotten up, beautifully illustrated, and with good paper and printing. This completes the New Series of the Catholic National Readers, and we trust and believe the book will prove worthy of the enormous success with which the other books of the New Series have been greeted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Calendar of the Sacred Heart is a monthly publication issued by the pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, of Worcester, Mass., Rev. Dr. Conaty. The June number is devoted to the Sacred Heart, and contains matter appropriate for this month. The Calendar has been published for some months, and much appreciated not only by the congregation but by the citizens generally.

The Rosary, a magazine conducted by the Dominican Fathers, and published by P. O'Shea, 45 Warren Street, New York. Price, $1.50 a year. It is well printed on good paper. The size is sixty pages as large as our Magazine. As the name indicates, it is entirely devoted to the Rosary. Queen of the Holy Rosary bless the undertaking.

MUSIC.

White-Smith Publishing Co., Boston.

Vocal: — "The Kiss, Dear Maid," words by Lord Byron, music by Edw. Baxter Felton, also "The Meeting" by same author. "Tell Us, Merry Birds," by C. A. White. "Thinking" by same. "Life's Eternal," Male Quartette, by same. "The Sinking Ship," duet by same. "Regina Cœli," by C. C. Stearns. "The Sun Lies White," words by Jean Ingelow, music by Arthur Sullivan. "Last Greeting," words by Beranger, music by Schubert. "Yearnings," and "Gold Rolls Here Beneath Me," by Rubinstein. "Good-Bye, Sweetheart, Good-Bye," by J. L. Hatton. "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," by M. W. Balfe. "I Love My Love," words by C. Mackay, music by Ciro Pinsuti. "I Heard a Voice," words by Louisa Gray, music by Ciro Pinsuti. "Once Again," music by Arthur Sullivan.

Instrumental: — "The Edith Gavotte," by Edw. Baxter Felton. "Columbia Exposition March," by G. R. Lampard. "Ariel," by Mrs. H. B. Hudson. "Favorita," Spanish Serenade, by C. A. White. "Robert Le Diable," Fantasie, by Sydney Smith. "Jeuneuse," Fantasie, by Henri Ravina. "Princess Royal Galop," by J. Helfrich. "Ashton Polka" by Jno. Wiegand.

Books: — The Folio, for May. Third Mass in C, composed by Mo[illegible] Carpenter, organist of St. Mary's Church, Boston, Mass. A welcome addition to the list of good singable Masses for our Catholic churches, by a composer of excellence.

The Western Watchman has transferred to its columns the interesting article, "The trials and triumphs of the hero of the forth-coming quadrocentennial of the discovery of America," by Rev. Father Crowley.

OBITUARY

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE death of the Rev. Monsignor Hasson, D. D., is announced at the early age of thirty-four years. Monsignor Hasson, D. D., was for eight years professor at St. Columba's College, Londonderry. He was a scholar of rare attainments, and the high honor he received in being appointed Rector of the Irish College, Paris, was well bestowed.

FATHER JOHN BAKER, who recently died among the lepers of Surinam in Dutch Guiana, is the third Redemptorist father who has died there. Ten years ago he contracted the leprosy from which he died at length, like Father Damien. As at Molokai, the Franciscan sisters have charge of the women and children at Surinam.

REV. FATHER CURCI, the distinguished Italian ecclesiastic, died at Rome on the 10th of June. He was one of the best known Jesuits in Italy. He was born at Naples in 1809. Father Curci was a small, wiry man, with a profile not unlike Voltaire's. He always maintained the simplest habits of living, and never allowed himself more than four hours sleep.

THE Rev. Robert E. Cleburne, pastor of St. John's Episcopal Church, of New Orleans, died in that city on May 10th. He was a native of Ireland, and was sixty-three years old. He came to America in 1847, and lived for a time in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was a brother of General Patrick Cleburne, of the Confederate army.

SISTERS.

THE death of the superioress of the Convent of Mercy, Clonakilty, Ireland, occurred on the 28th of April, and on the 30th, the feast of St. Catherine of Siena, her remains were laid to rest in the cemetery of the convent. The sad event cast a gloom over the entire district, and awakened among all classes feelings of deep and deserved regret. For Mother Genevieve during thirty-five years had devoted the best energies of her life to the cause of religion and charity. During that long period she labored with indefatigable devotion to promote education, relieve the suffering poor, and foster a spirit of piety among all who came within the sphere of her influence. Whether engaged in the work of the school, or distributing relief to the needy; whether counselling with sage advice those who sought her wise direction, or soothing the last moments of expiring life beside the bed of suffering and sorrow, Mother Genevieve's zeal was ever active, sympathetic, and unselfish.

SISTER MARY HELENA ELDER, sister of Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, died at St. Joseph's Academy, Emmittsburg, Md., on Thursday, May 28, in the eighty-ninth year of her age. She had been a member of the Order of Sisters of Charity nearly seventy years, and was among the last of Mother Seton's pupils. Sister Helena celebrated her golden jubilee at St. Joseph's in March, 1872. The greater portion of her religious life was spent at Emmittsburg. For a number of years Sister Helena had been in feeble health, and her death was the result of a natural breaking up of the system, due to extreme age.

LAY PEOPLE.

DIED in Cambridgeport, Mass., on the 9th of June, MRS. ANN CASSIDY, widow of the late Edward Cassidy, aged eighty-one years, three months. Mrs. Cassidy was the oldest sister of Patrick Donahoe, and had resided in Cambridge for nearly sixty years, surrounded by a large family of children and grandchildren. The funeral took place on the 12th of June from the Church of B. V. M., Rev. Father Mundy officiating. The remains were conveyed to Mount Auburn for interment. Mr. Donahoe asks the prayers of the faithful for the repose of her soul, which may God rest in peace.

CHEV. G. M. FINOTTI, some years ago Italian consul of Boston, and who lived in Brookline, Mass., died at Yankton, Dakota, on the 13th of May, aged eighty years. At the funeral,

Rt. Rev. Bishop Martin Marty made a brief eulogistic address. He alluded with much feeling to a long and warm friendship with the deceased, and spoke in glowing terms of the purity and uprightness of the man's character. As a Christian Mr. Finotti was simple, humble, and true, and his one aim in life had been to insure himself eternal rest. His first thoughts were for the comfort of others, and he adhered positively to the church for guidance in all things. "Few men," said the Bishop, "have been greater sufferers, and no one except Christ ever suffered so heroically, resignedly, and with so little complaint. His life is a lesson to the people who survive him, and the serene peace and contentment with which he died, is reward enough to induce others to live that they may die, in the same way. He has gone to eternal rest, to find peace and glory."

SISTER M. J. DOWDALL, superior of the Convent of Mercy, Claremorris, writes Mr. Donahoe: "Things are beginning to point to a brighter future."

BOSTON Daily Herald: The Boston Democrats have put their best foot forward again in the selection of John H. McDonough for president of their city committee. Mr. McDonough is clean, intelligent, and energetic, and may safely be relied upon to conduct a square and vigorous campaign for his party.

Women's Building for the Columbian Exposition.

WE notice with much pleasure that an award of $1,000 has been made to Miss Sophia C. Hayden, of Boston, for her design for the Women's Building at the Chicago World's Fair. A second prize of $500 was given Miss Lois L. Howe, also of Boston, and Miss Laura Hayes, of Chicago, received the third prize of $250. The awards were made by Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the board of lady managers. The designs had previously been discussed and criticised by the chief of construction, Mr. Burnham, and by other members of the board of architects.

The event is of interest as indicating the hold that women are taking of the profession of architecture. In many respects, they would seem pre-eminently suited for it. Their innate tact and taste, and their appreciation of the domestic wants, are elements which should tell in their favor, at least as designers of houses to be lived in. The field of women's work is rapidly broadening, and this competition emphasizes their entrance into the higher professions.

THE progress of the Catholic religion in the north of Ireland is very great. In places where there were but a few Catholics some years ago, Catholics are now one-half or even two-thirds of the population, and churches fit to vie with those of continental Europe have risen or are rising everywhere, monuments of the wonderful generosity of the Irish people.

A California Big Tree to be Shown at the Chicago World's Fair.

IT has been determined to send to the World's Fair, as a feature of the government exhibit, the largest specimen that can be obtained of the famous big trees of California. A tree thirty feet in diameter, which is about the largest size that grows, will be selected, and the limbs cut off thirty feet from the ground. The trunk will then be sawed into sections, and the outside piece only sent to Chicago. On arrival at the exhibition the pieces will be put together so that the outside portion of the tree, several feet thick and thirty feet high, will stand just as it did in the forest. In order to cut the tree into sections it will be necessary to have a special saw made, about fifty feet in length, which will be operated by machinery that must be taken into the forest especially for the purpose. It is estimated that eight cars will be required to carry the tree to Chicago. It is proposed at present to place it in the centre of the rotunda of the government building, which will be one hundred and twenty feet in circumference. The interior of the tree will be decorated with cones, leaves, and other attachments of the tree, divided into rooms, and the whole illuminated with electric lights.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER

OF

OUR HOLY FATHER

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE

POPE LEO XIII.

ON

THE CONDITION OF LABOR.

OFFICIAL TRANSLATION.

TO OUR VENERABLE BRETHREN,
ALL PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, AND BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD,
IN GRACE AND COMMUNION WITH THE APOSTOLIC SEE,
POPE LEO XIII.
VENERABLE BRETHREN,
HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

It is not surprising that the spirit of revolutionary change, which has long been predominant in the nations of the world, should have passed beyond politics and made its influence felt in the cognate field of practical economy. The elements of a conflict are unmistakable : the growth of industry, and the surprising discoveries of science ; the changed relations of masters and workmen ; the enormous fortunes of individuals, and the poverty of the masses ; the increased self-reliance and the closer mutual combination of the working population ; and, finally, a general moral deterioration. The momentous seriousness of the present state of things just now fills every mind with painful apprehension ; wise men discuss it ; practical men propose schemes ; popular meetings, legislatures, and sovereign princes, all are occupied with it — and there is nothing which has a deeper hold on public attention.

Therefore, Venerable Brethren, as on former occasions, when it seemed opportune to refute false teaching, We have addressed you in the interests of the Church and of the common weal, and have issued Letters on Political Power, on Human Liberty, on the Christian Constitution of the State, and on similar subjects, so now We have thought it useful to speak on

The Condition of Labor.

It is a matter on which We have touched once or twice already. But in this Letter the responsibility of the Apostolic office urges Us to treat the question expressly and at length, in order that there may be no mistake as to the principles which truth and justice dictate for its settlement. The discussion is not easy, nor is it free from danger. It is not easy to define the relative rights and the mutual duties of the wealthy and of the poor, of capital and of labor. And the danger lies in this, that crafty agitators constantly make use of these disputes to pervert men's judgments and to stir up the people to sedition.

But all agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor. The ancient workmen's Guilds were destroyed in the last century, and no other organization took their place. Public institutions and the laws have repudiated the ancient religion. Hence by degrees it has come to pass that Working Men have been given over, isolated and defenceless, to the callousness of employers and the greed of unrestrained competition. The evil has been increased by rapacious Usury, which, although more than once condemned by the

Church, is nevertheless, under a different form but with the same guilt, still practised by avaricious and grasping men. And to this must be added the custom of working by contract, and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself.

Socialists and Private Property.

To remedy these evils the *Socialists*, working on the poor man's envy of the rich, endeavor to destroy private property, and maintain that individual possessions should become the common property of all, to be administered by the State or by municipal bodies. They hold that, by thus transferring property from private persons to the community, the present evil state of things will be set to rights, because each citizen will then have his equal share of whatever there is to enjoy. But their proposals are so clearly futile for all practical purposes, that if they were carried out the working man himself would be among the first to suffer. Moreover they are emphatically unjust, because they would rob the lawful possessor, bring the State into a sphere that is not its own, and cause complete confusion in the community.

It is surely undeniable that, when a man engages in remunerative labor, the very reason and motive of his work is to obtain property, and to hold it as his own private possession. If one man hires out to another his strength or his industry, he does this for the purpose of receiving in return what is necessary for food and living ; he thereby expressly proposes to acquire a full and real right, not only to the remuneration, but also to the disposal of that remuneration as he pleases. Thus, if he lives sparingly, saves money, and invests his savings, for greater security, in land, the land in such a case is only his wages in another form ; and, consequently, a working man's little estate thus purchased should be as completely at his own disposal as the wages he receives for for his labor. But it is precisely in this power of disposal that ownership consists, whether the property be land or movable goods. The *Socialists*, therefore, in endeavoring to transfer the possessions of individuals to the community, strike at the interests of every wage-earner, for they deprive him of the liberty of disposing of his wages, and thus of all hope and possibility of increasing his stock and of bettering his condition in life.

Man's Natural Right to Private Property.

What is of still greater importance, however, is that the remedy they propose is manifestly against justice. For every man has by nature the right to possess property as his own. This is one of the chief points of distinction between man and the animal creation. For the brute has no power of self-direction, but is governed by two chief instincts, which keep his powers alert, move him to use his strength, and determine him to action without the power of choice. These instincts are self-preservation and the propagation of the species. Both can attain their purpose by means of things which are close at hand ; beyond their surroundings the brute creation cannot go, for they are moved to action by sensibility alone, and by the things which sense perceives. But with man it is different indeed. He possesses, on the one hand, the full perfection of animal nature, and therefore he enjoys, at least, as much as the rest of the animal race, the fruition of the things of the body. But animality, however perfect, is far from being the whole of humanity, and is indeed humanity's humble handmaid, made to serve and obey. It is the mind, or the reason, which is the chief thing in us who are human beings ; it is this which makes a human being human, and distinguishes him essentially and completely from the brute. And on this account — viz., that man alone among animals possesses reason — it must be within his right to have things not merely for temporary and momentary use, as other living beings have them, but in stable and permanent possession ; he must have not only things which perish in the using, but also those which, though used, remain for use in the future.

This becomes still more clearly evident if we consider man's nature a little more deeply. For man, comprehending by the power of his reason things innumerable, and joining the future with the present — being, moreover, the master of his own acts — governs himself by the foresight of his counsel, under the eternal law and the power of God Whose Providence governs all things. Wherefore it is in his power to exercise his choice not only on things which regard his present welfare, but also on those which will be for his advantage in time to come. Hence man not only

can possess the fruits of the earth, but also the earth itself; for of the products of the earth he can make provision for the future. Man's needs do not die out, but recur; satisfied to-day, they demand new supplies to-morrow. Nature, therefore, owes to man a storehouse that shall never fail, the daily supply of his daily wants. And this he finds only in the inexhaustible fertility of the earth.

Nor must we, at this stage, have recourse to the State.

Man is Older than the State;

And he holds the right of providing for the life of his body prior to the formation of any State. And to say that God has given the earth to the use and enjoyment of the universal human race is not to deny that there can be private property. For God has granted the earth to mankind in general; not in the sense that all without distinction can deal with it as they please, but rather that no part of it has been assigned to any one in particular, and that the limits of private possession have been left to be fixed by man's own industry and the laws of individual peoples. Moreover the earth, though divided among private owners, ceases not thereby to minister to the needs of all; for there is no one who does not live on what the land brings forth. Those who do not possess the soil, contribute their labor; so that it may be truly said that all human subsistence is derived either from labor on one's own land, or from some laborious industry which is paid for either in the produce of the land itself or in that which is exchanged for what the land brings forth.

Here, again, we have another proof that private ownership is according to nature's law. For that which is required for the preservation of life, and for life's well-being, is produced in great abundance by the earth, but not until man has brought it into cultivation and lavished upon it his care and skill. Now, when man thus spends the industry of his mind and the strength of his body in procuring the fruits of nature, by that act he makes his own that portion of nature's field which he cultivates — that portion on which he leaves, as it were, the impress of his own personality; and it cannot but be just that he should possess that portion as his own, and should have a right to keep it without molestation.

These arguments are so strong and convincing that it seems surprising that certain obsolete opinions should now be revived in opposition to what is here laid down. We are told that it is right for private persons to have the use of the soil and the fruits of their land, but that it is unjust for any one to possess as owner either the land on which he has built or the estate which he has cultivated. But those who assert this do not perceive that they are robbing man of what his own labor has produced. For the soil which is tilled and cultivated with toil and skill utterly changes its condition; it was wild before, it is now fruitful; it was barren, and now it brings forth in abundance. That which has thus altered and improved it becomes so truly part of itself as to be in great measure indistinguishable and inseparable from it. Is it just that the fruit of a man's sweat and labor should be enjoyed by another? As effects follow their cause, so it is just and right that the results of labor should belong to him who has labored.

With reason, therefore, the common opinion of mankind, little affected by the few dissentients who have maintained the opposite view, has found in the study of nature, and in the law of Nature herself, the foundations of the division of property, and has consecrated by the practice of all ages the principle of private ownership, as being pre-eminently in conformity with human nature, and as conducing in the most unmistakable manner to the peace and tranquillity of human life. The same principle is confirmed and enforced by the civil laws — laws which, as long as they are just, derive their binding force from the law of nature. The authority of the Divine Law adds its sanction, forbidding us in the gravest terms even to covet that which is another's: — *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife; nor his house, nor his field, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything which is his.* [1]

Man's Natural Right and His Social and Domestic Duties.

The rights here spoken of, belonging to each individual man, are seen in a much stronger light if they are considered in relation to man's social and domestic obligations.

In choosing a state of life, it is indisputable that all are at full liberty either to follow the counsel of Jesus Christ as

[1] Deuteronomy v. 21.

to virginity, or to enter into the bonds of marriage. No human law can abolish the natural and primitive right of marriage, or in any way limit the chief and principal purpose of marriage, ordained by God's authority from the beginning. *Increase and multiply.* [1] Thus we have the Family; the "society" of a man's own household; a society limited indeed in numbers, but a true "society," anterior to every kind of State or nation, with rights and duties of its own, totally independent of the commonwealth.

That right of property, therefore, which has been proved to belong naturally to individual persons, must also belong to a man in his capacity of head of a family; nay, such a person must possess this right so much the more clearly in proportion as his position multiples his duties. For it is a most sacred law of nature that a father must provide food and all necessaries for those whom he has begotten; and, similarly, nature dictates that a man's children, who carry on, as it were, and continue his own personality, should be provided by him with all that is needful to enable them honorably to keep themselves from want and misery in the uncertainties of this moral life. Now in no other way can a father effect this except by the ownership of profitable property, which he can transmit to his children by inheritance. A family, no less than a State, is, as We have said, a true society, governed by a power within itself, that is to say, by the father. Wherefore, provided the limits be not trangressed which are prescribed by the very purposes for which it exists, the Family has, at least, equal rights with the State in the choice and pursuit of those things which are needful to its preservation and its just liberty.

We say, at least equal rights; for since the domestic household is anterior both in idea and in fact to the gathering of men into a commonwealth, the former must necessarily have rights and duties which are prior to those of the latter, and which rest more immediately on nature. If the citizens of a State — that is to say, the Families — on entering into association and fellowship, experienced at the hands of the State hindrance instead of help, and found their rights attacked instead of being protected, such association were rather to be repudiated than sought after.

[1] Genesis i. 28.

The State May Not Abolish nor Absorb Paternal Rights.

The idea, then, that the civil government should, at its own discretion, penetrate and pervade the family and the household, is a great and pernicious mistake. True, if a family finds itself in great difficulty, utterly friendless, and without prospect of help, it is right that extreme necessity be met by public aid; for each family is a part of the commonwealth. In like manner, if within the walls of the household there occur grave disturbance of mutual rights, the public power must interfere to force each party to give the other what is due; for this is not to rob citizens of their rights, but justly and properly to safeguard and strengthen them. But the rulers of the State must go no further: nature bids them stop here. Paternal authority can neither be abolished by the State, nor absorbed; for it has the same source as human life itself; "The child belongs to the father," and is, as it were, the continuation of the father's personality; and, to speak with strictness, the child takes its place in civil society not in its own right, but in its quality as a member of the family in which it is begotten. And it is for the very reason that "the child belongs to the father" that, as St. Thomas of Aquin says, "before it attains the use of free-will, it is in the power and care of its parents." [1] The Socialists, therefore, in setting aside the parent and introducing the providence of the State, act *against natural justice*, and threaten the very existence of family life.

And such interference is not only unjust, but is quite certain to harass and disturb all classes of citizens, and to subject them to odious and intolerable slavery. It would open the door to envy, to evil speaking, and to quarrelling; the sources of wealth would themselves run dry, for no one would have any interest in exerting his talents or his industry; and that ideal equality of which so much is said would, in reality, be the levelling down of all to the same condition of misery and dishonor.

Thus it is clear that the main tenet of *Socialism*, the community of goods, must be utterly rejected; for it would injure those whom it is intended to benefit, it would be contrary to the natural rights of mankind, and it would introduce confusion and disorder into the commonwealth.

[1] St. Thomas, *Summa Theologica*, 2a 2æ Q. x. Art. 12.

Our first and most fundamental principle, therefore, when we undertake to alleviate the condition of the masses, must be the inviolability of private property. This laid down, We go on to show where we must find the remedy that we seek.

The Church Alone Can Solve the Social Problem.

We approach the subject with confidence, and in the exercise of the rights which belong to Us. For no practical solution of this question will ever be found without the assistance of Religion and of the Church. It is We who are the chief guardian of Religion, and the chief dispenser of what belongs to the Church, and we must not by silence neglect the duty which lies upon Us. Doubtless this most serious question demands the attenand the efforts of others besides Ourselves — of the rulers of States, of employers of labor, of the wealthy, and of the working population themselves for whom We plead. But We affirm without hesitation, that all the striving of men will be vain if they leave out the Church. It is the Church that proclaims from the Gospel those teachings by which the conflict can be put an end to, or at least made far less bitter ; the Church uses its efforts not only to enlighten the mind, but to direct by its precepts the life and conduct of men ; the Church improves and ameliorates the condition of the working man by numerous useful organizations ; does its best to enlist the services of all ranks in discussing and endeavoring to meet, in the most practical way, the claims of the working classes ; and acts on the decided view that for these purposes recourse should be had, in due measure and degree, to the help of the law and of State authority.

Let it be laid down, in the first place, that humanity must remain as it is. It is impossible to reduce human society to a level. The *Socialists* may do their utmost, but all striving against nature is vain. There naturally exist among mankind innumerable differences of the most important kind ; people differ in capability, in diligence, in health, and in strength; and unequal fortune is a necessary result of inequality in condition. Such inequality is far from being disadvantageous either to individuals or to the community; social and public life can only go on by the help of various kinds of capacity and the playing of many parts, and each man, as a rule, chooses the part which peculiarly suits his case. As regards bodily labor, even had man never fallen from *the state of innocence*, he would not have been wholly unoccupied ; but that which would then have been his free choice and his delight, became afterwards compulsory, and the painful expiation of his sin. *Cursed be the earth in thy work ; in thy labor thou shalt eat of it all the days of thy life.*[1] In like manner, the other pains and hardships of life will have no end or cessation on this earth ; for the consequences of sin are bitter and hard to bear, and they must be with man as long as life lasts. To suffer and to endure, therefore, is the lot of humanity ; let men try as they may, no strength and no artifice will ever succeed in banishing from human life the ills and troubles which beset it. If any there are who pretend differently — who hold out to a hard-pressed people freedom from pain and trouble, undisturbed repose, and constant enjoyment — they cheat the people and impose upon them, and their lying promises will only make the evil worse than before. There is nothing more useful than to look at the world as it really is — and at the same time to look elsewhere for a remedy to its troubles.

The Christian Interdependence of Capital and Labor.

The great mistake that is made in the matter now under consideration, is to possess oneself of the idea that class is naturally hostile to class ; that rich and poor are intended by nature to live at war with one another. So irrational and so false is this view, that the exact contrary is the truth. Just as the symmetry of the human body is the result of the disposition of the members of the body, so in a State it is ordained by nature that these two classes should exist in harmony and agreement, and should, as it were, fit into one another, so as to maintain the equilibrium of the body politic. Each requires the other; capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital. Mutual agreement results in pleasantness and good order ; perpetual conflict necessarily produces confusion and outrage. Now, in preventing such strife as this, and in making it impossible, the efficacy of Christianity is marvellous and manifold. First of all, there is nothing more powerful than Religion (of which the Church is the interpreter and guardian) in drawing rich and poor together, by reminding each

[1] Genesis iii. 17.

class of its duties to the other, and especially of the duties of justice. Thus Religion teaches the laboring man and the workman to carry out honestly and well all equitable agreements freely made never to injure capital, nor to outrage the person of an employer; never to employ violence in representing his own cause, nor to engage in riot and disorder; and to have nothing to do with men of evil principles, who work upon the people with artful promises, and raise foolish hopes which usually end in disaster and in repentance when too late. Religion teaches the rich man and the employer that their work-people are not their slaves; that they must respect in every man his dignity as a man and as a Christian; that labor is nothing to be ashamed of, if we listen to right reason and to Christian philosophy, but is an honorable employment, enabling a man to sustain his life in an upright and creditable way; and that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power. Thus, again, Religion teaches that, as among the workman's concerns are Religion herself, and things spiritual and mental, the employer is bound to see that he has time for the duties of piety; that he be not exposed to corrupting influences and dangerous occasions; and that he be not led away to neglect his home and family or to squander his wages. Then, again, the employer must never tax his work-people beyond their strength, nor employ them in work unsuited to their sex or age. His great and principal obligation is to give to every one that which is just. Doubtless before we can decide whether wages are adequate, many things have to be considered; but rich men and masters should remember this — that to exercise pressure for the sake of gain, upon the indigent and the destitute, and to make one's profit out of the need of another, is condemned by all laws, human and divine. To defraud any one of wages that are his due is a crime which cries to the avenging anger of Heaven. *Behold, the hire of the laborers . . . which by fraud hath been kept back by you, crieth; and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of the Sabaoth.*[1] Finally, the rich must religiously refrain from cutting down the workman's earnings, either by force, by fraud, or by usurious dealing; and with the more reason because the poor man is weak and unprotected, and because his slender means should be sacred in proportion to their scantiness.

Were these precepts carefully obeyed and followed, would not strife die out and cease?

But the Church, with Jesus Christ for its Master and Guide, aims higher still. It lays down precepts yet more perfect, and tries to bind class to class in friendliness and good understanding. The things of this earth cannot be understood or valued rightly without taking into consideration the life to come, the life that will last forever. Exclude the idea of futurity, and the very notion of what is good and right would perish; nay, the whole system of the universe would became a dark and unfathomable mystery. The great truth which we learn from Nature herself is also the grand Christian dogma on which Religion rests as on its base — that when we have done with this present life then we shall really begin to live. God has not created us for the perishable and transitory things of earth, but for things heavenly and everlasting; He has given us this world as a place of exile, and not as our true country. Money, and the other things which men call good and desirable — we may have them in abundance, or we may want them altogether; as far as eternal happiness is concerned, it is no matter; the only thing that is important is to use them aright. Jesus Christ, when He redeemed us with *plentiful redemption*, took not away the pains and sorrows which in such large proportion make up the texture of our mortal life; He transformed them into motives of virtue and occasions of merit: and no man can hope for eternal reward unless he follow in the blood-stained footprints of his Saviour. *If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him.*[1] His labors and His sufferings, accepted by His own free will, have marvellously sweetened all suffering and all labor. And not only by His example, but by His grace and by the hope of everlasting recompense, He has made pain and grief more easy to endure; *for that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory.*[2]

Christianity Teaches Practically the Right Use of Money.

Therefore, those whom fortune favors

[1] St. James v. 4.

[1] II. Timothy ii. 12. [2] II Corinthians iv. 17.

are warned that freedom from sorrow, and abundance of earthly riches, are no guarantee of the beatitude that shall never end, but rather the contrary;[1] that the rich should tremble at the threatenings of Jesus Christ — threatenings so strange in the mouth of our Lord;[2] and that a most strict account must be given to the Supreme Judge for all that we possess. The chiefest and most excellent rule for the right use of money is one which the heathen philosophers indicated, but which the Church has traced out clearly, and has not only made known to men's minds, but has impressed upon their lives. It rests on the principle that it is one thing to have a right to the possession of money, and another to have a right to use money as one pleases. Private ownership, as we have seen, is the natural right of man; and to exercise that right, especially as members of society, is not only lawful, but absolutely necessary. *It is lawful*, says St. Thomas of Aquin, *for a man to hold private property; and it is also necessary for the carrying on of human life.*[3] But if the question be asked, How must one's possessions be used? the Church replies without hesitation in the words of the same holy Doctor: *Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own, but as common to all, so as to share them without difficulty when others are in need. Whence the Apostle saith, Command the rich of this world . . . to give with ease, to communicate.*[4] True, no one is commanded to distribute to others that which is required for his own necessities and those of his household; nor even to give away what is reasonably required to keep up becomingly his condition in life; *for no one ought to live unbecomingly.*[5] But when necessity has been supplied, and one's position fairly considered, it is a duty to give to the indigent out of that which is over. *That which remaineth give alms.*[6] It is a duty, not of justice (except in extreme cases), but of Christian charity — a duty which is not enforced by human law. But the laws and judgment of men must give place to the laws and judgments of Christ, the true God; Who in many ways urges on His followers the practice of almsgiving — *It is more blessed to give than to receive;*[7] and Who will count a kindness done or refused to the poor as done or refused to Himself — *as long as you did it to one of My least brethren, you did it to Me.*[1] Thus to sum up what has been said: — Whoever has received from the Divine bounty a large share of blessings, whether they be external and corporal, or gifts of the mind, has received them for the purpose of using them for the perfecting of his own nature, and, at the same time, that he may employ them, as the minister of God's Providence, for the benefit of others. *He that hath a talent*, says St. Gregory the Great, *let him see that he hideth not; he that hath abundance, let him arouse himself to mercy and generosity; he that hath art and skill, let him do his best to share the use and the utility thereof with his neighbor.*[2]

[1] St. Matthew xix. 23, 24. [2] St. Luke vi. 24, 25. [3] 2 a 2æ Q. lxvi. Art. 2. [4] *Ibid.* Q. lxv. Art. 2. [5] *Ibid.* Q. xxxii. Art. 6. [6] St. Luke xi. 41. [7] Acts xx. 35.

[1] St. Matthew xxv. 40. [2] St. Gregory the Great. Hom. ix. *in Evangel.* n. 7. [3] 2 Corinthians viii. 9. [4] St. Mark vi. 3. [5] St. Matthew v. 3: "*Blessed are the poor in spirit.*" [6] *Ibid.* xi. 28: "*Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you.*"

The Dignity of Labor.

As for those who do not possess the gifts of fortune, they are taught by the Church that, in God's sight poverty is no disgrace, and that there is nothing to be ashamed of in seeking one's bread by labor. This is strengthened by what we see in Christ Himself. Who *whereas He was rich, for our sakes became poor;*[3] and Who, being the Son of God, and God Himself chose to seem and to be considered the son of a carpenter — nay, did not disdain to spend a great part of His life as a carpenter Himself. *Is not this the carpenter, the Son of Mary?*[4] From the contemplation of this Divine example, it is easy to understand that the true dignity and excellence of man lies in his moral qualities, that is, in virtue; that virtue is the common inheritance of all, equally within the reach of high and low, rich and poor; and that virtue, and virtue alone, wherever found, will be followed by the rewards of everlasting happiness. Nay, God Himself seems to incline more to those who suffer evil; for Jesus Christ calls the poor blessed;[5] He lovingly invites those in labor and grief to come to Him for solace;[6] and He displays the tenderest charity to the lowly and oppressed. These reflections cannot fail to keep down the pride of those who are well off, and to cheer the spirit of the afflicted; to incline the former to generosity, and the latter to tranquil resignation. Thus the separation which pride

would make tends to disappear, nor will it be difficult to make rich and poor join hands in friendly concord.

But, if Christian precepts prevail, the two classes will not only be united in the bonds of friendship, but also in those of brotherly love. For they will understand and feel that all men are the children of the common Father, that is, of God; that all have the same last end, which is God Himself, Who alone can make either men or angels absolutely and perfectly happy; that all and each are redeemed by Jesus Christ, and raised to the dignity of children of God, and are thus united in brotherly ties both with each other and with Jesus Christ, *the firstborn among many brethren;* that the blessings of nature and the gifts of grace belong in common to the whole human race, and that to all, except to those who are unworthy, is promised the inheritance of the Kingdom of Heaven. *If sons, heirs also; heirs indeed of God, and co-heirs of Christ.*[1]

Such is the scheme of duties and of rights which is put forth to the world by the Gospel. Would it not seem that strife must quickly cease were society penetrated with ideas like these?

Social Evils to be Remedied only by Return to Christian Life and Institutions.

But the Church, not content with pointing out the remedy, also applies it. For the Church does its utmost to teach and to train men, and to educate them; and by means of its Bishops and clergy it diffuses its salutary teachings far and wide. It strives to influence the mind and heart so that all may willingly yield themselves to be formed and guided by the commandments of God. It is precisely in this fundamental and principal matter, on which everything depends, that the Church has a power peculiar to itself. The agencies which it employs are given it for the very purpose of reaching the hearts of men, by Jesus Christ Himself, and derive their efficiency from God. They alone can touch the innermost heart and conscience, and bring men to act from a motive of duty, to resist their passions and appetites, to love God and their fellow-men with a love that is unique and supreme, and courageously to break down every barrier which stands in the way of a virtuous life.

[1] Romans viii. 17.

On this subject We need only recall for one moment the examples written down in history. Of these things there cannot be the shadow of doubt; for instance, that civil society was renovated in every part by the teachings of Christianity; that in the strength of that renewal the human race was lifted up to better things — nay, that it was brought back from death to life, and to so excellent a life that nothing more perfect had been known before, or will come to pass in the ages that are yet to be. Of this beneficent transformation, Jesus Christ was at once the first cause and the final purpose; as from Him all came, so to Him all was to be referred. For when, by the light of the Gospel message, the human race came to know the grand mystery of the Incarnation of the Word and the redemption of man, the life of Jesus Christ, God and Man, penetrated every race and nation, and impregnated them with His faith, His precepts, and His laws. And, if Society is to be cured now, in no other way can it be cured but by a return to the Christian life and Christian institutions. When a society is perishing, the true advice to give to those who would restore it is, to recall it to the principles from which it sprung; for the purpose and perfection of an association is to aim at and to attain that for which it was formed; and its operation should be put in motion and inspired by the end and object which originally gave it its being. So that to fall away from its primal constitution is disease; to go back to it is recovery. And this may be asserted with the utmost truth both of the State in general and of that body of its citizens — by far the greater number — who sustain life by labor.

The Church Seeks the Material Welfare of The Poor.

Neither must it be supposed that the solicitude of the Church is so occupied with the spiritual concerns of its children as to neglect their interests temporal and earthly. Its desire is that the poor, for example, should rise above poverty and wretchedness, and should better their condition in life; and for this it strives. By the very fact that it calls men to virtue and forms them to its practice, it promotes this in no slight degree. Christian morality, when it is adequately and completely practised, conduces of itself to temporal prosperity, for it merits the blessing of that God who is the source of

all blessings; it powerfully restrains the lust of possession and the lust of pleasure — twin plagues, which too often make a man without self-restraint miserable in the midst of abundance;[1] it makes men supply by economy for the want of means, teaching them to be content with frugal living, and keeping them out of the reach of those vices which eat up not merely small incomes, but large fortunes, and dissipate many a goodly inheritance.

Moreover, the Church intervenes directly in the interest of the poor, by setting on foot and keeping up many things which it sees to be efficacious in the relief of poverty. Here, again, it has always succeeded so well that it has even extorted the praise of its enemies. Such was the ardor of brotherly love among the earliest Christians that numbers of those who were better off deprived themselves of their possessions in order to relieve their brethren; whence *neither was their any one needy among them.*[2] To the order of Deacons, instituted for that very purpose, was committed by the Apostles the charge of the daily distributions; and the Apostle Paul, though burdened with the solicitude of all the churches, hesitated not to undertake laborious journeys in order to carry the alms of the faithful to the poorer Christians. Tertullian calls these contributions, given voluntarily by Christians in their assemblies, *deposits of piety;* because, to cite his words, they were employed *in feeding the needy, in burying them, in the support of boys and girls destitute of means and deprived of their parents, in the care of the aged, and in the relief of the shipwrecked.*[3]

Thus by degrees came into existence the patrimony which the Church has guarded with religious care as the inheritance of the poor. Nay, to spare them the shame of begging, the common Mother of rich and poor has exerted herself to gather together funds for the support of the needy. The Church has stirred up everywhere the heroism of charity, and has established Congregations of Religious and many other useful institutions for help and mercy, so that there might be hardly any kind of suffering which was not visited and relieved. At the present day there are many who, like the heathen of old, blame and condemn the Church for this beautiful charity. They would substitute in its place a system of State-organized relief. But no human methods will ever supply for the devotion and self-sacrifice of Christian charity. Charity, as a virtue, belongs to the Church; for it is no virtue unless it is drawn from the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ; and he who turns his back on the Church cannot be near to Christ.

The State's Share in the Relief of Poverty.

It cannot, however, be doubted that to attain the purpose of which We treat, not only the Church, but all human means must conspire. All who are concerned in the matter must be of one mind and must act together. It is in this, as in the Providence which governs the world; results do not happen save where all the causes co-operate.

Let us now, therefore, inquire what part the State should play in the work of remedy and relief.

By the State We here understand, not the particular form of government which prevails in this or that nation, but the State as rightly understood; that is to say, any government conformable in its institutions to right reason and natural law, and to those dictates of the Divine wisdom which We have expounded in the Encyclical on the Christian Constitution of the State. The first duty, therefore, of the rulers of the State should be to make sure that the laws and institutions, the general character and administration of the commonwealth, shall be such as to produce of themselves public well-being and private prosperity. This is the proper office of wise statesmanship and the work of the heads of the State. Now a State chiefly prospers and flourishes by morality, by well-regulated family life, by respect for religion and justice, by the moderation and equal distribution of public burdens, by the progress of the arts and of trade, by the abundant yield of the land — by everything which makes the citizens better and happier. Here, then, it is in the power of a ruler to benefit every order of the State, and amongst the rest to promote in the highest degree the interests of the poor; and this by virtue of his office, and without being exposed to any suspicion of undue interference — for it is the province of the commonwealth to consult for the common good. And the more that is done for the working population by the general laws of the country, the less need will there be to

[1] "The root of all evils is cupidity."—I Tim. vi. 10. [2] Acts iv. 34. [3] *Apologia Secunda*, xxxix.

seek for particular means to relieve them. There is another and a deeper consideration which must not be lost sight of.

To the State the Interests of all are Equal

whether high or low. The poor are members of the national community equally with the rich ; they are real component parts, living parts, which make up, through the family the living body ; and it need hardly be said that they are by far the majority. It would be irrational to neglect one portion of the citizens and to favor another ; and, therefore, the public administration must duly and solicitously provide for the welfare and the comfort of the working people, or else that law of justice will be violated which ordains that each shall have his due. To cite the wise words of St. Thomas of Aquin: *As the part and the whole are in a certain sense identical, the part may in some sense claim what belongs to the whole.*[1] Among the many and grave duties of rulers who would do their best for the people, the first and chief is to act with strict justice — with that justice which is called in the Schools *distributive* — towards each and every class.

But although all citizens, without exception, can and ought to contribute to that common good in which individuals share so profitably to themselves, yet it is not to be supposed that all can contribute in the same way and to the same extent. No matter what changes may be made in forms of government, there will always be differences and inequalities of condition in the State ; Society cannot exist or be conceived without them. Some there must be who dedicate themselves to the work of the commonwealth, who make the laws, who administer justice, whose advice and authority govern the nation in times of peace, and defend it in war. Such men clearly occupy the foremost place in the State, and should be held in the foremost estimation, for their work touches most nearly and effectively the general interests of the community. Those who labor at a trade or calling do not promote the general welfare in such a fashion as this ; but they do in the most important way benefit the nation, though less directly. We have insisted that, since it is the end of Society to make men better, the chief good that Society can be possessed of is Virtue. Nevertheless, in all well-constituted States it is a by no means unimportant matter to provide those bodily and external commodities, *the use of which is necessary to virtuous action.*[1] And in the provision of material well-being, the labor of the poor — the exercise of their skill and the employment of their strength in the culture of the land and the workshops of trade — is most efficacious and altogether indispensable. Indeed, their co-operation in this respect is so important that it may be truly said that

It is only by the Labor of the Working Man that States Grow Rich.

Justice, therefore, demands that the interests of the poorer population be carefully watched over by the Administration, so that they who contribute so largely to the advantage of the community may themselves share in the benefits they create—that being housed, clothed, and enabled to support life, they may find their existence less hard and more endurable. It follows that whatever shall appear to be conducive to the well-being of those who work, should receive favorable consideration. Let it not be feared that solicitude of this kind will injure any interest; on the contrary, it will be to the advantage of all; for it cannot but be good for the commonwealth to secure from misery those on whom it so largely depends.

The Christian Idea of a State.

We have said that the State must not absorb the individual or the family; both should be allowed free and untrammelled action as far is consistent with the common good and the interests of others. Nevertheless, rulers should anxiously safeguard the community and all its parts; the community, because the conservation of the community is so emphatically the business of the supreme power, that the safety of the commonwealth is not only the first law, but it is a Government's whole reason of existence; and the parts, because both philosophy and the Gospel agree in laying down that the object of the administration of the State should be, not the advantage of the ruler, but the benefit of those over whom he rules. The gift of authority is from God, and is, as it were, a participation of the highest of all sovereignties; and it should be exercised as the power of God is exercised —with a fatherly solicitude which not only guides the whole but reaches to details as well.

Whenever the general interest or any particular class suffers, or is threatened with, evils which can in no other way be met, the public authority must step in to meet them. Now, among the interests of the public, as of private individuals, are these: that peace and good order should be maintained; that

[1] 2a 2æ Q. lxi. Art. 1 ad 2.

[1] St. Thomas of Aquin. *De Regimine Principum*, I. cap. 15.

family life should be carried on in accordance with God's laws and those of nature; that Religion should be reverenced and obeyed; that a high standard of morality should prevail in public and private life; that the sanctity of justice should be respected, and that no one should injure another with impunity; that the members of the commonwealth should grow up to man's estate strong and robust, and capable, if need be, of guarding and defending their country. If by a strike, or other combination of workmen, there should be imminent danger of disturbance to the public peace; or if circumstances were such that among the laboring population the the ties of family life were relaxed; if Religion were found to suffer through the workmen not having time and opportunity to practise it; if in workshops and factories there were danger to morals through the mixing of the sexes or from any occasion of evil; or if employers laid burdens upon the workmen which were unjust, or degraded them with conditions that were repugnant to their dignity as human beings; finally, if health were endangered by excessive labor, or by work unsuited to sex or age — in these cases there can be no question that, within certain limits, it would be right to call in the help and authority of the law. The limits must be determined by the nature of the occasion which calls for the law's interference — the principle being this, that the law must not undertake more, or go further, than is required for the remedy of the evil or the removal of the danger.

Special Consideration Due to the Poor.

Rights must be religiously respected wherever they are found; and it is the duty of the public authority to prevent and punish injury, and to protect each one in the possession of his own. Still, when there is question of protecting the rights of individuals, the poor and helpless have a claim to special consideration. The richer population have many ways of protecting themselves, and stand less in need of help from the State; those who are badly off have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must chiefly rely upon the assistance of the State. And it is for this reason that wage-earners, who are, undoubtedly, among the weak and necessitous, should be specially cared for and protected by the commonwealth.

Here, however, it will be advisable to advert expressly to one or two of the more important details.

The State Should Safeguard Private Property.

It must be borne in mind that the chief thing to be secured is the safe-guarding, by legal enactment and policy, of private property. Most of all is it essential in these times of covetous greed, to keep the multitude within the line of duty; for if all may justly strive to better their condition, yet neither justice nor the common good allows any one to seize that which belongs to another, or, under the pretext of futile and ridiculous equality, to lay hands on other people's fortunes. It is most true that by far the larger part of the people who work prefer to improve themselves by honest labor rather than by doing wrong to others. But there are not a few who are imbued with bad principles and are anxious for revolutionary change, and whose great purpose it is to stir up tumult and bring about a policy of violence. The authority of the State should intervene to put restraint upon these disturbers, to save the workmen from their seditious arts, and to protect lawful owners from spoliation.

The State Must Protect the Laborers' Rights.

When work-people have recourse to a strike, it is frequently because the hours of labor are too long, or the work too hard, or because they consider their wages insufficient. The grave inconvenience of this not uncommon occurrence should be obviated by public remedial measures; for such paralysis of labor not only affects the masters and their work-people, but is extremely injurious to trade, and to the general interests of the public; moreover, on such occasions, violence and disorder are generally not far off, and thus it frequently happens that the public peace is threatened. The laws should be beforehand, and prevent these troubles from arising; they should lend their influence and authority to the removal in good time of the causes which lead to conflicts between masters and those whom they employ.

But if the owners of property must be made secure, the Workman, too, has property and possessions in which he must be protected; and, first of all, there are his spiritual and mental interests. Life on earth, however good and desirable in itself, is not the final purpose for which man is created; it is only the way and the means to that attainment of truth, and that practice of goodness, in which the full life of the soul consists. It is the soul which is made after the image and likeness of God; it is in the soul that sovereignty resides, in virtue of which man is commanded to rule the creatures below him, and to use all the earth and the ocean for his profit and advantage. *Fill the earth and subdue it; and rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures which move upon the earth.*[1] In this respect all men are equal; there is no difference between rich and poor, master and servant, ruler and ruled, *for the same is Lord over all.*[2] No man may outrage with impunity that human dignity which God himself treats *with reverence*, nor stand in the way of that higher life which is the preparation for the eternal life of Heaven. Nay, more; a man has here no power over himself. To consent to any treatment which is calculated to defeat the end and purpose of his being is beyond his

[1] Genesis i. 28. [2] Romans x. 12.

right; he cannot give up his soul to servitude; for it is not man's own rights which are here in question, but the rights of God, most sacred and inviolable.

From this follows the obligation of the cessation of work and labor on Sundays and certain festivals. This rest from labor is not to be understood as mere idleness; much less must it be an occasion of spending money and a vicious excess, as many would desire it to be; but it should be rest from labor consecrated by religion. Repose united with religious observance disposes man to forget for a while the business of this daily life, and to turn his thoughts to heavenly things and to the worship which he so strictly owes to the Eternal Deity. It is this, above all, which is the reason and motive of the Sunday rest; a rest sanctioned by God's great law of the ancient covenant, *Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath Day*,[1] and taught to the world by His own mysterious "rest" after the creation of man; *He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had done.*[2]

Save the Laborers from the Cruelty of Speculators in Labor.

If we turn now to things exterior and corporeal, the first concern of all is to save the poor workers from the cruelty of grasping speculators, who use human beings as mere instruments for making money. It is neither justice nor humanity so to grind men down with excessive labor as to stupefy their minds and wear out their bodies. Man's powers, like his general nature, are limited, and beyond these limits he cannot go. His strength is developed and increased by use and exercise, but only on condition of due intermission and proper rest. Daily labor, therefore, must be so regulated that it may not be protracted during longer hours than strength admits. How many and how long the intervals of rest should be, will depend upon the nature of the work, on circumstances of time and place, and on the health and strength of the workman. Those who labor in mines and quarries, and in work within the bowels of the earth, should have shorter hours in proportion as their labor is more severe and more trying to health. Then, again, the season of the year must be taken into account; for not unfrequently a kind of labor is easy at one time which at another is intolerable or very difficult. Finally, work which is suitable for a strong man cannot reasonably be required from a woman or a child.

A Word on Child-Labor.

And, in regard to children, great care should be taken not to place them in workshops and factories until their bodies and minds are sufficiently mature. For just as rough weather destroys the buds of spring, so too early an experience of life's hard work blights the young promise of a child's powers, and makes any real education impossible. Women, again, are not suited to certain trades; for a woman is by nature fitted for home-work, and it that which is best adapted at once to preserve her modesty, and to promote the good bringing up of children and the well-being of the family. As a general principle, it may be laid down, that a workman ought to have leisure and rest in proportion to the wear and tear of his strength; for the waste of strength must be repaired by the cessation of work.

In all agreements between masters and work-people, there is always the condition, expressed or understood, that there be allowed proper rest for soul and body. To agree in any other sense would be against what is right and just; for it can never be right or just to require on the one side, or to promise on the other, the giving up of those duties which a man owes to his God and to himself.

Employers' Moral Obligation to Pay Fair Wages.

We now approach a subject of very great importance, and one on which, if extremes are to be avoided, right ideas are absolutely necessary. Wages, we are told, are fixed by free consent; and, therefore, the employer, when he pays what was agreed upon, has done his part, and is not called upon for anything further. The only way, it is said, in which injustice could happen, would be if the master refused to pay the whole of the wages, or the workman would not complete the work undertaken; when this happens the State should intervene, to see that each obtains his own — but not under any other circumstances.

This mode of reasoning is by no means convincing to a fair-minded man, for there are important considerations which it leaves out of view altogether. To labor is to exert one's self for the sake of procuring what is necessary for the purposes of life, and most of all for self-preservation. *In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread.*[1] Therefore, a man's labor has two notes or characters. First of all, it is *personal;* for the exertion of individual power belongs to the individual who puts it forth, employing this power for that personal profit for which it was given. Secondly, man's labor is *necessary;* for without the results of labor a man cannot live; and self-conservation is a law of Nature, which it is wrong to disobey. Now, if we were to consider labor merely so far as it is *personal*, doubtless it would be within the workman's right to accept any rate of wages whatever; for in the same way as he is free to work or not, so he is free to accept a small remuneration or even none at all. But this is a mere abstract supposition; the labor of the working man is not only his personal attribute, but it is *necessary;* and this makes all the difference. The preservation of life is the bounden duty of each and all, and to fail therein is a crime. It follows that each one

[1] Exodus xx. 8. [2] Genesis ii. 2. 9.

[1] Genesis iii. 1.

has a right to procure what is required in order to live; and the poor can procure it in no other way than by work and wages.

Let it be granted, then, that, as a rule, workman and employer should make free agreements, and in particular should freely agree as to wages; nevertheless, there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or a contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice. In these and similar questions, however — such as, for example, the hours of labor in different trades, the sanitary precautions to be observed in factories and workshops, etc. — in order to supersede undue interference on the part of the State, especially as circumstances, times, and localities differ so widely, it is advisable that recourse be had to Societies or Boards such as We shall mention presently, or to some other method of safe-guarding the interests of wage-earners; the State to be asked for approval and protection.

The State should Favor Multiplication of Property Owners.

If a workman's wages be sufficient to enable him to maintain himself, his wife, and his children in reasonable comfort, he will not find it difficult, if he is a sensible man, to study economy; and he will not fail, by cutting down expenses, to put by a little property: nature and reason would urge him to do this. We have seen that this great Labor question cannot be solved except by assuming as a principle that private ownership must be held sacred and inviolable. The law, therefore, should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many of the people as possible to become owners.

Many excellent results will follow from this; and first of all, property will certainly become more equitably divided. For the effect of civil change and revolution has been to divide society into two widely differing castes. On the one side there is the party which holds the power because it holds the wealth; which has in its grasp all labor and all trade which manipulates for its own benefit and its own purposes all the sources of supply, and which is powerfully represented in the councils of the State itself. On the other side there is the needy and powerless multitude, sore and suffering, and always ready for disturbance. If working people can be encouraged to look forward to obtaining a share in the land, the result will be that the gulf between vast wealth and deep poverty will be bridged over, and the two orders will be brought nearer together. Another consequence will be the greater abundance of the fruits of the earth. Men always work harder and more readily when they work on that which is their own; nay, they learn to love the very soil which yields in response to the labor of their hands, not only food to eat, but an abundance of good things for themselves and those that are dear to them. It is evident how such a spirit of willing labor would add to the produce of the earth and to the wealth of the community. And a third advantage would arise from this: men would cling to the country in which they were born; for no one would exchange his country for a foreign land if his own afforded him the means of living a tolerable and happy life. These three important benefits, however, can only be expected on the condition that a man's means be not drained and exhausted by excessive taxation. The right to possess private property is from nature, not from man; and the State has only the right to regulate its use in the interests of the public good, but by no means to abolish it altogether. The State is, therefore, unjust and cruel if, in the name of taxation, it deprives the private owner of more than is just.

Multiply Workingmen's Associations.

In the last place — employers and workmen may themselves effect much in the matter of which We treat, by means of those institutions and organizations which afford opportune assistance to those in need, and which draw the two orders more closely together. Among these may be enumerated: Societies for mutual help; various foundations established by private persons for providing for the workman, and for his widow or his orphans, in sudden calamity, in sickness, and in the event of death; and what are called "patronages," or institutions for the care of boys and girls, for young people, and also for those of more mature age.

The most important of all are Workmen's Associations; for these virtually include all the rest. History attests what excellent results were effected by the Artificers' Guilds of a former day. They were the means not only of many advantages to the workmen, but in no small degree of the advancement of art, as numerous monuments remain to prove. Such associations should be adapted to the requirements of the age in which we live — an age of greater instruction, of different customs, and of more numerous requirements in daily life. It is gratifying to know that there are actually in existence not a few Societies of this nature, consisting either of workmen alone or of workmen and employers together; but it were greatly to be desired that they should multiply and become more effective. We have spoken of them more than once; but it will be well to explain here how much they are needed, to show that they exist by their own right, and to enter into their organization and their work.

The experience of his own weakness urges man to call in help from without. We read in the pages of Holy Writ: *It is better that two should be together than one; for they have the advantage of their society. If one fall he shall be supported by the other. Woe*

to him that is alone, for when he falleth he hath none to lift him up.[1] And further: *A brother that is helped by his brother is like a strong city.*[2] It is this natural impulse which unites men in civil society; and it is this also which makes them band themselves together in associations of citizen with citizen; associations which, it is true, cannot be called societies in the complete sense of the word, but which are societies nevertheless.

These lesser societies and the society which constitutes the State differ in many things, because their immediate purpose and end is different. Civil society exists for the common good, and, therefore, is concerned with the interests of all in general, and with individual interests in their due place and proportion. Hence, it is called *public* society, because by its means, as St. Thomas of Aquin says, *Men communicate with one another in the setting up of a commonwealth.*[3] But the societies which are formed in the bosom of the State are called *private*, and justly so, because their immediate purpose is the private advantage of the associates. *Now, a private society*, says St. Thomas again, *is one which is formed for the purpose of carrying out private business; as when two or three enter into a partnership with the view of trading in conjunction.*[4] Particular societies, then, although they exist within the State, and are each a part of the State, nevertheless cannot be prohibited by the State absolutely and as such. For to enter into "society" of this kind is the natural right of man; and the State must protect natural rights, not destroy them; and if it forbids its citizens to form associations, it contradicts the very principle of its own existence; for both they and it exist in virtue of the same principle, viz., the natural propensity of man to live in society.

There are times, no doubt, when it is right that the law should interfere to prevent association; as when men join together for purposes which are evidently bad, unjust, or dangerous to the State. In such cases the public authority may justly forbid the formation of associations, and may dissolve them when they already exist. But every precaution should be taken not to violate the rights of individuals, and not to make unreasonable regulations under the pretence of public benefit. For laws only bind when they are in accordance with right reason, and therefore with the eternal law of God.[5]

The Advantages of Lawful Combination.

And here we are reminded of the Confraternities, Societies, and Religious Orders which have arisen by the Church's authority and the piety of the Christian people. The annals of every nation down to our own times testify to what they have done for the human race. It is indisputable on grounds of reason alone, that such associations, being perfectly blameless in their objects, have the sanction of the law of nature. On their religious side, they rightly claim to be responsible to the Church alone. The administrators of the State, therefore, have no rights over them, nor can they claim any share in their management; on the contrary, it is the State's duty to respect and cherish them, and, if necessary, to defend them from attack. It is notorious that a very different course has been followed, more especially in our own times. In many places the State has laid violent hands on these communities, and committed manifold injustice against them; it has placed them under the civil law, taken away their rights as corporate bodies, and robbed them of their property. In such property the Church had her rights, each member of the body had his or her rights, and there were also the rights of those who had founded or endowed them for a definite purpose, and of those for whose benefit and assistance they existed. Wherefore We cannot refrain from complaining of such spoliation as unjust and fraught with evil results; and with the more reason because, at the very time when the law proclaims that association is free to all, We see that Catholic societies, however peaceable and useful, are hindered in every way, whilst the utmost freedom is given to men whose objects are at once hurtful to Religion and dangerous to the State.

Associations of every kind, and especially those of working men, are now far more common than formerly. In regard to many of these there is no need at present to inquire whence they spring, what are their objects, or what means they use. But there is a good deal of evidence which goes to prove that many of these societies are in the hands of invisible leaders, and are managed on principles far from compatible with Christianity and the public well-being; and that they do their best to get into their hands the whole field of labor and to force workmen either to join them or to starve. Under these circumstances Christian workmen must do one of two things; either join associations in which their religion will be exposed to peril, or form associations among themselves — unite their forces and courageously shake off the yoke of an unjust and intolerable oppression. No one who does not wish to expose man's chief good to extreme danger will hesitate to say that the second alternative must by all means be adopted.

Catholic Benefit and Insurance Societies.

Those Catholics are worthy of all praise — and there are not a few — who, understanding what the times require, have, by various enterprises and experiments, endeavored to better the condition of the working people without any sacrifice of principle. They have

[1] Ecclesiastes iv. 9, 10. [2] Proverbs xv. iii. 19. [3] *Contra impugnantes Dei cultum et religionem*, Cap. II. [4] *Ibid.* [5] *Human law is law only in virtue of its accordance with right reason: and thus it is manifest that it flows from the eternal law. And in so far as it deviates from right reason it is called an unjust law; in such case it is not law at all, but rather a species of violence.*— St. Thomas of Aquin, *Summa Theologica*, 1 a 2æ Q. xciii. Art. iii.

taken up the cause of the working man, and have striven to make both families and individuals better off; to infuse the spirit of justice into the mutual relations of employer and employed; to keep before the eyes of both classes the precepts of duty and the laws of the Gospel — that Gospel which, by inculcating self-restraint, keeps men within the bounds of moderation, and tends to establish harmony among the divergent interests and various classes which compose the State. It is with such ends in view that We see men of eminence meeting together for discussion, for the promotion of united action, and for practical work. Others, again, strive to unite working people of various kinds into associations, help them with their advice and their means, and enable them to obtain honest and profitable work. The Bishops, on their part, bestow their ready good-will and support; and with their approval and guidance many members of the clergy, both secular and regular, labor assiduously on behalf of the spiritual and mental interests of the members of Associations. And there are not wanting Catholics possessed of affluence, who have, as it were, cast in their lot with the wage-earners, and who have spent large sums in founding and widely spreading Benefit and Insurance Societies, by means of which the working man may without difficulty acquire by his labor not only many present advantages, but also the certainty of honorable support in time to come. How much this multiplied and earnest activity has benefited the community at large is too well known to require Us to dwell upon it. We find in it the grounds of the most cheering hope for the future; provided that the Associations We have described continue to grow and spread, and are well and wisely administered. Let the State watch over these Societies of citizens united together in the exercise of their right; but let it not thrust itself into their peculiar concerns and their organization; for things move and live by the soul within them, and they may be killed by the grasp of a hand from without.

In order that an Association may be carried on with unity of purpose and harmony of action, its organization and government must be firm and wise. All such Societies, being free to exist, have the further right to adopt such rules and organization as may best conduce to the attainment of their objects. We do not deem it possible to enter into definite details on the subject of organization: this must depend on national character, on practice and experience, on the nature and scope of the work to be done, on the magnitude of the various trades and employments, and on other circumstances of fact and of time — all of which must be carefully weighed.

Found the Organizations on Religion.

Speaking summarily, we may lay it down as a general and perpetual law, that Workmen's Associations should be so organized and governed as to furnish the best and most suitable means for attaining what is aimed at, that is to say, for helping each individual member to better his condition to the utmost, in body, mind, and property. It is clear that they must pay special and principal attention to piety and morality, and that their internal discipline must be directed precisely by these considerations; otherwise they entirely lose their special character, and come to be very little better than those societies which take no account of Religion at all. What advantage can it be to a Workman to obtain by means of a Society all that he requires, and to endanger his soul for want of spiritual food? *What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?*[1]

This, as Our Lord teaches, is the note or character that distinguishes the Christian from the heathen. *After all these things do the heathens seek. . . . Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.*[2] Let our Associations, then, look first and before all to God; let religious instruction have therein a foremost place, each one being carefully taught what is his duty to God, what to believe, what to hope for, and how to work out his salvation; and let all be warned and fortified with especial solicitude against wrong opinions and false teaching. Let the working man be urged and led to the worship of God, to the earnest practice of religion, and, among other things, to the sanctification of Sundays and festivals. Let him learn to reverence and love Holy Church, the common Mother of us all; and so to obey the precepts and to frequent the Sacraments of the Church, those Sacraments being the means ordained by God for obtaining forgiveness of sin and for leading a holy life.

The foundations of the organization being laid in Religion, We next go on to determine the relations of the members, one to another, in order that they may live together in concord, and go on prosperously and successfully. The offices and charges of the Society should be distributed for the good of the Society itself, and in such manner that difference in degree or position should not interfere with unanimity and good-will. Office-bearers should be appointed with prudence and discretion, and each one's charge should be carefully marked out; thus no member will suffer wrong. Let the common funds be administered with the strictest honesty, in such way that a member receive assistance in proportion to his necessities. The rights and duties of employers should be the subject of careful consideration as compared with the rights and duties of the employed. If it should happen that either a master or a workman deemed himself injured, nothing would be more desirable than that there should be a committee composed of honest and capable men of the Association itself, whose duty it should be, by the laws of the Association, to decide the dispute. Among the purposes of a Society should be to try to arrange for a continuous supply of work

[1] St. Matthew xvi. 26. [2] St. Matthew vi. 32, 33.

at all times and seasons; and to create a f un from which the members may be helped in their necessities, not only in cases of accident, but also in sickness, old age, and misfortune.

Such rules and regulations, if obeyed willingly by all, will sufficiently ensure the well-being of poor people; whilst such Mutual Associations among Catholics are certain to be productive, in no small degree, of prosperity to the State. It is not rash to conjecture the future from the past. Age gives way to age, but the events of one century are wonderfully like those of another; for they are directed by the Providence of God, Who over-rules the course of history in accordance with His purposes in creating the race of man. We are told that it was cast as a reproach on the Christians of the early ages of the Church, that the greater number of them had to live by begging or by labor. Yet, destitute as they were of wealth and influence, they ended by winning over to their side the favor of the rich and the good-will of the powerful. They showed themselves industrious, laborious, and peaceful, men of justice, and, above all, men of brotherly love. In the presence of such a life and such an example, prejudice disappeared, the tongue of malevolence was silenced, and the lying traditions of ancient superstition yielded little by little to Christian truth.

At this moment the condition of the working population is the question of the hour; and nothing can be of higher interest to all classes of the State than that it should be rightly and reasonably decided. But it will be easy for Christian working men to decide it aright if they form Associations, choose wise guides, and follow the same path which with so much advantage to themselves and the commonwealth was trod by their fathers before them. Prejudice, it is true, is mighty, and so is the love of money; but if the sense of what is just and right be not destroyed by depravity of heart, their fellow-citizens are sure to be won over to a kindly feeling towards men whom they see to be so industrious and so modest, who so unmistakably prefer honesty to lucre, and the sacredness of duty to all other considerations.

And another great advantage would result from the state of things We are describing; there would be so much more hope and possibility of recalling to a sense of their duty those working men who have either given up their faith altogether, or whose lives are at variance with its precepts. These men, in most cases, feel that they have been fooled by empty promises, and deceived by false appearances. They cannot but perceive that their grasping employers too often treat them with the greatest inhumanity, and hardly care for them beyond the profit their labor brings; and if they belong to an Association, it is probably one in which there exists, in place of charity and love, that intestine strife which always accompanies unresigned and irreligious poverty. Broken in spirit and worn down in body, how many of them would gladly free themselves from this galling slavery! But human respect, or the dread of starvation, makes them afraid to take the step. To such as these, Catholic Associations are of incalculable service, helping them out of their difficulties, inviting them to companionship, and receiving the repentant to a shelter in which they may securely trust.

We have now laid before you, Venerable Brethren, who are the persons, and what are the means, by which this most difficult question must be solved. Every one must put his hand to the work which falls to his share, and that at once and immediately, lest the evil which is already so great may by delay become absolutely beyond remedy. Those who rule the State must use the law and the institutions of the country; masters and rich men must remember their duty; the poor, whose interests are at stake, must make every lawful and proper effort; and since Religion alone, as We said at the beginning, can destroy the evil at its root, all men must be persuaded that the primary thing needful is to return to real Christianity, in the absence of which all the plans and devices of the wisest will be of little avail.

As far as regards the Church, its assistance will never be wanting, be the time or the occasion what it may; and it will intervene with the greater effect in proportion as its liberty of action is the more unfettered: let this be carefully noted by those whose office it is to provide for the public welfare. Every minister of holy Religion must throw into the conflict all the energy of his mind, and all the strength of his endurance; with your authority, Venerable Brethren, and by your example, they must never cease to urge upon all men of every class, upon the high as well as the lowly, the Gospel doctrines of Christian life; by every means in their power they must strive for the good of the people; and above all they must earnestly cherish in themselves, and try to arouse in others, Charity, the mistress and queen of virtues. For the happy results we all long for must be chiefly brought about by the plenteous outpouring of Charity; of that true Christian Charity which is the fulfilling of the whole Gospel law, which is always ready to sacrifice itself for others' sake, and which is man's surest antidote against worldly pride and immoderate love of self; that Charity, whose office is described and whose Godlike features are drawn by the Apostle St. Paul in these words: *Charity is patient, is kind, . . . seeketh not her own, . . . suffereth all things, . . . endureth all things.*[1]

On each one of you, Venerable Brethren, and on your Clergy and people, as an earnest of God's mercy and a mark of our affection, We lovingly in the Lord bestow the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at St. Peter's in Rome, the fifteenth day of May, 1891, the fourteenth year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII., POPE.

[1] I Corinthians xiii. 4—7.

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"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Organic Unity of the Catholic Church.

ORGANIC unity is impossible among the multiplicity of Protestant sects. That is a settled and fixed fact arising out of the very nature of the case. In fact, it is acknowledged by some of the most able and candid Protestant writers. It is further demonstrated by the frantic but fruitless efforts that have been, for a long time, and are still being made to discover some basis upon which the sects can unite under one organization. There is, indeed, a sort of panic among them at the present time. They are rapidly discovering, what Catholics have always insisted upon, that the "Bible and Bible alone" theory is a baseless chimera, and tends to infinite speculation, skepticism, and disintegration. Their platforms of doctrine, which were supposed to be such a vast improvement upon the doctrinal system of the old Catholic Church, are all falling to pieces. They see that their missionary operations are a laughing-stock among the heathen, while at home, endless confusion reigns, and sober, thoughtful Protestants themselves are losing faith in their principles, and are beginning seriously to ask the question whether there is any way out of this painful labyrinth of confused and contradictory opinions which will save Christianity from total wreck and ruin.

It is seen clearly that this state of things is not — cannot be — that which was contemplated by the great founder of the Church. It is not — indeed, it is far from being — the embodiment of the ideal of the Church as it is everywhere presented in Holy Scripture. If there is any one feature of that ideal more prominent and more vividly limned in Scripture than any other, it is that of unity. The teaching of our Lord on that subject is very graphic, very touching, and very powerful. Read that most beautiful and touching prayer of Jesus in the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel and honestly say, if you can, that the present condition of Protestantism is a fulfilment, or anything like the promise of a fulfilment of that prayer.

"And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me: That they all may be one, as thou Father, in me, and I in thee: that they also may be one in us."

Why? Observe the reason given by our Lord Himself:

"That the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

He continues the prayer and emphatically repeats the reason:

"And the glory which thou hast given me, I have given to them: that they may be one, as we also are one. I in them, and thou in me: that they may be made perfect in one: and the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast also loved me."

That is, the Unity of the Church was to be the indispensable condition and means for the conversion of the world.

We hardly need recall to mind how the apostles of our Lord understood these words. Time would fail us to repeat their earnest exhortations to unity, and their warnings against division.

"Now I beseech you, brethren," says St. Paul to the Corinthians, "by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ: that you all speak the same thing, and that there be no schisms among you, but that you be perfect in the same mind and in the same judgment."

And he solemnly warns them against those sectarians who called themselves by the names of chosen leaders, some being of Paul, others of Apollo, others of Cephas or Peter, and others of Christ. Again he exhorts the Romans to "Mark them who cause divisions and dissensions among you and avoid them." And so we might multiply passages to show that the apostles understood our Lord literally — not figuratively, nor merely spiritually. In fact, they seemed to have a prophetic vision of the very times in which we live, and to have uttered their emphatic exhortations for our special benefit.

Well, then, if our Lord really attached such great importance to unity, is it to be supposed, for a moment, that He could not and would not make effective provision for the preservation of Unity in His Church for all future time? The supposition is absurd. He knew the nature of man. He knew by a divine prescience that perilous times would come to His Church, and He did not leave it without adequate provision for all future contingencies. He established His Church as a visible, divine organism, He gave it a divine constitution, and He gave a solemn promise to be with that organism till the end of time. It was not to be an invisible body composed of voluntary and independent societies, all differing in organization and teaching. It was to be one flock, one household, one kingdom with spiritual functions. "There is one body and one spirit," says the apostle, "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and with all."

But how was this unity secured? By the appointment of a head for the body. It is a settled, fixed principle that every organized body must have a head. Our Lord knew this. He knew it would be impossible to preserve unity in the body without a head. Therefore He selected Peter and made him the head of the college of the apostles, and He endowed him with all the necessary powers and prerogatives for the exercise of his functions and the preservation of unity both of organization and of teaching.

Now, it is really surprising that intelligent and learned Protestants,

who have read the Scriptures all their lives should have failed to comprehend the significance and full force of the passages which refer to the prerogatives of Peter. Of course, it is because their minds have been preoccupied with the erroneous ideas and false teaching of a corrupt, hereditary Protestant tradition. When one's eyes are fairly opened to the reality of Catholic truth, he is surprised that he could have been so long blinded to the plain, obvious, unmistakable meaning of the language of Holy Writ on this all-important subject. We do not hesitate to say that there is not a single doctrine taught by our Lord for which stronger and more emphatic proof can be brought, than that which establishes the truth of the Catholic claims for the prerogatives of Peter.

Our space will not allow us to draw out that proof in its full strength. We can only allude briefly to the three principal passages which we insist are enough of themselves to settle the question. One of the most remarkable of those passages is that of St. John xxi. 15, 16, 17, where our Lord addresses Simon Peter with the threefold question "lovest thou me?" and being assured that he did love Him, thrice he enjoined upon him "feed my sheep, feed my lambs." If this be not a commission to Peter as chief teacher of His flock, the Church, we know not what it means.

But a still stronger passage is that of St. Luke xxii. 31, 32.

"And the Lord said: Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not: and thou being once converted, confirm or strengthen thy brethren."

Here we see Peter is not only commissioned to confirm the brethren in the faith, but he is guaranteed against falling into error. "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." Of course, it would be blasphemy to intimate that the prayer of our Lord was not answered. The whole history of the Church proves that the faith of Peter has not failed.

But the most remarkable passage of all is that of St. Matthew xvi. 18, 19. Peter having professed his faith that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the Living God, Jesus answered:

"And I say unto thee, that thou art Peter (*petra*, a rock) and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Could anything be plainer or more emphatic? Read over that whole passage carefully and candidly, and try to take in its full force and significance. The keys are a symbol of authority. The power of the keys was given to Peter alone. Peter is the Rock, the foundation of the visible Church. The Church is the visible body composed of human beings in this world; it must, therefore, have a visible head and centre of unity, and that head must be endowed with all the powers and prerogatives necessary to preserve unity of faith, and unity of organization. It was to the organization thus founded upon Peter as upon a rock, that the perpetuity of the Church was promised.

The present writer has a vivid recollection, though it was forty years ago, of the tremendous force with which this familiar and oft-repeated passage came home to him when viewed in the light of Catholic teaching and tradition. It rankled in his breast; it kept repeating itself in his mind; it haunted him like a ghost. And then, when the other passages quoted above were viewed in connection with this one the Scriptural argument seemed so complete and overwhelming that it would have been more than folly and madness to have rejected it.

And then when he saw that the prerogatives of Peter were recognized in his successors from the very earliest period of ecclesiastical history, there remained nothing for him but to make haste and declare his submission to an authority so plainly, palpably, and convincingly legitimate and divine. This, we contend, will ever be the inevitable result in every case of candid and unprejudiced investigation of the claims of the Catholic Church. H. L. R.

I Saw Her in the Morning.

I SAW her in the morning,
Her face like morning fair,
She walked among the roses
A wild rose in her hair.
She sang a tender ditty;
I sat and listened long, —
The blue-bird in the orchard
Ne'er sang so sweet a song.

I saw her when the shadows
Fell long upon the lea;
She stooped among the asters, —
More fair than they was she.
Her gentle voice was silent,
Her face was marble pale,
And like a blessed angel
She moved along the vale.

I saw her in the evening
When twilight's latest ray
Fell o'er the snowy hill-side, —
In gentle sleep she lay.
Upon her brow the roses,
The asters on her breast,
And oh, upon her cold, pale face
A smile of peace and rest.

DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

IT should not be the desire to enjoy the delights of Heaven, or the wish to experience them, which urges us to preserve and love solitude, but the dangers to be found in the conversation of men, and the fear of offending God thereby. — *St. Teresa.*

Duties of the Irish-American Catholic Citizen.

He who looks into his own soul, and beholds the secret springs which dominate individual action, is a philosopher. Through himself he sees all men, and knows why, and by what means governments exist. The average citizen has neither time, inclination, nor education for this. Arriving at the voting age, he generally, and without much thought, votes as his friends do, or as his father and grandfathers did.

In this country, where all men are equal, and where the rival forces for ascendency are virtue, patriotism, and intelligence, as opposed to corruption, avarice, and race and religious prejudice, it is of paramount importance, that the Irish-Catholic citizen should know his rights, and feel his responsibilities. Understood in the sense of the ward caucus, he does know his rights, and sometimes with a vengeance. But does he understand his duties? Is he not more desirous of victory than justice? To palliate, it may be said, that present estrangement between Catholic and Protestant, is not of the Irishman's making. It is a reaction in his favor, caused by years of political proscription, when the dominant race to the manner born, taught the Irishman his rights, by heaping upon him wrongs; — giving him the ballot, but by the ballot keeping him from office, until force of numbers carried office to the Irish-Catholic, resulting to-day in primaries of the Democratic stamp, in some places where not an American Protestant is present, except he be a candidate for office. This is not patriotic; it is not intelligent; it is not good citizenship; but rather shows a vital weakness in the main-spring of the state.

That the Irish-Catholic citizen has seen his darkest days politically none will deny. City ordinance and state law have been invoked to stay his supremacy but in vain. Born politician that he is, each barricade to his rights he welcomes to annihilate. And it is here the danger lies. Is he prepared for the great responsibility thrust upon him? By the pernicious narrow-mindedness of the American Democrat, who now holds aloof if he be not in the majority, the Irishman, when his numbers mark the majority, constitutes in localities the Democratic party. It is for him, when such occasion arrives, to show moderation, to return justice for injustice, to elect the best man for office regardless of race, religion, or condition. I have used the term American Democrat, and have given this article the title The Duties of the Irish-American Catholic Citizen, they are both hateful misnomers, unknown to political ethics. But for this the Irish-Catholic is not responsible. They were brought into being by the native citizen, whose fears and prejudices were stronger than his intelligence, and love of common justice.

But now that the Catholic Irishman is coming to the front, will he, like him who preceded, forget justice in bigotry? With the responsibilities involved, rather let it be hoped, that he will take the initiative in a new era, where race will be forgotten, the religious thought of all will be respected, and where virtue and ability will be the requisites for office. To do this, the Irish Catholic citizen must rise above himself.

He must know the constitution under which he lives, he must forget the local petty feuds by which he himself is now divided, and, in short, after making his power felt in the body politic withdraw, in a measure, from the deteriorating influences of the political atmosphere in which he is now surrounded; and instead of holding before his eyes the paltry offices now within his reach, broaden his ambition, enlarge his individuality, and in the advice of Iago, put money in his pocket, *i. e.*, he must acquire wealth. In this way alone will he become a power in the community, for wealth, honestly acquired, is a blessing, and the rich of a state, particularly in a Republic like ours, where the scale is continually changing, will produce thought and culture, that will materially aid in directing its destiny. In other words, if the Irish-Catholic citizen would gain the ascendency, he must adopt the means by which the ascendant race achieved success — briefly, by sobriety, forethought, and economy. Instead of crowding the professions, he must invade the counting-room; instead of the collegiate course, practical technological education that will fit the coming man for the scientific future.

In the future history of this country the Irish race is to occupy a middle ground in time of settlement. After this government had been well set in motion, Catholic Ireland was the first of Europe's races to send here its mighty overflow. The great tide of continental Europe had not yet set in (Germany excepted) when the Irishman found himself in two or more generations of American citizenship. Already we see other races taking the occupations of menial labor, it was once thought only an Irishman should fill. Every continental steamer leaving its hive of humanity upon a New York or Boston dock but lifts the Irishman to a higher plane if he is true to himself. Those uneducated minds and unskilled hands he may make useful to himself as his father or grandfather were made useful to the native American. That the Irishman is coming to be regarded in a different light, is evident. With the New Orleans riot before the country, the epithet "dangerous class," is lost upon the Irishman. A no less statesman than our own Henry Cabot Lodge, in a speech a few days ago, deplored the more dangerous element now coming to our shores, so different from what it was in past years, and that laws must be made to stay its progress, which between the lines might read, that the Irishman was not the worst fellow in Europe as events have proved. Far different from the Irishman of fifty years ago, who landed friendless and penniless, is the condition and prospects of the Irishman of to-day. And if he does not forget his religion, or his race; if he offers an example of sobriety and thoughtful economy to the latest of his race who lands; if he raises himself above personal vilification: if he copies from the Plymouth settler all that is noble, and shuns the vices of the pilgrims' posterity; if he becomes a reading, thinking, and industrious race as his forefathers were religious, patriotic, and honest, the place of the Irish-Catholic citizen will be so high in the social structure, that the term itself, will be forgotten by him who made the distinction, and the truer title, American citizen, will cover an ancient race, who forget not to kneel at the altar of their fathers.

JAMES RILEY.

The Eagle's Nest.

"Shoot not the old Weir for the river is deep,
The stream it is rapid, the rocks they are steep,
The sky though unclouded, the landscape though fair,
Trust not to the current, for death may be there." *Anon.*

The Island of Dinis is one of the most delightful spots in Killarney. On passing round its shores, Turk Lake, the Bay of Glena, and the rapid river from the upper lake rushing in a torrent under the old Weir Bridge, successively open to view. The tumultuous motion of the latter among the rocks, and its roaring sound echoed through the woods of the island, add to the wild charms of the scene, and give coolness and freshness to the shores.

The most remarkable object along this river between the lakes is a lofty cliff called the Eagle's Nest. It is a steep, conical rock over fifteen hundred feet in height, the base being covered with wood, and the upper part adorned with a few mountain shrubs, which add greatly to its beauty. The eyrie, from which the mountain derives its name, is situated on one of the projecting rocks near the summit, and is curiously marked by a horizontal fissure which resembles a pair of large extended wings. It is scarcely in the power of language to convey an adequate idea of the extraordinary effect of the echoes under this cliff, whether they repeat the dulcet notes of music or the loud discordant report of a cannon. Enchantment here appears to have resumed her reign, and those who listen are lost in amazement and delight.

THE BOATMAN'S STORY.

"CAN I tell you a story about the Aigle's Nest?" said the old boatman as he sat at the helm. "Musha! then, I can, sir, and a hundred o' them if you have only time and patience to sit an' listen to me, but as I'm not a bad judge o' the human face, I think by your looks that one story will answer you for the present, so I'll rattle you off one that happened to a next-door neighbor o' my father, one Jerry Spillane. As the story goes, Jerry Spillane was as snug and cosy in his straw-thatched cabin as any king could be in a goold-roofed palace, and he always looked upon his wife as the queen of his home, an' faix, no wondher! for the sunlight o' contentment kindled up her bright, blue eyes, and spread a pleasant ray around their cheerful fireside, and to add to their comfort their children proved a blessin' to them. Indeed, sir, 'twas said at the time, that there wasn't a happier family in the kingdom of Kerry than the same Spillanes.

"Jerry rented about nine acres o' land from Lord Doubleditch. His Lordship was a harum-scarum sportin' owld gintleman that knew far more about horses than he did about the state of his tenantry, but as bad as he was his rent collector and steward, Sylvester Flint, was a hundred degrees worse. However, sir, Jerry Spillane's industry and his thorough knowledge of farmin' brought his nine acres up to such a state o' perfection in a very few years, that it tuck the eye of Sylvester Flint, so much so, indeed, that he coveted it for himself, and was about makin' up his mind to sarve a writ and have Jerry and his family evicted from the home that cost him all his hard earnin's for years to build up and improve without a single farthin' o' help from landlord or agent. One summer's mornin' owld Flint called on Jerry an' thried to coax him to give up his land, and all he offered in exchange was to settle him and his family on a few barren acres not worth a thraneen.

"Of course, Jerry's manly blood riz up to his eyes at the darin' impudence o' the owld rogue, an' he was goin' to pitch him neck an' crop through the door, when owld Flint pladed hard for mercy.

"Jerry then grew cool all of a sudden, and politely axed Flint to get on the wrong side o' the door, so that he might save himself the inconvanience o' bein' kicked out. But Flint was a hypocrite, and when Jerry's fit o' passion was over, he tried to wheedle him into a snare that he was settin' for him.

"'Jerry,' says he, 'I'll make a proposal to you that will save your land and keep the roof over your head, if you only succeed.'

"'You're very kind, Mr. Flint,' says Jerry, 'too kind I'm afeerd an' too sweet intirely to be palatable, but let me hear your proposal.'

"'My proposal is this, Jerry,' says Flint, 'if you climb to the Aigle's Nest to-night and do as I bid ye, take my word for it, I'll see that no one ever evicts you or your little family from your present howldin.'

"'Oh, if that's all you require,' says Jerry, 'I'm willin' and able to climb to the top o' the cliff; but what am I to do when I get there?'

"'What I want ye to do,' says Flint, 'is to descend into the nest an' bring me three o' the young aigles to present to Lord Doubleditch, for ye know he's a quare oddity of a gintleman, and would honor the man that was darin' enough to bring him such a prize.'

"'I'm not afeerd to brave danger when it's necessary,' says Jerry, 'an' I defy any man to say I've a cowardly drop o' blood in my body, but I'll not attempt to rob the Aigle's Nest, for I've heard since my boyhood that no good luck can come of it.'

"'Tut, tut, man alive! Sure that talk is only fit to frighten childer with. I'm an owlder man by years than you, Jerry. Still, I'll go bail I could do it myself if I was only put to it.'

"'The night is a bad time to go birds' nestin',' says Jerry. But begorra! Flint, I'll tell ye what I'll do with you.'

"'What?' says Flint.

"'You're a darin' owld man for your age,' says Jerry. 'More so, maybe, than many a younger man,' says Flint, proud of the flattery.

"'And I know you'd skin a flint for the sake of a farthing,' says Jerry.

"'I'd like you better, Jerry, if you'd refrain from personal allusions; Flint is an honest name, no matter what any man may say agin it.'

"'Twas a slip o' the tongue,' says Jerry, 'so we'll let that drop. What I meant to say was this, that you wouldn't lack courage if you thought there was a shillin' to be gained by the venture.'

"'I'd risk my life,' says Flint, 'if I thought there was a possible chance of getting a profitable return.'

"'If you succeed in the undertakin' I'm goin' to propose,' says Jerry, 'you will be a richer man, by many a bright guinea.'

"'What dy'e mane?' says Flint.

"'I mane,' says Jerry, 'that if you climb to the aigle's nest

to-night an' succeed in robbin' it of one of the royal progeny an' place the bird safely in my hands under this roof, I'll give you my word as an honest man, that I'll put you in possession o' my nine acres before twenty-four hours rowls over your head, an' I'll never throuble either you or Lord Doubleditch for one penny's worth o' compensation. What dy'e say to that Flint?'

"'I'll take you at your word, that's all I have to say,' says the greedy owld thief, jumpin' sky high, at the offer. And away he set off a couple of hours before sunset to make good his promise to reach and rob the aigle's nest.

"'Well, sir, I suppose you often heerd that the Aigle's Nest is noted for its echo, for, indeed, it bates all the other echoes in Killarney. However, it won't be long before you hear them yourself from the station beyond.'

"But to keep to my story, owld Flint who was in his boat near the Aigle's Nest Rock, could spy from where he was, the bugle players gettin' ready to wake the echoes from their sleep, just for the amusement and amazement of the foreign thravelers. So, as he wished to keep his dangerous mission unbeknown to any one but himself, he put into a bit of a creek on the other side of the river where he lay safe an' snug from view till all the fun was over.

"The bugler then began with a single note as he always does, when, whoo! tare alive; 'tis taken up at wanst by the echoes, sweetly an' softly, an' loudly, an' repeated over an' over again, till before ye know where ye are, you'd think all the bugles in the world were vyin' with aich other to see which 'ud make the mightiest uproar.

"Then you'd fancy every sound that followed was a million times sweeter an' more musical than the one before it, as they went meanderin' an' twinin' their way around the mountain, an' up from the wather side to the top o' the Aigle's Nest.

"Next kem the firin' o' the cannon, the match was struck an' the powdher set going in a jiffy. 'Twas there, sir, you'd imagine that every mountain from this to the Divil's Bit was shakin' from their very foundation. Thunder an' lightnin' was but a soft whisper compared to the terrible sound of it.

"At last when the uproar got that it couldn't grow any louder, 'twould dwindle down gently by degrees — but, begorra! when ye thought it was all over, why! 'twas then, man alive, you'd hear the rale hubbub in airnest. But, as I towld ye a while ago, you'll have chance enough before the day is over to hear an' see an' judge for yourself. And now to make a long story short, when everything was silent on the lake, owld Flint was seen creepin' from his boat, carryin' a big coil o' rope with him for the purpose o' letting himself down into the aigle's nest. As he was an owld man it tuck him a mighty long time to clamber up the rock; but at last with the help o' the shrubs and evergreens, he managed after a hard struggle to work his way to the top o' the cliff just as the moon was sailin' from behind a cloud.

"He then sat down on a wet stone to get his breath, and, after he was able to spake, he began to upbraid himself for the dangers he had

to face for the sake o' a few acres of land. 'Oh,' says he, 'if I was only safe below agin, I'd stay there, an' the finest estate in the country wouldn't tempt me to climb the breath out o' my body in this way.

"The next minute he went to work and fastened one end of the rope to a sharp piece o' stone that jutted out from the cliff. After that he peeped down into the nest — an' says to himself with a grin 'I can see the young aigles below by the light o' the moon; yez are quiet enough now, but I'll soon have one o' yez by the bake.'

"'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' says the mother aigle who was perched on a dangerous bit of a crag above his head. Owld Flint didn't see or hear her, however, but lowered himself by the rope as asey as he could into the aigle's nest.

"'I have ye, my bucks,' says he, putting down his hand to grab one o' the young ones by the bake, but it was the most foolish thing he ever attempted in his life, for it cost him the fore-finger of his right hand, but that wasn't the worst, for after roarin' with pain an' jumpin' with rage, he made his way out o' the nest up the rope, only to be met at the top by the mother aigle, an' troth she measured him from head to fut with fire in her eyes. 'Good evenin', Mr. Flint,' says she, purtendin' to be civil; 'what brings you to my royal residence at this late hour of the night?' Flint couldn't spake a word that minute if he got all Ireland; but stood shakin' like a lafe.

"'You're a kidnapper,' says the aigle.

"'Is it me?' says Flint, finding the use of his tongue at last. 'Not at all, ma'am; I only kem to pay a friendly visit.'

"'Don't ye know that's a lie you're tellin',' says the aigle. 'Wasn't it to rob me of one o' my family you came?'

"'D'ye think I'd stoop to such a maneness,' says Flint. 'You're as mane as ditch wather,' says the aigle. 'Mine is not the only house you tried to rob. You meant to rob young Jerry Spillane's after staling away one 'o my offsprings. Isn't that the truth, ye miserly owld rogue; isn't it the truth I ask? Of coorse it is. I can read my answer in your lyin' face, an' to prove you a robber, I'll let you hear the decision of my friends, the echoes.' She then roared at the top of her voice, 'Didn't owld Flint come here on purpose to rob the aigle's nest?' With that, the echoes, of coorse, answered her back:

"'To rob the aigle's nest.'

"'D'ye hear that, you avaricious rapparee? The echoes have found you guilty. So take that with you to keep you company,' and with that, sir, she gave him a prod between the two eyes with her bake, that sent him rowlin' into the lake below; but the thief seemed to have as many lives as a cat, for he was picked up an' brought home the next day with one finger less than when he set out.

"Ever after that, however, he was an altered man, an' never again attempted to annoy or disturb Jerry Spillane, so that, after all, he was taught a wholesome lesson at the Aigle's Nest." BARRY O'CONNOR.

HE who does not advance in the way of perfection falls back, for love cannot continue in the same degree.— *St. Teresa.*

The Evil of Our Times.

UNQUESTIONABLY, the predominant evil of our age is divorce. So prevalent, indeed, has it become that, save in an extremely notable case, does its occurrence excite comment. It is perceptibly spreading its hydra head throughout our land, shattering domestic peace, breaking family ties, breathing discord, opening a broad passage to vice, and thus quickly draining the life's blood of a nation.

A hundred years or so ago, divorce was an evil little known. With contemptuous eye and disdainful mien would our good old forefathers look upon that man or woman *a toro et mense* separated. Complete social isolation would surely follow such an act. "What God hath joined, let no man put asunder," was religiously observed because to them a command of the Lord was not to be in any way contemned or disregarded.

Sad, truly, to behold in our times such an evil growing daily to giant proportions. Sadder, still, and it speaks bad for our American solid common-sense, to hear men, learned and prominent in civil and social circles, coinciding with the popular and erroneous views concerning divorce. Believe in the advisability of divorce! Allow a monster to hold high revel in our midst! to scatter broadcast the germs of wickedness! Foster the reeking god of sensuality and moral depravity! Away with the horrible thought, the fearful phantom!

That man who firmly believes and openly asserts that divorce should unreservedly be granted, cares little for the welfare or the preservation of the commonwealth. He must needs be an ignoramus, or one who has applied himself but superficially to this cogent of the day. Examples numerous and striking prove conclusively that the total disregard of the conjugal tie is the inevitable forerunner of unremediable evils in a nation. It is the sure herald of an early disruption. It transforms a people, it matters not how courageous or martial they may have been, into a weak, vacillating, spiritless rabble. It gnaws away at the very vitals of the government, and robs it of its strength.

One instance alone will suffice — Rome in her stern, moral republican days. Rigid regard for virtue was extant, and the unity of marriage considered inviolably sacred. For five hundred years or more history records but one divorce. During that period we witness her surprising growth, her invincible strength; notice with wondrous eyes her eagles proudly waving over the then-known world, and Rome itself aptly styled the "Mistress of the World." All this in her primitive pristine days, ere the enervating customs of luxurious nations had warped her solid, virtuous principles.

But, behold! with the influx of vice, and principally with the introduction of that dreadful social incubus, that quick destroyer of a nation's life — divorce — the once unconquerable Roman is powerless to withstand the encroaches of the hardy, frugal barbarian. And to divorce, increased to immeasurable dimensions, can be attributed one of the principal causes of the dissolution of that empire, and the fall of the Eternal City.

Thus divorce eats away at the very foundation of a nation. Experience proves it, history exemplifies it, common-sense confirms it. Not alone in the life of a nation but more particularly in the family and individual are the harrowing results of divorce evidenced. Instances daily falling beneath our observation, prove the truth of the assertion. The ties of love are rent asunder, the peace of home — sweet magic word — is rudely snapped, and the poor unfortunate children grow up, devoid of a mother's affection or a father's guiding hand, ignorant of faith, ignorant of religion, ignorant of God. What almost unfailingly will they become? Blemishes on the social fabric.

So extensive is divorce becoming that there seems to be a notion prevalent that it has been customary among nations from times distant and remote. And with such people, whatever can be traced back for some centuries is evidently free from evil consequences. The sanction of ages is their criterion, and anything thus stamped must not be decried or impugned as obnoxious or detrimental. But has divorce been the rule or the exception? Is it vested with the approval of ages? Has God looked upon it with lenient eye? Is it a matter of trivial importance, a subject that scarcely merits discussion? In a few brief remarks, let us endeavor to show conclusively that divorce is of prime importance, is in open defiance to the will of God, and that monogamy has been approved by nations, and under its sway the world has made steady strides on the path of peace and progress.

After forming Eve of the substance of Adam, God gave her to him as his co-mate, his assistant. This was the first marriage solemnized by the Creator himself, and what was said then is relevant and applicable to all times, and to all succeeding generations. The words of God are immutable, and admit of no restriction, amendment, or abrogation. "Wherefore," says Holy Writ, "A man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife; and they shall be two in one flesh." Two in one flesh! Ponder well on the phrase. They are the watch-words of monogamy, uttered by the Almighty, and prove to us that it was never in his designs that divorce should cater to the evil designs of men.

True, as century after century rolled by, and ungrateful man gradually strayed from truth and duty; when the blind passions, kindled by the primal sin, obscured and almost obliterated the indelible law graven on each heart, the plan of the Almighty in regard to the singleness of the marriage tie was frustrated, and polygamy begun — the handmaid of divorce — and reigned almost universal and supreme. But this in no wise proves that such was sanctioned by God. Man has free-will, and finite as he is, lesser than the worm of the earth compared to his Creator, still he can place an obstacle to the purposes of his Sovereign Master. Broken as was the law, yet by no means was it repealed. Its non-observance often invoked the chastisement of a righteous God. With no lenient eye, indeed, did He notice the violation of His wishes. Patient as He is, yet He could not in justice, palliate or submit to the daily increasing crimes whose source was none other than divorce and polygamy. The Dead Sea is to-day a standing

evidence of the disgust that God bears these twin evils, and the multiplicity of crimes they generate.

Nowhere in the Old Testament — the mouth-piece of wisdom itself — is it permitted. Stringent laws were enacted by the chosen people of God to root out and destroy the least tendency to lapse into this great precursor of evils. For fornication alone could a man rend the conjugal tie, and even then he was not allowed to remarry. Thus, from the very beginning it is clear that God willed monogamy. It is palpable from the number of restrictions made, and the bulwarks raised to shield and preserve the unity of marriage. But man, swayed by turbulent desires, giving full reins to headstrong lust, violated this ordinance of the Almighty, sunk himself into the mire of polygamy and wanton divorce, and such a thing as marriage proper was unknown. Man cohabited as the beasts of the field, and like the brutes seemed to live but to satisfy mere animal promptings. All notions of manhood were erased; all respect for womanhood obliterated.

It is hardly necessary to recount all the concomitant evils that without doubt had their origin in the disregard for the unity and sanctity of marriage. Every student of history is acquainted with them. Few conversant with such facts could with temerity ascribe all the evils that havocked the world to aught else than this violation. The family certainly is the basis of society. It forms society, it regulates mankind. What the family is such will be the nation. Be the family the personification of good, the beaming light of virtue and morality, rest assured the nation will be such. But where there is sin and crime in the family, where the preservative bands of duty and goodness are rudely snapped, where passion predominates, where morality is a vague word, and where marriage — the corner-stone — is not guarded, is it possible that the nation could be other than a sink of iniquity? Cess-pools of wickedness could be appropriately applied to every people prior to the advent of Christ.

Grand, indeed, have been the feats accomplished by Christianity. Wonderful and superhuman was the transformation wrought in the spiritual order. Yet her power and her foresight, her innate strength and unshakable firmness were never better displayed than in the successful amelioration of woman, and the strong safeguards she placed around the marriage state, guarding and preserving its unity and sanctity with jealous care. Directed by the unerring eye of the Holy Spirit, she recognized at once that in the inviolability of marriage rested the basis of good order in society. She knew that its violation would engender innumerable passions and tend to degrade man more and more, and thus her hopes, her heaven-entrusted mission of redemption, would be but an idle phantasy. It was Christianity that raised marriage to an exalted dignity, lifted woman from her low position — the object of man's lustful desires, his slave — to the proud pinnacle of equality, made her the daughter of God, and placed her under the ægis of her protection.

Of no small importance, indeed, is the discussion of this question. On it depends the future of our country. A rash assertion it may

seem to unreflecting minds. But gradually are our level-headed men awakening to the fact that it is *the* vital topic of the day. They are beginning to admit that the Church — through her ceaseless grappling with the foes of monogamy — proves itself the true friend of civilization and mankind. They are beginning to observe that the continuance and progress of everything good and virtuous can only be guaranteed by the faithful observance of the monogamic law. With zealous determination did Christianity effect the gigantic task of changing completely the views of the world in regard to the marriage life. *Unus cum una, et semper* was her watch cry, and how she succeeded our present enlightenment testifies.

Well, indeed, did Voltaire remark that the marriage of princes decides the fate of nations, and the court that is the slave of debauchery and lust is prolific in generating untold evils and disorders. And here Christianity exerted its influence. It blessed the Christian princely couple, warned them to observe faithfully the obligations incumbent on their new state of life, but it flung its anathemas against them the moment they infringed on the unity of marriage. Jealously and incessantly did Christianity watch over this corner-stone of civilization to prevent the ties being sundered. Imagine a moment the condition of Europe, had not Christianity with inflexible hand restrained the torrent of sensuality that strove to destroy this barrier. What would Europe be if not for the sanctification and unification of marriage? It would be what the lands of Mahometanism are to-day — countries of bitter contentions, where the individual is despised, the family is demoralized, and society sunk in a lethargic state of utter degradation. No progress in those nations. Their habits and especially their adherence to polygamic principles seem to preclude the possibility of their ever advancing further on the path of civilization. No, theirs is a retrograde march — a relapsing into barbarity.

More and more numerous is divorce becoming in our land. Statistics show a frightful increase in the past decade. The annals of crime, too, have swollen fast. There is no safeguard placed around marriage; it is a mere civil contract entered into and broken at will. Stronger laws must be enacted to keep it inviolable. If not, the result will certainly be — what? A growth in evil and the sure and inevitable ruin of the nation.

Then, it is undoubtedly evident — there is no mistaking the fact — that marriage is the pivot on which society revolves. Take this away and it falls into the mire of barbarism. It is the foundation of civilization. Destroy it and the proud fabric topples to the ground. It is the *Labarum* of progress. Shroud it and it is left to grope its way aimlessly in the darkness. Well, indeed, then is it for statesmen to consider attentively this all-absorbing question.

Allegany Seminary, N. Y. JOSEPH NOONAN.

No path leads a soul sooner to the summit of perfection than obedience. — *St. Teresa.*

Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre.

THE CEREMONY OF BLESSING THE BUILDING.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Mgr. Richard, Archbishop of Paris, solemnly blessed the new Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre. An exceedingly interesting and complete history of the associations of Montmartre and of the circumstances which led to the founding of the new basilica is given in a work published by Father Jonquet, O.M.I., who passed some years at the novitiate of his Order near Dublin.

Montmartre has long been known as the most sacred spot in France — "The heart of France" it is called in an old charter of King John. It was named in pre-Christian days the Mount of Mars, but it subsequently became the Mount of the Martyrs. When St. Denis, the Areopagite, left his See of Athens and came to Paris, accompanied by a number of zealous converts, Montmartre was one of the principal theatres of his labors; and here he dedicated to the Blessed Virgin the modest oratory hollowed out on the hill by the first Christians. Here, too, according to tradition, he suffered martyrdom and performed that signal miracle which the pious faith of past centuries had no difficulty in believing, but which is sometimes made the subject of mockery by the rationalists of our day, who refuse to God the power of altering or suspending the natural laws of which He is the author. St. Denis and his companions were dragged before the Temple of Mercury on Montmartre and commanded to sacrifice to the false pagan gods. They refused with all the earnestness of their souls. They underwent the most barbarous punishment, being scourged and subjected to other excruciating torments; but they remained firm. Then they were conducted to the foot of the Temple of Mars and decapitated.

Father Binet, a chronicler who wrote in 1625, thus quaintly records how St. Denis took up his head in his hands after death:

"Recueillant sa teste qui estait tombée à ses pieds, saint Denys la met entre ses mains comme s'il eust porté la couronne et le trophée de ses victoires. . . . Si on vid gens estonnez au monde, ce furent les chrestiens et même les payens et surtout les satellistes et bourreaux qui scachans bien asseurément d'avoir tranché la teste, estaient quasi hors d'eux-mêmes voyant ce mort, qui s'en allait ainsi; plus que tous le préfect pensa crever de douleur, voyant qu'il avait à faire à des gens qui vivait encore après leurs morts, et que les anges inumérable avait été oüys de ceux mêmes qui ne croyaient pas autrement aux anges."

On the same day on which St. Denis was put to death, a large number of other Christians also suffered martyrdom in Paris, and several historians affirm that many of the executions took place on Montmartre.

The hill has, therefore, for eighteen centuries been a place of pilgrimage. Amongst those by whom it was visited in a prayerful and penitential spirit were St. Geneviève, the Patroness of Paris; St.

Clotilde, St. Cloud, and St. Germain; and we read that "Pope Eugenius III. assisted by St. Bernard and Peter the Venerable, consecrated to God the Chapel of the Martyrdom, under the invocation of St. Denis and his companions on the 1st June, 1147." Another Pope — Alexander III. — who had come to Paris to lay the foundation-stone of Notre Dame, visited Montmartre in 1162.

St. Thomas of Canterbury at Montmartre.

An incident which has a special interest for the Catholics of England, took place at Montmartre eight years afterwards. In 1170, St. Thomas of Canterbury, the valiant defender of the rights of the Church, had, at the foot of the hill, an historic interview with his persecutor, the result of which was to bring out clearly the perfidy of the proud Plantagenet. Kneeling on the theatre of the martyrdom of St. Denis, St. Thomas prayed for courage to sacrifice his life for the triumph of truth and justice; and a few months afterwards God made it manifest that his prayer had been heard. St. Thomas of Aquin also figures in the traditions of Montmartre. Here, it is said, he was asked, by some one who pointed out the magnificence of the city lying at his feet, "What would you give to be the king of this great city?" The reply was characteristic, "I would much prefer," said the saint, "to possess the Commentaries of St. John Chrysostom on the Gospel of St. Matthew."

A notable event in the history of Montmartre is the founding of the Society of Jesus. On the 15th of August, 1534, seven fervent apostles of the faith presented themselves at the abbey. They were St. Ignatius of Loyola, and his companions, Francis Xavier, Peter Lefèvre, James Lainez, Alphonsus Salmeron, Nicholas Bobadille, and Simon Rodriguez. Their object in visiting Montmartre was to consecrate themselves entirely to the glory of God and the work of the Church. Peter Lefèvre celebrated Mass in the little crypt of the *Martyrium*. All received Communion at his hands and pronounced their first vows, thus laying the foundation of the celebrated Company. A painting commemorative of this important event was afterwards placed in the church, and a large bronze tablet bearing an inscription reminding the reader that this spot was the birthplace of the great Order.

SACRA ET PIA SOCIETATIS JESU
INCUNABULA
PARENTIBUS OPTIMIS FILII
POSUERE.

In the two following years the pious founders returned to Montmartre to renew their vows. It will be readily understood that since that time Montmartre and the little chapel have been held in particular veneration by the Jesuit Fathers.

The Benedictines also have had a long and close connection with Montmartre, the Benedictine Abbey which crowned the hill being one of their most renowned centres of activity. Here it was that the holy man, M. Olier, with his first disciples, MM. Picoté and Foix, solemnly

promised God to labor for the instruction and sanctification of the clergy; and that Cardinal Berulle brought the first founders of the Oratory in France to beg the blessings of God on that institution. During the terrible days of the Revolution, Montmartre, which was so long the scene of special homage to God, became the mount of terror and scandal, and took the name of *Montmarat.* The Abbey and the *Martyrium* were demolished, and the Church of St. Peter alone escaped the Revolutionary hammer. After the disastrous day of Waterloo the allied armies were encamped on the heights of Montmartre. Eight thousand British soldiers were cantoned there for a period of six months.

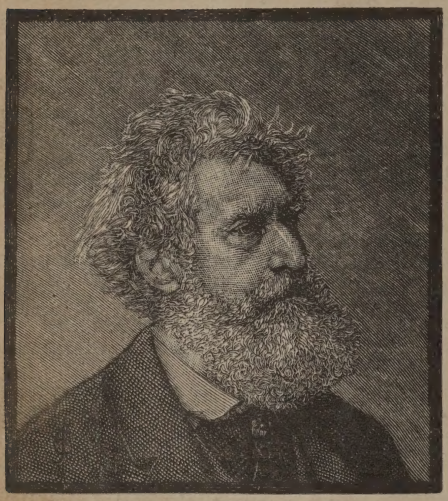
The origin of the new basilica is referred back to 1689, when the Blessed Margaret Mary wrote that "our Lord wished France to repair the outrages heaped upon Him, and demanded the erection of an edifice, dedicated to the glory of His Divine Heart, to receive the consecration of all France."

Those words were constantly borne in mind by the late Archbishop Guibert, who may properly be called the originator of the work, and the day on which he laid the first stone, 16th of June, 1875, coincided exactly with the two hundredth anniversary of the principal apparition of our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary. Mgr. Guibert recognized that in order to keep up and develop the growing devotion to the Sacred Heart at Montmartre it was necessary to erect a provisional chapel. This chapel was completed in the course of a few months, and was entrusted by the Archiepiscopal Council to the care of that devoted body of religious, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

In announcing to the Superior General of the Oblates the choice which he had made, Mgr. Guibert wrote: "One of the consolations of my old age is to see the Oblates going up to Montmartre. I shall die satisfied, because when I am no more I shall live in that dear congregation, which will continue the work that I have begun." In the erection of the noble basilica Catholic France has well shown its faith and its wonderful generosity. Every class of its citizens is represented in this splendid memorial of devotion to the Sacred Heart; and mindful of the sacred ties which have bound France to Ireland, the builders of the new temple have set apart an altar for Ireland's patron, St. Patrick.

A DISTINGUISHED Austrian diplomatist, Count Alexander de Hubner, in a very interesting book entitled, "A Year of My Life — 1848 – 1849," referring to the Roman question, observes that sooner or later Catholic opinion will triumph and bring about its solution. "Millions of Catholics," he says, "are unanimous in condemning the misdeed of Sept. 20th, 1870, and are in accord upon these three points: 1. The Pope has need of his political independence for the free exercise of his spiritual ministry. 2. Only the exercise and possession of temporal power can guarantee this free exercise. 3. The Pope's place is in Rome."

Death of O'Connell's Right-Hand Man.



JAMES PATRICK O'GORMAN MAHON.

JAMES PATRICK O'GORMAN MAHON (better known among his own people as The O'Gorman Mahon), Nationalist member of Parliament for Carlow, died in London on June 17th, after a lingering illness resulting from an attack of the prevailing epidemic of influenza, the effects of which his advanced age rendered him less able to withstand. In him the House of Commons loses its oldest member in date of election, and one of the most picturesque of the historical figures of the present century vanishes from the stage of Irish politics, in which he took an active part from the opening, by O'Connell, of the agitation for Catholic Emancipation.

O'Gorman Mahon was born in 1803, near Ennis, the county-town of Clare, being descended on his father's side from Mahon, the brother of the victor of Clontarf, while on his mother's side he came of the O'Gorman stock, to which belongs Judge Richard O'Gorman, of New York, between whom and the deceased there was, in their more youthful days, a strong family resemblance. Like many other Catholics at that time, O'Gorman Mahon was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he prepared himself for the legal profession, being admitted, in 1834, to the bar, at which, however, he never practised. For some years previous he had been a leading figure among those who followed O'Connell in the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, being equally ready to advocate the cause on the rostrum or face its enemies, pistol in hand, on the field. In the latter capacity he ventured his life no less than thirteen times, in these stormy days, when the duel was regarded as an agency as indispensable in party conflicts as the ballot box is at present. In the memorable election of 1828, which resulted in the return of O'Connell for Clare, and the overthrow of the old "Ascendancy" party, O'Gorman Mahon, then twenty-five years old, took a prominent part. Shiel, in his Sketches of the Irish Bar, thus describes his appearance in the opening scene in the court-house at Ennis:

"The election opened, and the court-house in which the sheriff read the writ, presented a new and striking scene. On the left hand of the sheriff stood a cabinet minister, attended by the whole body of the aristocracy of the county of Clare. Their appearance indicated at once their superior rank and their profound mortification. An expres-

sion of bitterness and of wounded pride was stamped in various modifications of resentment upon their countenances; while others, who were in the interest of Mr. Fitzgerald, and who were small Protestant proprietors, affected to look big and important, and swelled themselves into gentry upon the credit of voting for the Minister. On the right hand of the sheriff stood O'Connell, with scarcely a single gentleman by his side; for most, even of the Catholic proprietors, had abandoned him, and joined the ministerial candidate. But the body of the court presented the power of O'Connell in a mass of determined peasants, amongst whom black coats and sacerdotal visages were felicitously intermixed, outside the balustrade of the gallery on the left hand of the sheriff.

"Before the business began, a gentleman was observed on whom every eye was turned. He had, indeed, chosen a most singular position; for, instead of sitting like the other auditors on the seats of the gallery, he leaped over it, and suspending himself above the crowd, afforded what was an object of wonder to the great body of the spectators, and of indignation to the high sheriff. The attire of the individual who was thus perched in this dangerous position was sufficiently strange. He had on a coat of Irish tabinet, with glossy trousers of the same national material; he wore no overcoat; a blue shirt, lined with streaks of white was open at his neck, in which the strength of Hercules and the symmetry of Antigonus were combined; a broad, green sash, with a medal of 'the Order of Liberators' at the end of it, hung conspicuously over his breast; and a profusion of black curls, curiously festooned about his temples, shadowed a very handsome and expressive countenance, a great part of which was occupied by whiskers of a bushy amplitude.

"'Who, sir, are you?' exclaimed the high sheriff (Mr. Molony) in a tone of imperious solemnity, which he had acquired at Canton, where he had long resided in the service of the East India Company.

"'My name is O'Gorman Mahon,' was the reply, delivered with a firmness which clearly showed that the person who had conveyed this piece of intelligence thought very little of a high sheriff and a great deal of O'Gorman Mahon.

"The sheriff had been offended by the general appearance of Mr. Mahon, who had distracted the public attention from his own contemplation; but he was particularly irritated by observing the insurgent symbol of 'the order of Liberators' dangling at his breast.

"'I tell that gentleman,' said Mr. Molony, 'to take off that badge.'

"There was a moment's pause, and the following answer was slowly and articulately pronounced:—'This gentleman (laying his hand on his breast) tells that gentleman (pointing with the other to the sheriff), that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, that this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, while he has got the arm of a gentleman to protect him.'

"This extraordinary sentence was followed by a loud burst of applause from all parts of the court-house. The high sheriff looked

aghast. The expression of self-satisfaction and magisterial complacency passed off of his visage, and he looked utterly blank and dejected. After an interval of irresolution, down he sat. 'The soul' of O'Gorman Mahon (to use Curran's expression) 'walked forth in its own majesty;' he looked 'redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled.' The medal of 'the order of Liberation' was pressed to his heart. O'Connell surveyed him with gratitude and admiration; and the first blow was struck which sent dismay into the heart of the party of which the sheriff was considered to be an adherent."

Soon after the passage of the Emancipation Act O'Gorman Mahon was elected to Parliament as a Repealer, representing first the county of Clare, and subsequently the borough of Ennis, which seat he held till 1852, when, owing to a disagreement with the remnant of the Young Ireland Party, he was defeated, and left Ireland in disgust, not returning for nearly a quarter of a century. The intervening years he spent in travelling on the continent and in Central and South America. He served in the armies of the Republics of Chili and Costa Rica, in which he received the rank of colonel, and also in the Brazilian army. He returned to Ireland in 1874, in time to take part in the Home Rule Conference of that year in the Rotunda, Dublin, and was shortly after returned again to Parliament from Clare as one of the little band that then began anew the struggle for Ireland's national rights. On the reorganization of the party, at the succeeding general election, which swelled the ranks of the Irish Party to eighty-six members, O'Gorman Mahon was elected, in place of ex-Lord Mayor Dawson, for Carlow, which county he continued to represent up to his death. A man of commanding presence and giant stature, standing over six feet three inches in height, with thick, curling, snow-white hair, whiskers and flowing beard, he was at once the most striking and picturesque figure in the House; while his energy and activity might well put to shame the best efforts of many of his colleagues who were young enough to be his grandsons. He will long be missed from the ranks of the Irish phalanx, which he so often cheered through the varying phases of a desperate all-night session.

Looking Backward Over the War.

Mr. John C. Ropes, writing in Scribner's, thinks the time has now come when the American people can begin to look critically back over the war. He himself does this to some extent in his paper entitled The War as We See It Now. One grand lesson it teaches is, in his judgment, shown in the splendid exhibition it gives of the pluck and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race as displayed both North and South. "The war thus becomes psychologically interesting as an exhibition of the Anglo-Saxon race on trial, and on a grand theatre."

As to the conduct of the war by the Union there can be no doubt, says Mr. Ropes, that an enormous amount of money was unnecessarily spent, a great many men were needlessly sacrificed, and a great deal of time was uselessly consumed. President Lincoln, the Illinois lawyer,

had to learn the whole theory and art of war. Here the South had the advantage, for Jefferson Davis was educated at West Point, had seen much actual fighting and had likewise been Secretary of War. But this, again, made a drawback, for it made the head of the Confederacy interfere constantly in military matters, and exercise his own personal preferences in appointments. Military knowledge, therefore, increased in the North much more than in the South.

Politics interfered constantly and ruinously in the military appointments Lincoln felt himself obliged to make, and the lack of a sound military judgment at Washington for the first three years protracted the struggle by expending our efforts in useless or ill-considered plans. On both sides the generals were better strategists away from battle than they were actual tacticians on the field in a fight. They could manage an army better than a battle. A brilliant exception to this criticism Mr. Ropes considers to be General Thomas' planning and fighting of the battle of Nashville.

Again, it was not till toward the close of the war our generals learned that the best use to which cavalry can be put is the making of reconnaissances and gaining information, and otherwise operating in conjunction with the main army. In the light through which we now look we find that cavalry raids, however brilliant, were practically almost useless. Moreover very grave mistakes were made in the management of the Northern army by the formation of new regiments instead of filling up the veteran ranks. For this reason, the Northern army in the East, was never so efficient as in the autumn of 1863. After Gettysburg, too, the weakened Southern army never recovered its strength.

Water and Wind.

THE latest news from Germany shows that a definite contract has been made for transmitting power electrically from the falls of Lauffen to Frankfort-on-the-Main, a distance of one hundred and twelve miles, for service at the electrical exhibition which is to be opened at that place on June 15. At Hartford, Conn., a similar transmission of power is successfully made for a distance of twenty-two miles for lighting purposes. In several places in both Europe and America, electric power is transmitted distances of five to ten miles.

At Coronada Beach, Cal., a company has invented and successfully applied an apparatus to a section of the surface of the sea, by which its ceaseless motion is converted into electric energy; and this is transmitted through a cable to the point where it is needed for the usual service of an electric current.

Thus, not only is the application of electricity rendering available a multitude of water-falls in stream and tide which have hitherto been useless for mechanical purposes, but wind power on every hill-top can be gathered in by the blades of the windmill, and thence conveyed to the more accessible plain. It will not be long ere fuel of all kinds may be, to a large extent, superseded in dwellings, and its uses performed in a better manner by the new household servant — electricity.

The Dark Continent.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE'S GREAT WORK.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE has just tempered one of the finest missionary weapons which even Rome possesses. We mean the Brethren of the Sahara. Defence, but never aggression, is to be their method; their rule of life — prayer, labor, and armed watch over all who may freely seek them. They will ring-fence the Sahara with agricultural colonies of builders, husbandmen, hunters, doctors. At each point they will build a hospice fort, make water borings, and then set themselves to turning the desert sand into a fruit-bearing soil. In this way they hope to draw around them the nomad tribes to share with the Arabs, whose dress they will assume, the fruits of their labor, and to cover them with their protection. Only to repulse actual attack will they pull a trigger or draw a sabre. The assailants driven off, the fighting of the Brothers is over. Any further pursuit or repression must be left to the armed forces of the Republic. That is clearly laid down in the Rule of Life. It was also declared by the Cardinal in his address to the first batch of novices. Such will be the life of the Brothers of the Sahara, and at the first call of the Cardinal seventeen hundred educated Frenchmen leaped forward to live it. He chose fifty for a beginning, and twelve of them postulated at the mother house of Biskara, on the 5th of April. At their head is Viscount Guy de Bressac, late in the thick of the brilliant world of Paris. As no description of Cardinal Lavigerie's enterprise can do it so much justice as that given by its author, we republish the following interview at Biskara, in which the Cardinal states at length his aims and objects. It appeared in the *Revue Algerienne et Tunisienne*, and is from the pen of M. Ernest Mallebar, the director of that journal. As will be seen, it also brings into a clear, narrow focus the jars of French factions at home, the European scramble for Africa, and the Cardinal's plans for Frenchifying the vast "Hinterland" from Algeria and Tunis to the Great Lakes.

I found myself in a large apartment in the presence of the illustrious prelate. Its furnishing is simplicity itself; there are a few seats and a table, before which sits the Cardinal. The walls are bare — not a picture; not a bit of sculpture; nothing but a small statue of the Virgin, which faces the Crucifix over the mantle-piece. The Cardinal turns to confront me. He is dressed in scarlet, with the same Florentine cap that Dante wore, half covering his ears and falling to his neck. The purple cloak, standing out in clear relief against the bare flooring, heightens one's impression of the Cardinal's uncommon stature. He is an imposing figure. It is as if the form familiarized to us by Bonnat's canvas had stepped down from its frame. There are the same lustrous eyes, the fine, serious features, and the white beard flowing to the breast, where it half covers the chain whence depends the episcopal cross. A few minutes of conversation with this man sufficed to demonstrate that his is an intellect above the level of

common men, and one that sweeps the range of conception, from the subtle to the sublime.

The Historic "Toast."

Before launching upon the great anti-slavery crusade which lies so near the Cardinal's heart, I risk an allusion to that "toast," now historic, which has sent an electric shock through France.

"No politics. Not a word, I say. I am here a time-worn missionary; a man of peace, standing on the fringe of the desert, and anxious to do something useful beyond it."

These words, peremptorily spoken, gave me a twinge; for, truth to tell, I had hoped the Cardinal might unbosom himself to me about the attacks levelled against him. Maybe with a view to giving him a gentle impulse in this direction, I tell him how bitter these attacks are, and inquire if he were prepared for them.

"I had nerved myself (he said) for a free outflow of anger — even of abuse; for the toast was the deliberate outcome of long forethought. I aimed at giving a strong field to public opinion, and I succeeded. Now my part is done. I leave it to another — you know who that other is — to do what remains. Men have tried to make out that in giving unqualified adhesion to the Republic I have endorsed all its acts. Nothing of the kind. As for the imputation of self-interest, it is laughable. See how the Republic furthers my interests.

"If we were still under the Empire, I should have thirty thousand francs for the diocese of Carthage, thirty thousand for that of Algiers, and thirty thousand for my Cardinalate. The Republic cuts these ninety thousand francs down to fifteen thousand. These facts astonished a minister to whom I explained them. 'Don't be uneasy on my account,' I said to him. 'You give me fifteen thousand francs a year; my yearly disbursements, for my various undertakings, are one million eight hundred thousand francs, and I have not a penny of debt, because I believe the Republic to be the only government possible."

The Dead Sahara.

Turning from French domestic politics to the Sahara, the Cardinal said: "To-day the Sahara is dead — inhabited only by wretched tribes, who live by rapine. The Soudan is rich; the Saharans make it their prey. Every year they gather in hordes, raid the country, commit a thousand atrocious villainies, and return with droves of slaves, whom they sell either in Morocco, where slave-dealing is open, or in Tripoli, where it is secret. Thence the captives are drafted into Egypt, and all over the Turkish Empire. Oh, if you could but understand the torments these poor creatures undergo; what streams of blood and tears flow in these man-hunts! Well, we shall best stop the slave-hunts by fertilizing the Sahara — by restoring to it that fruitfulness which it once enjoyed, and of which we shall find the traces. There is plenty of water in the Sahara. The wells have been left to choke up and the oasis to fall out of cultivation, but I repeat — there is water everywhere. Once bring it to the surface, and life will reappear where

we have known nothing but sterility. Then the wandering nomads will become rooted to the land. They will derive from husbandry that subsistence which to-day they can only find in murder and pillage. Brave men have gone before now into this land of the dead, and most of them have never come back. But was their fate unavoidable? I do not think so. I fully appreciate the courage of Colonel Flatters, and I should be sorry to grieve his friends; but I maintain that he brought his end upon himself. He trusted blindly for honesty and faithfulness to men of whom he knew nothing. We know the details of the hideous tragedy which followed; the massacre of the mission, the miseries endured by the survivors, and that terrible march over seven hundred miles of sand before reaching Ouargla. Now it is being said that if a colonel, with a small army, could not penetrate the Sahara, it is closed against the world. And yet it is quite possible to come and go. It needs but trained men inured to the climate. The only other requirements are prudence and trusty guides."

The Scramble for Africa.

"To-day all the nations of Europe are cutting into the Dark Continent: the English by the Niger; the Italians through Abyssinia; Belgium is ensconced at the Equator. At all cost, France must make good her rights over the Sahara and the Soudan. And how can they be better upheld and turned to account than by the great iron road of which we hear, and which should stretch from the south of our Algerian dependency to the Great Lakes? But where shall we start from? And shall the line go by In-Calah, by Ouargla, or by Ghadames — that is to say, shall it go south by Morocco, by Algeria, or by Tunis? Each route has its partisans. That by In-Calah, which would appear the best, is, in fact, the least desirable; for Morocco contests our exclusive ownership of this oasis. One of these days Morocco may be invaded by a European Power; and it would be awkward if, on the strength of rights derived from Morocco, that power should demand In-Calah from us. By a branch from In-Calah to some town in Morocco the whole south would be open to them, and they might lay their grip upon the lands behind the Sahara. In any case, the French Anti-Slavery Committee will support whatever route may be adopted; and that brings me to my point. Now let me beg your close attention."

The Soldier Pioneer Brethren.

"The Brothers of the Sahara are volunteers who have answered my call from every part of France. They will be military pioneers, and they will make peaceful conquest of the Soudan. Hope of gain is no bait, for I shall pay them nothing; neither is easy living, for they will have to face hardship and privation. They come fired with a great idea — that spirit of sacrifice which makes apostles. Over their hospice will be inscribed 'Bit-Allah' (the house of God). I have bought a waste tract under which water has been found. Their duty will be to reclaim it. Come and see me to-morrow and I will show you it all. They will harden themselves to the climate, will

devote themselves to Saharan husbandry; to gardening, which yields good results where there is water, and to the nurture of date-palms, which are the staple of the oasis. They will study the dialects of the Sahara and the Soudan, and, finally, will be trained in arms, for they may have to stand on their defence."

A Regimen for a Convict Prison.

"Their clothing, diet, and manner of life? Their food will be dates and hard biscuit; their dress, the tunic of the Tuaregs and the wide trousers fastened above the ankle. They will wear veils to ward off the sand storms driven by the desert winds. In summer they will work all night and sleep in the day. For dormitory they will have two large wards, which you shall see to-morrow. A raised stone parapet, two feet high, runs the whole length of the walls. On that they will lie, with just a straw mattress. They will have neither chairs nor tables, but must eat squatting, like the Arabs."

"How long do they remain at Biskara? Fifteen months; three months upon approbation, and a year in the novitiate. Then they will take the engagement to remain for five years in this kind of Socialist home (*phalanstere*), but they will make no vow. If they twice renew their engagement they will have the right to end their lives in the Brotherhood, supported, if necessary."

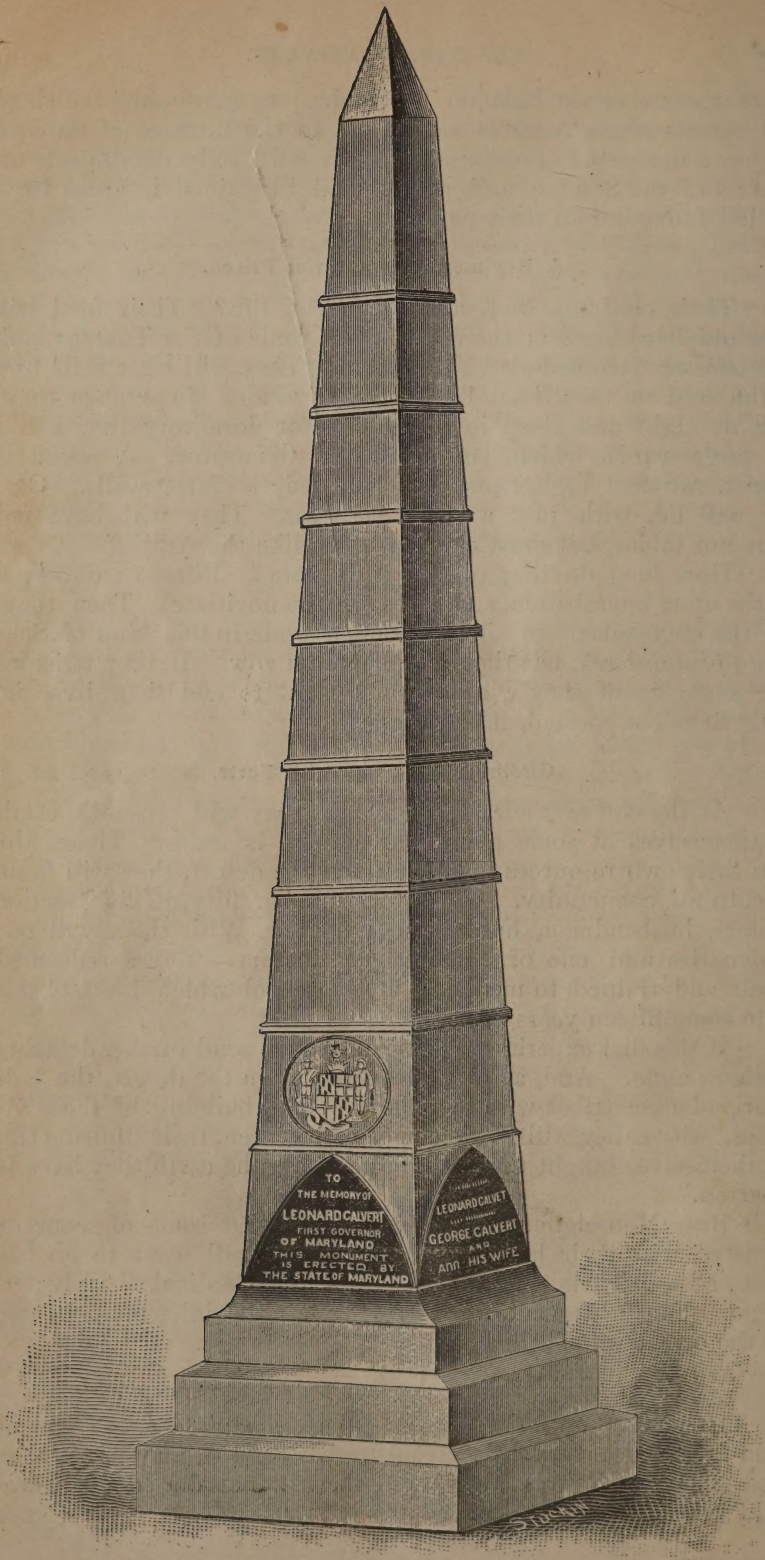
Girdling the Sahara with Forts.

"At the end of their fifteen months they will go south, establishing themselves at some point where there is water. There, thrown upon their own resources in the heart of the desert, they will found an agricultural community. They will number fifty, in five sections — builders, husbandmen, hunters, slaves, etc. With them will go two missionaries and one of those negro doctors — slaves redeemed by myself and trained to medicine in the school which I established in Malta some fifteen years ago.

"If this first experiment prospers, I shall send further detachments to other points. And, as news travels fast in the desert, the Saharan and Soudanese tribes will soon hear of the building of these 'God's houses,' where they will be welcomed as brethren, their ailments treated, and themselves taught to raise produce from the earth they have found so barren."

"But, Monseigneur, do you not see that some of your exiles, disgusted with their hard life in the desert, will want to go back to France?" — "Then they can go," said the Cardinal sharply; "they can go. For an institution like this to last the inlet must be narrow, and the outlet wide."

THE soul upon which by the permission of God the eyes of the world are fixed to watch and censure her actions, may prepare herself to be martyred in this life; for if she will not die to the world, the world will slay her. — *St. Teresa.*



THE CALVERT MONUMENT.

Leonard Calvert.

For many years the people of Maryland have desired to erect a monument commemorative of the landing of their Pilgrim Fathers; for while history has enshrined in imperishable lustre the names of Leonard Calvert and his companions; and while the principles of religious toleration first enforced here by them have become the foundation of our present form of government, no public state recognition has until recently been paid to the memory of the founders of Maryland. It was, then, a source of universal gratification that the 3d of June witnessed the unveiling of a monument to Leonard Calvert, the foundation of which was laid in November, 1890.

The monument consists of a shaft of the finest American granite, thirty-six feet high, the base block being six feet square. The fourth block, which is the section commencing the shaft, bears an inscription on each side.

From the fourth section, or die, arise in proper proportion nine different sections.

Upon the front and rear of the section above the die are bronze medallions bearing the coat of arms of Maryland. The inscriptions are as follows:

On the front:

"To the memory of Leonard Calvert, first Governor of Maryland. This monument is erected by the state of Maryland."

On the opposite side:

> "Erected on the site of old Mulberry Tree, under which the first colonists of Maryland assembled to establish a Government, where the oppressed and persecuted of every creed and of every clime might repose in peace and security, adore their common God, and enjoy the priceless blessings of civil and religious liberty."

On the east side:

"Leonard Calvert, second son of George Calvert, first Baron of Baltimore, and Anne, his wife, led the first Colonists to Maryland, Nov. 22, 1633 — March 3, 1624. Founded St. Mary's, March 27, 1634. Died June 9, 1647."

And on the west side:

"By His Wisdom, Justice, and Fidelity, He fostered the Infancy of the Colony, Guided it through Great Perils, and Dying Left it at Peace. The Descendants and Successors of the men He Governed Here Record Their Grateful Recognition of His Virtues. November, MDCCCXC."

Twelve granite markers have also been placed to mark the lines of the foundation of the famous old state-house.

The shaft itself occupies the spot where, in colonial days, stood a massive mulberry-tree, upon whose gnarled sides were nailed the official proclamations of the governor.

The ceremony of unveiling was to have been opened with prayer by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons; but as the cardinal was not well enough to be present, the prayer was read by Rev. Jos. Cunnane of Upper Marlboro. The historical paper written by Col. J. Thomas

Scharf was read by Mr. Charles H. Heuisler. Miss Julia Stewart Calvert, a representative of the Calvert family, was selected to pull the cord by which the flag was draped about the monument. A beautiful ode, written for the occasion and arranged to the air of "Maryland, my Maryland," was sung by the ladies of St. Mary's Female Seminary; after which Attorney-General Wm. Pinkney Whyte delivered the oration. This was followed by the singing of "America"; and the ceremonies were closed with prayer by Right Rev. Wm. Paret, Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, who asked all the audience to unite in saying aloud the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed. The Cardinal's prayer was a fervent invocation for the blessing of God upon our rulers, our law-makers, and the entire nation, and a thanksgiving for the blessing of civil and religious liberty. He made no allusion whatever to the religious faith of the founders of Maryland, except in these beautiful words: "We thank Thee, O Lord, for having conducted our Pilgrim Fathers to these hospitable shores, and for having inspired them to plant on this spot the cross, the symbol of salvation and of our Christian civilization. We thank Thee that they raised aloft over these fair lands the banner of civil and religious liberty, and invited the oppressed of other colonies to find shelter and protection beneath its ample folds, so that all might share alike in the blessings of peace and prosperity."

In striking contrast to this were some of the remarks of Bishop Paret, which were in extremely bad taste. He claimed for the "Anglo-Catholics" a share in the honor of establishing religious liberty in Maryland, on the ground that the first Lord Baltimore was at one time a member of the Episcopal Church, and that many of his descendants have since returned to that denomination. The Bishop must be easily consoled; for he must certainly know, as a glaring fact of history, that the principal part taken by his "Anglo-Catholic" predecessors in establishing religious toleration on American soil was that their bigotry and intolerance finally drove Lord Baltimore's colonists to settle where they did, after obtaining from the king a charter which was to protect them from persecution on account of religion.

Colonel Scharf in his historical discourse on the founding of Maryland rehearsed in choice language the story which can never grow too familiar to Catholic hearts. He spoke of the bitter and relentless persecution carried on in England at the period when George Calvert, a gentleman at the court of King James, embraced the Catholic faith; and he spoke of Maryland as the favored spot "where the child Independence was born," and where "was laid the ground-work for that complete superstructure which was afterward reared by the hands of Jefferson and his illustrious co-laborers in the cause of truth."

George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, was very much beloved by his sovereign. He was appointed Secretary of State in 1619, and a distinguished career in the service of his country and his king lay before him; but more alluring than worldly honors was the faith of his fathers, the service of his Divine Master, and worldly ambition was sacrificed upon the altar of faith, when, in 1624, he avowed himself a Catholic.

A year before this, animated by a desire of alleviating the hard lot of those suffering for the sake of their religion, he had obtained, from James I., a charter for a settlement in Avalon, Newfoundland; but upon attempting this foundation he was forced by the rigor of the climate to change his plans, and he directed his attention further south. Although a member of the council of Virginia, he found himself excluded from that colony on account of an oath he could not in conscience take. He tried to secure lands south of Virginia, but his attempts were frustrated by the bigoted interference of the colonists; and finally, after weary years he secured the promise of a charter for Maryland — so named in honor of the Catholic Queen Henrietta Maria — but he died before the charter passed the great seal, and it was confirmed to his son and heir, Cecilius Calvert, Baron Baltimore, who appointed his younger brother, Leonard, Lieutenant-Governor of the new colony. The life-work of this distinguished man is told in the simple words upon the shaft erected to his memory.

Among the Maryland pilgrims were several Jesuit missionaries, Fathers White, Altham, and Hayes, and Brother Gervase. The first of these gives a charming description of the long and perilous voyage, and tells how the first Mass ever celebrated in this part of the world was celebrated on St. Clement's Island on the feast of the Annunciation, 1634. The *Ark and the Dove* set sail from Cowes on St. Cecilia's Day, Nov. 22, 1633. They entered the Chesapeake March 3, 1634, and settled at St. Mary's on the 27th of the same month.

Although they immediately erected a guard-house for their own defence, and a store-house for their supplies, their first care was to conciliate the natives by just and humane dealings and by paying them a solid consideration for their lands. Notwithstanding this, the new colony was often in great peril from the attacks of the savage Susquehannas. But the worst enemies ever arrayed against the peace and prosperity of old St. Mary's were among the "pale faces," men professing the Christian religion, and indebted to the peace-loving settlers of the land of Mary for the very blessings they tried repeatedly to wrest from their benefactors; and the history of the old Catholic settlement is one of continual suffering for the noble founders, whose humane principles were not fully and permanently enforced until they were taken up by an admiring nation and made the corner-stone of our immortal constitution.

The old state-house, used for many years as the governor's residence, was commenced in 1639; it was replaced in 1674, by a brick building in the form of a cross fifty feet by forty. This was torn down in 1829 by the vestry of William and Mary parish, and the bricks used in building the present church. In 1694, Annapolis became the seat of government, and the old town of St. Mary's fell gradually into decay. The burning of the court-house many years ago destroyed the records, and to the letters and journals of the early missionaries we are indebted for much of the history of the old Catholic colony.

Attorney-General Whyte, in his brilliant oration alluded to the persecutions which drove our ancestors to this continent in search of

liberty. He selected as the pioneers of civil and religious liberty in America, Roger Williams, William Penn, and Leonard Calvert, and expatiated upon the lives and characters of the founders of Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. He spoke of Leonard Calvert as a man who "dedicated his life to the enforcement of a great principle calculated to promote the happiness of his fellow man in this world, and bring to him eternal rest in the world beyond the grave."

AGNES HAMPTON.

Catholic Sisters.

"ON all of God's green and beautiful earth there are no purer, no nobler, no more kind-hearted and self-sacrificing women than those who wear the sombre garb of Catholic Sisters. During the war I had many opportunities for observing their noble and heroic work, not only in the camp and the hospital, but in the death-swept field of battle. Right in the fiery front of dreadful war where bullets hissed in maddening glee, and shot and shell flew wildly by with demoniac shrieks, where dead and mangled forms lay with pale, blood-flecked faces, yet wearing the scowl of battle, I have seen the black-robed Sisters moving over the field with their solicitous faces wet with the tears of sympathy, administering to the wants of the wounded and whispering words of comfort into ears soon to be deafened by the cold, implacable hand of death. Now kneeling on the blood-bespattered sod to moisten with water the bloodless lips on which the icy kiss of the death-angel had left its pale imprint; now breathing words of hope of immortality beyond the grave into the ear of some mangled hero, whose last shots in our glorious cause had been fired but a moment before; now holding the crucifix to receive the last kiss from somebody's darling boy, from whose breast the life-blood was splashing, and who had offered his life as a willing sacrifice on the altar of his country; now with tender touch and tear-dimmed eyes, binding gaping wounds from which most women would have shrunk in horror; now scraping together a pillow of forest leaves upon which some pain-racked head might rest until the spirit took its flight to other realms — brave, fearless of danger, trusting implicitly in the Master whose overshadowing eye was noting their every movement; standing as shielding, prayful angels between the dying soldier and the horrors of death; their only recompense the sweet, soul-soothing consciousness that they were doing their duty, their only hope of reward that peace and eternal happiness that awaited them beyond the star-emblazoned battlements above.

"How many veterans of the war, who wore the blue or gray, can yet recall the soft, soothing touch of a Sister's hand as he lay upon the pain-tossed couch of an hospital! Can we ever forget their sympathetic eyes, their low, soft-spoken words of encouragement and cheer when the result of the struggle between life and death yet hung in the balance? Oh! how often have I followed the form of that good Sister Valencia with my sunken eyes as she moved away from my cot to the cot of another sufferer, and have breathed from the most sacred depths of my faintly-beating heart the fervent prayer, 'God bless her!'"

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD, the poet scout.

Immigration and the Tariff.

It is not my purpose to express any opinion on the wisdom or the folly of restricting immigration. I certainly do not share in any general distrust of the foreigners who become our fellow-citizens, nor in any prejudice against immigrants from other lands.

There is, however, an immigrant who is not desirable. It is not so much his individuality that weighs against him as the circumstances that fling him, as it were, on our shores. He is the unfortunate wretch who with his more wretched family, without choice or provision, is chased by starvation and immediate necessity into the hold of a great steamship, to seek the market closed by a prohibitory tariff to the goods which he produced in his native land. He comes here seeking temporary relief from grinding poverty, with intention to return with his gain to the land of his birth. We have shut out the cheap foreign watch, blanket, tin sheet, glass pane, and steel rail; but the cheaper foreign worker, inspired by hunger, underbids American labor in the home market that we boast was created for it alone. We have built around our custom-houses impenetrable walls of adamant; but around our immigrant depots we have strung a few statutory cobwebs.

Immigration and the tariff are closely interwoven, and should be considered relatively as effecting each other. Electricity and steam have combined to make the whole world very small and neighborly. A joyous shout went up in certain quarters when, after the passage of the McKinley Bill, the cable reported Europe filled with rumors of industries ruined by the loss of the American market. Was that really good news for American working men? Our law closes a European shop and throws out of employment thousands of workmen; with land monopoly, costly governments, dense populations, and a restrictive caste system, they have, in many cases, to choose between the poor-house and the emigrant ship. That ship sails to the United States, and her hunger-driven cargo — "the pauper labor of Europe" — is soon in sharp and deadly competition with the American working man. The foreign manufacturer closes his factory, counts his gains, and invests his money in a syndicate to purchase American lands or industries, and lives, thereafter, contented and happy on the fruits of the labor of his American workers. Is it a great national blessing that these gentlemen move their manufacturing plants to our country, bringing, despite our contract-labor law, a whole force of foreign workers? Is their coming a benefit to American Labor? In some very highly protected occupations a considerable portion of the force consists of foreigners who followed a transplanted industry. (See the reports of Congressional committees.) But the American farmer feeds them and is benefited — how? His prices are fixed in the land they left, and he gains no money by feeding them in New Jersey instead of Austria, Italy, Wales, France, or England.

The present law against certain classes of immigrants is, I believe, so far as the port of New York is concerned, well and zealously

enforced; and yet those excluded are mere drops from the great sea which flows over our land. There are so many ways of avoiding the contract-labor provision that at its best it can never be very effective. What contract is necessary to secure the services of an immigrant who comes to this country under inducement to work in the only industry where he could possibly secure employment?

As I write, the following cable dispatch appears in the newspapers:

> The effect of the McKinley Bill on the mother-of-pearl workers, in Vienna, has been serious. Official reports show that out of six thousand only fifteen hundred are following their trade. The rest are making a precarious living as best they can.

"Making a precarious living!" Forty-five hundred Austrian fellow men will soon be clamoring at the doors of American button factories asking for work at any price. What clause of the McKinley Bill will protect the American workers who will be thus displaced?

The Bureau of Statistics reports the total number of immigrants arrived at the ports of the United States during the periods named as follows:

	1890.	1891.
Month of March	35,750	52,172
Three months ending March 31	64,021	86,048
Nine months ending March 31	255,403	316,237

I conclude that a very high or substantially prohibitory tariff in the United States is bound to force, in spite of all mere restrictive measures, a large, unhealthy, undesirable, abnormal immigration of those who care nothing, and desire to know less, about our citizenship — an immigration which is inimical to American labor, and contrary to the best interests of the whole country; that it will lead, eventually, to a dangerous alien ownership of American properties and to alien control of our industries and domestic commerce.

HON. WILLIAM MCADOO, in The Forum.

A VERY worthy clergyman returned to England from a visit to the United States, and his congregation were naturally pleased at his return till a cruel rumor was set agoing concerning his conduct while abroad. It gradually spread till all the gossips of the church had possession of the terrible scandal, and a vigorous effort was at once made to ferret out the originator of the tale. After a great deal of investigation, the story was at length traced to a waggish member of the church, and he was called upon by two of the deacons on the subject. On being questioned he candidly confessed that he had stated to some fellow-members of the congregation, that their minister had been on the "spree" for a week, and was on the spree all the way over from America. Of course this staggered the worthy deacons, especially as he persisted in his assertion that it was nothing but the truth. Latterly, however, he explained that all he meant was that their minister had returned from the States on board the "Spree," a steamer that carries both mails and passengers.

Kildoona:

THE STRANGE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD.

From the Original Manuscript of Miss Alice Carroll, of Kildoona, Ireland.
Edited by Victor O'D. Power.
Author of "Bonnie Dunravan," "Duncarrick," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"LADY O'CONNELL."

ONE wild March evening, when the red light of sunset flamed across the hills and glanced brightly on the westerly windows of Kildoona, I was feeding my fowl and pigeons in the big, old-fashioned yard at the back, when suddenly Richard's voice, raised in anger reached my ears.

"I cannot have beggars prowling about here!" he was saying. "And do you know what? If I ever again catch you near the house, I'll set the dog at you — that's all!"

The blood rushed to my temples, and I started impetuously in the direction whence the voice came. As I ran I heard another voice, a weak, pleading woman's voice, and my heart throbbed with indignation.

"Oh, for shame! for shame!" I cried. "It is poor Lady O'Connell. Surely, Richard has forgotten her."

I darted round to the front of the house, and arrived on the scene as another harsh outburst was pouring from my brother's lips. He was standing on the door steps, muffled up in a heavy overcoat — for the March blast was chilly and searching — and looking as I had not seen him look since his return home. His face was livid with anger; a menacing scowl drew his brows together.

And who was the object of this most unreasonable outburst of passion?

A poor, shivering, wretched creature, with a pale, pinched face and a pitiable attempt at respectability apparent in her tattered cloak and gown, her faded bonnet, and the ragged umbrella which she sometimes utilized as a staff, during her weary tramping through the countryside. That haggard face of hers still bore traces of comeliness and even of refinement; and you saw at once that this poor woman must at one time have known better days.

And such, in truth, was the case. Twenty years before, "Lady O'Connell" as she now styled herself, was the wife of a well-to-do farmer — a "half-sir" in his district; but a scoundrel to the heart's core. The story is far too painful to narrate here. It was a story of brutal violence, studied cruelty, cowardly ruffianism, unrelieved by a brighter coloring of any kind; and the end of it was, that the poor woman's mind gave way. She left home and husband; and henceforward strolled about from house to house through the countryside, gradually extending her circuit which ere long embraced the greater part of the south-west of Cork.

"Lady O'Connell's" craze was, that she belonged to the fine old

Kerry family of that name. As a matter of fact, there was, I believe, some distant link of kindred, and nothing gratified the poor creature more than to be addressed as "my lady," or "your ladyship."

For the past seventeen years or so she had been a periodical looker-in at Kildoona. We usually persuaded her to remain with us for a night or two; but she never intruded farther than that upon our hospitality.

Of late years, Lady O'Connell was failing rapidly, and her dress showed evidences of a sterner poverty than before.

In the old days my brother had always warmly welcomed the poor stroller. Many a time have I seen him run down the avenue to meet her and seize her by both hands and literally pull her along to the house.

As I recalled these facts now, I was doubly shocked and chagrined at Richard's manner of receiving his old pensioner. Could it be that he had forgotten all about her? Yet surely no! Who that had once seen Lady O'Connell could forget her singular appearance?

"Oh, Richard!" I cried as I came up, "why do you talk like that! Don't you know Lady O'Connell?"

Then turning rapidly to the shivering creature, I took her pinched little hand in mine and warmly shook it.

"Welcome, your ladyship! I am so glad to see you here again. My brother really did not remember you. It is so long since he saw you now."

The poor creature began whimpering bitterly, and pressed my hand again and again to her blue lips. She was overcome with emotion, and was unable to utter a word.

"Surely, Richard, you remember Lady O'Connell?" I cried almost angrily, for my brother's continued silence evidently heightened our visitor's distress. "Come and speak to her. You see the state your harsh words have put her into!"

"Well, the truth of it is, Alice," he said sullenly, "I do not approve of all these beggars tramping up to the door."

"But Lady O'Connell is not one of these," I hastily returned. "I am surprised at you, Richard!"

"Never mind, never mind, my dear," sobbed the poor stroller; "the world is full of change. Little I thought that Maurice Carroll's son would ever treat me thus. No; Master Richard," she suddenly added, dashing the tears from her eyes, and lifting her head, with all the dignity and grandeur of an affronted empress, "*I* am no 'beggar'! If the truth were only told, my blood is as pure as your own. The O'Connells of Merrynane and the Carrolls of Kildoona were always stanch friends and allies!"

"By George!" cried Richard, with a coarse sneer which caused my heart to sink, "who could have expected such eloquence under the circumstances? Oh, in that case, 'my lady,' I am honored at your visit! I suppose your carriage-and-six await you at the avenue gate?"

"Richard," I hastily cut in, "I never before thought you were a coward; and I always believed you to be a gentleman. Come, dear Lady O'Connell. Come with me."

I took the poor creature's arm and turned away from my brother; but we had not advanced half-a-dozen steps toward the door communicating with the back premises, when Richard thrust himself angrily before us, and placed his hand heavily on my shoulder.

His face was flushed to the very temples. His eyes flamed on me; the veins in his forehead started into sudden prominence, and the hand on my shoulder visibly shook.

"So I am a 'coward' and no 'gentleman' — eh?" he cried hoarsely. "Now, look here, Miss Alice: I say, once for all, that you *shan't* walk over me like this! I am master here remember: and I am determined to act as such. Do you understand me fully? Do you, I say? Do you?"

He shook me roughly by the shoulder, and just as I was about to reply in some wise, an unlooked-for champion came to my assistance. With an ominous growl, Rollo bounded forward, from where I knew not, and sprang at Richard, his white teeth gleaming, all his shaggy coat literally bristling with indignation.

"Good God! Am I to be devoured alive?" Richard cried, recoiling violently from me, and endeavoring to beat away the dog with his foot and stick. "Call off the d——d brute, Alice! Call him, I say! Upon my honor and word, this is rather too much. This is intolerable. That cursed dog is mad. I will shoot him this moment."

He was white with anger, even to the lips. His deep-set eyes gleamed upon me with a baleful fire. He turned away hastily, as though he were about to execute his decree then and there, while, with my utmost force of arm, I held back Rollo from again attacking him.

Then I hastened round to the farm-yard and called Curly Rue.

"Curly, Curly," I gasped brokenly, "I want you to do something for me at once. Bring Rollo over the hills to Rathronayne this moment. Tell Master Launce I sent you with him; tell him to keep the dog safely there until I go over myself to-morrow evening. Tell him, on *no* account, to allow Rollo back to Kildoona — run!"

Away sped Curly, but too well pleased at the prospect of a scamper over the hills, and the generous bumper of *poteen* which he was sure to get when he had arrived at Rathronayne.

I breathed a sigh of relief, as Rollo's shaggy form disappeared over the brow of the hill. Then a reaction of feeling set in, and as I entered the kitchen with poor Lady O'Connell, I was trembling like a leaf in wind.

And here was Aunt Anne, her plump person almost hidden behind an enormous apron, as she stood by one of the big white deal tables, busily engaged in making cream-cakes for tea.

She turned with a smile of greeting, as we came in.

"Welcome, welcome, your ladyship! It is time for you to come to us."

She bustled across the room and laughingly presented her elbow to Lady O'Connell, for her hands were covered with flour.

"Thank you, Miss Anne; thank you. I hope I find you well,

Miss Anne; as well as I could expect, after your dear, fond, noble brother's death! May the Heavens be his bed!" added the faithful creature, while the tears again rushed to her faded eyes. "I have reason to weep for him. He was a true friend to me."

"Well, well, we must only put up with those afflictions, you know, my dear," Aunt Anne said, but her eyes fell and she sighed. "Never mind now, Lady O'Connell. Don't cry, poor thing. Here — sit down opposite the fire; you look cold. We'll have a cup of tea ready for you in five minutes. Alice, where is the kettle? Call Nell. Oh, and by the by, where's Richard? He will be so glad, I am sure, to see Lady O'Connell once again."

As the words passed her lips we heard my brother's footsteps hastily approaching the door. He entered quickly, and stood, gun in hand, looking at us three for a moment or two, in ominous silence.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE LUMBER ROOM.

AUNT ANNE was the first to speak; and I saw her pleasant countenance fall, and her lips quiver a little.

"This is Lady O'Connell, Richard. You surely have not forgotten her?"

"Oh, he was speaking to her out at the front door," I put in hastily, dreading an angry reply from Richard. "He did not remember her at first."

"I have something else to think of just now, besides tramping 'ladies,' I can assure you!" my brother said savagely. "Where is that brute?" he added, and his eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire, as he glanced full at me.

"Is it Rollo? "I asked weakly, not knowing very well for the moment what to say.

"Yes; Rollo, Rollo, Rollo! Where is he?" I was literally afraid to tell him what I had done; so I prevaricated.

"I suppose he is outside somewhere, Richard. He did not follow us in here."

"Good Heavens!" cried Aunt Anne. "You are, surely, not going to shoot the dog?"

"Yes; I am. Why not? He attacked me savagely outside just now; tried to bite me — or, rather, to tear me, limb from limb."

"Is it Rollo?" Aunt Anne exclaimed, scarce crediting this story. "Rollo, your faithful old companion of the past, Richard — your loyal friend, through thick and thin."

"His 'friendship' has got a trifle too warm for my taste," was my brother's reply. "I don't choose to die of hydrophobia, if I can help it. Ever since my return here, that dog has shown most suspicious symptoms. I was tempted several times to shoot him; but I postponed the agreeable task. Now his time has come."

He turned away determinedly, and a moment later I heard him

whistling for Rollo without. How relieved I felt that I had sent away the dog to Rathronayne! Poor old Rollo was safe and in good hands now.

"The sagacity of that brute is wonderful," Richard said, when he had calmed a little some hours later. "He really must have suspected my intent and hidden himself somewhere. Well, I shall only have to wait and watch. The moment he shows his nose, presto! there is a bullet rattling through his skull."

Next evening I went across the hills to Rathronayne — a fine old ancestral country house, surrounded with oak woods, and commanding a glorious panorama of mountain, glen, cliffs, and ocean.

Nora was watching for my expected figure, and ran down the drive to meet me. When we entered the cheerful old drawing-room, Brian Ronayne — my poor father's dear friend of a lifetime — rose to welcome me; a tall, noble-looking man, with beautiful dark-blue honest Celtic eyes, wavy dark hair plentifully streaked with gray, a face full of intelligence, benevolence, truth; a tall, slim, partly-stooped figure, the smile of a boy, and the manners of a courtier.

"My dear Alice, how seldom you come near us! And no one is so welcome at Rathronayne as you."

Launce came in presently, and Rollo's name was at once introduced. Launce was impatient to know the reasons of my mysterious request of the previous evening. So, in as few words as might be, I told him all that had occurred.

I saw Brian Ronayne and his son exchange glances and frown and nod darkly at each other; and even Nora's bonnie face looked distressed.

"Well, well, my dear, I must say, honestly and candidly, that your brother mystifies me more than I was ever mystified in all my life before," said Brian Ronayne at last. "Before he left Kildoona I looked upon him as almost a second son. Upon my honor, Alice, I think I was as fond of him as of Launce. He was a bright, warm-hearted, ingenuous lad, full of good-nature, and open as the day. I thought him a most promising boy, and I was immensely interested in his future. That unlucky quarrel with his poor father almost broke up for a time the long friendship which had existed between Maurice Carroll and myself. Yes, really, my dear! I was so indignant with your dear father at the time, so truly sorry for Richard, that I held aloof from Kildoona for nearly a year. But now I do not know what to think. Richard is totally changed. Why, even Launce — Launce his sworn chum, his brother, I may say — positively goes out of his way to avoid him now!"

I sighed heavily. All this was already known to my heart full well.

"So that I should hardly feel surprised at Rollo's following suit," Brian Ronayne resumed; and still it is really an extraordinary thing about this dog. Launce told me how Rollo growled when Richard entered the hall on that night of his return. Now I've never before heard an instance of the kind. The sagacity of dogs is marvellous; and we all know how Rollo loved his master ten years ago."

"Richard will come round again; you'll find the Irish climate and all the old associations will effect a transformation," Nora hastily interposed, in her own sympathetic, cheery way. "Don't look so sad, Alice, dear. Brighter days are ahead."

"And Rollo shall be monarch of all he surveys here, Alice; never fear," Launce added cordially. "Come over and see for yourself every day, if you feel inclined. You don't come to us half often enough, Alice; and, you know," he added, in a very low voice, and his kindly countenance fell, and the great dark eyes were clouded with sadness, "for many reasons, I do not quite care to go to Kildoona now."

I knew he was thinking of Marion, and I could make no reply in words. A long look passed between us; and shortly afterwards I took my leave.

Next morning poor Lady O'Connell bade us good-by. No inducements would prevail upon her to prolong her stay.

"I only trust and pray," she said at parting, "that Master Richard's heart will be softened, and his dear father's example more closely followed, the next time I come to Kildoona."

That same evening the weather broke, and storm and rain struggled between them for the mastery. All night the rain dashed against our windows, and next morning it still continued.

At breakfast we were all silent. Richard looked moody, and the steady downpour without did not tend to enliven our spirits.

"What a beastly climate it is!" my brother cried, rising from the table with a yawn. "What can a fellow do with himself on a day like this? I think I'll clear out that old lumber-room upstairs. I want to keep my guns, rods, and fishing-tackle there for the future."

I heard him sometime later moving about the lumber-room, and as I was passing the door about mid-day the odor of burning papers attracted my attention. I knew there were some old letters and documents of my poor dear father's in a great mahogany desk in the lumber-room, and I did not choose that any of these, valueless though they were, should be destroyed.

So I opened the door quietly and peeped into the room.

Yes; the big desk was open, and Richard was tossing out its contents into the grate where a handful of turf and wood burned cheerily. Just as I glanced in, my attention was riveted by what I saw.

As my brother removed the old papers and letters, he suddenly came upon a water-colored portrait, faded, frameless, partly torn. He was just about to toss it with the other papers on to the fire, when I uttered a sharp cry, fled across the room, and seized the irreverent arm of the spoliator.

"Richard," I gasped, "what are you doing? Did you look at that face?"

I snatched the torn portrait from him and gazed upon the features before me. It represented the sweet, sensitive face of a girl, a girl of about my own age, her beautiful, bright hair arranged in the fashion of

five-and-twenty years before, her blue-gray eyes gazing from the cardboard with almost a startling semblance of life.

For years I had not seen this portrait and had almost forgotten its existence. At one time it used to be hung in my father's room, and it was by his hand, most probably, that it had been removed and hidden away out of sight here. Why the frame had been taken away, I knew not.

My heart was full of love and sorrow as I again scrutinized the features, and I was horrified at the thought that, but for my chance entrance just now, this treasure would have been destroyed.

"What the mischief is all the row about anyway?" Richard demanded testily. "The thing's not worth preserving. It's a mere daub."

"Not worth preserving?" I echoed, and my voice sounded hollow and unnatural in my own ears. "Oh, Richard, this is worse than all! Do you mean to tell me that, knowing whom this represents, you would toss it upon the fire there, in cold blood?"

He started and a sudden odd pallor blanched his cheeks. His eyes shifted uneasily from mine. His thin lips twitched nervously.

"Speak out, Alice," he said hurriedly. "Confound this mystery! Who is the lady? I cannot say that I remember her just now; but, probably, the thing is faded out."

"The 'thing' — as you call it," was my reply, and now the tears started from my eyes — "is, I understand, one of the truest portraits of the time. The 'lady' whom you fail to remember, Richard, is your own mother and mine!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE FIGURES IN THE MOONLIGHT.

As I uttered these words I drew back and looked fixedly into Richard's face, a look beneath which he visibly quailed. He stooped forward in a flurried sort of way and gazed into the pictured face; but it seemed to me that this act was merely a cloak to cover his odd confusion of the moment, and that he really hardly saw the features before him.

"Oh, yes — yes — to be sure! How stupid of me — how very stupid — how brutal!" he said then, looking up with a ghastly little smile which caused me to shiver, why I knew not. "I remember now, of course. I remember all. It is so many years, you know, Alice, since I saw her, that — that at first, you know, and taken unawares, I failed to recognize the picture."

"Oh, as for our poor mother herself, you could hardly be expected to remember *her*," I said, in a low, distressed voice; "you were too young when she died. But this picture you ought to remember. It used to hang in poor papa's room, in a dark frame, in the corner near the bookshelf."

"Ah, yes, yes, yes! It all comes back to me. Ah, yes! — the

picture in the dark frame in the corner. I fancy I see it as it used to be!" he cried, a relieved look crossing his face, his voice losing its huskiness. "But where is the frame gone to? Shame! We must have it framed again. I am surprised at my father to" —

I held up my hand in deprecation. I could not listen to such words as these.

"Hush, Richard! No man living ever loved a wife more than your poor father loved his; no man living ever mourned for a wife more bitterly than *he* mourned. Her death broke his heart. I will take charge of this picture and get it newly framed."

I hastened away with my treasure ere he could utter another word. The little scene had strangely impressed me. Richard's utter forgetfulness of the face, in the first instance; then his look of confusion when I told him whom it represented; then his rapid transition to breathless concern for the missing frame, a concern which would call to account the acts of his dead father: — all these again passed before my thoughts and took root therein, and from that day forward I felt that my brother was still further removed from my sympathies and heart.

I told no one of this incident of my mother's picture; and one evening toward the end of March I decided to pay Father William a visit, and to commission him to send the water-color portrait to Cork, to be re-framed.

It was a brisk, dry, chilly evening, a "hard" evening, as we call such in the south, and the wind blew fresh and strong in my face as I sped across the hills, following the winding footway up the crag-side and down the slope, through the bog and along the glen, and every moment drawing nearer to our kindly *soggarth's* pretty old cottage.

Here it was at last, its white-washed walls looking bright and cheerful beneath the deep-eaved, golden-brown thatch; blue columns of turf-smoke curling up from its chimneys, the March wind whistling through the tall, hoary hawthorns which sheltered the cottage from the north and east.

The evening was closing in as I drew near to the house, and the ruddy glimmer of fire-light, from the small windows, was cheerful and inviting.

Dear old Mary Driscoll — kindest, most genial of Irishwomen — admitted me, and, in her impulsive way, flung her stout arms about me and kissed me on both cheeks.

"Yerra, my darling Miss Alice, what kep' you so long from us?" Mary cried, her rolling black eyes beaming upon me from her browned, gipsy face, a vivid scarlet kerchief knotted about her head and contrasting picturesquely (although — dear soul! — she never dreamed of that) with her blue-black, wavy hair. "Sure the priest do be often wondherin' at you — and you such a pet of his, too!"

I escaped from her arms at last, and surprised Father William in his sitting-room, where he was pacing up and down in the pleasant fire-light. He held out both hands to welcome me, then insisted upon my taking possession of his own old-fashioned arm-chair which he wheeled opposite the fire.

"This very moment I was thinking of you, my dear, and meditating upon a run over to Kildoona on to-morrow. I am so glad you come, child. Mary *asthore*, put down the kettle, and make a hot-cake, and be quick about it."

"Wisha, I will so, sir, an' welcome!" was Mary's prompt reply, "Mrs. M'Carthy's jug o'crame come to us just at the right moment, you see. It'll make a rale fine cake for Miss Alice."

"Oh, no; pray don't mind about me," I said at once. "I cannot remain long, Father William. I must get home before it grows dark."

"But we have a moon, or portion of one, these nights, my dear; and you need have no fears in any case; Jack Gow and my car will carry you home."

However, I would not allow this arrangement by any means, and by the time I had explained my business to my dear old friend, lo! in came Mary laden with a tea-tray, and I was forced to yield, and to partake of a delicious cream-cake which rivalled, I must confess, even Aunt Anne's master-pieces in that department of confectionery.

"Oh, Mary, this is worth remaining for," said I, highly to the satisfaction of the good woman. "But I am afraid you laid a heavy hand on the jug of cream."

"Yerra, an' sure what else is it for, child-a-grace!" cried Mary. "Sure, it isn't to put it up on a shelf and be lookin' at it, that Mrs. M'Carthy sent it down."

Well, we had a long, delightful chat over our tea and cake, Father William and I; and by the time I rose to go at last, I felt happier and brighter, more hopeful for the future, more resigned to the past troubles, than I had been for many a day gone by.

"Come over to me often, my dear," Father William said, as he came out with me to the tiny gate opening on to the mountain-road. "Your visits cheer me. I shall have the picture framed without delay."

The silver crescent of the moon hung low in the dark-blue heavens as I again climbed the mountain-side, on my homeward walk. It was a glorious night. All around me were the sleeping hills, lifting their rugged shoulders into the quiet, moonlit sky, long shadows lying across them here and there, and here and there the wan moonlight touching their spurs and summits with a gleam of silver. Down in the glens a white mist was rising, transforming the hollows into fairy lakes, and rolling upward, like silvered smoke along the hillsides. The stars twinkled merrily. The wind had died down since sunset, and now the silence was unbroken save for the croon of the mountain torrents, from lonely recesses of the hills, and the far-away moan of the Atlantic surge on the shore.

As I ascended higher the glorious plain of the sea flashed before me, like a line of burnished silver stretched across the pearly skies. Between me and that radiant plain were dark hills and glens, the leafless woods of Glengariffe, the rugged cliffs flanking the coast; and rising specturally to the westward were the tapering summits of Sugar-Loaf and Hungry Hill, and the dreamy outlines of other shaggy crests melting away almost impreceptibly into the misty radiance of the skies.

I walked more slowly, as I approached Kildoona. This wan, melancholy light, the silence and solitude of the scene around me, the stern solemnity of the hills, had stirred up the chords of memory, and I was going back mentally over dear dead days of old, when poor Marion and I had climbed these hills together, and sat for hours on the breezy heath-clad summits, gazing far away upon our loved, changeful sea.

And, further back still, I recalled the time when we three children — Marion, Richard, and myself — had roamed for miles and miles over the hills in the slumbrous August-tide, when the red-purple heath clothed royally the long slopes and ridges, and the bees hummed drowsily in the honey-scented bells, and the sky-larks filled the blue dome of heaven above with an unceasing flood of song.

Alas, alas, how everything was altered now! My lost sister! How I mourned for her on that night; and how keenly I appreciated the difference between the Richard of that past happy time and the Richard of the unhappy present.

Hush! what voices were these!

My thoughts were put to flight in a moment, and I stood still, listening intently. A spur of moss-covered rock projected here from the heath, and shut out from sight the winding foot-way which at this point took a sudden curve, as it rounded the abrupt slope of the hill.

The voices were so low that I could not at first distinguish or recognize them; but I judged that the speakers whoever they were must also be walking down the hill-path, in the direction of Kildoona.

Presently, however, one of the voices was raised a little, and, with a kind of shiver, I recognized the jarring tones of Randal Darragh. I could not, nor did I try to overhear the words; but the tone was surly, confident, and by no means respectful. The man seemed to be talking to one of his own especial associates, and one, moreover, whom he could bully at his own sweet will; for the short laugh which closed his speech was, to my ears at least, both insolent and cruel.

Judge my amazement, then, when Randal Darragh's companion, also lifting his voice a little, proved to be no other than my brother Richard himself!

Could I credit the evidence of my ears? I felt that there must be some mistake. And yet no; it was Richard's voice; not exactly the voice in which he usually addressed us at home, but a coarser, rougher variation of the same tones.

He spoke so as to suit his companion, I concluded; but that he, of all others, should remain in the society of Randal Darragh, should tolerate the uncloaked insolence, the coarse familiarity of Randal's words, was so incomprehensible to me that I stole rapidly nearer to the projecting spur and peeped around it, in the hope of finding that I was really mistaken, after all, and that Black Randal's companion was not my brother.

But there was no mistake. There in the moonlight were the two figures slowly descending the foot-way, Randal's hand placed on my brother's shoulder, his evil face fully revealed to me, as he spoke hurriedly, and apparently angrily, close to Richard's ear.

They almost faced me as they followed the bend of the hill-path below; and for a moment or two I watched from my unseen post of observation, a sickening feeling of dismay and terror creeping over me.

Then the blood leaped to my temples; my heart began to beat with indignation.

"What!" I cried — "and has it come to this? Has Richard so far forgotten himself as to associate familiarly with that wretch who is, at heart his bitter foe, and who, I am convinced, is, in some way or other, answerable for poor Marion's fate! Oh, shame, shame! This must not be. As yet I have not thought it necessary to warn Richard as to this ruffian's true character. I saw no necessity for such a warning. Now I will speak out at last!"

I fled down the hill and came up with the two men ere I had fully decided how to act, or what to say.

I caught my brother by the arm and pulled him back almost violently from Randal Darragh. In my own excitement, I scarce noticed for the moment the look of amazement and alarm which crossed Richard's face.

"Are you mad, Richard?" I cried, the words rushing impetuously from my quivering lips. "Do you know that this man who dares to speak to you in such tones is, in truth, your remorseless enemy, and a thorough scoundrel to the core?"

To be continued.

Conduct in the House of God.

"CATHOLICS who believe in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist, cannot show too much respect to the Temple of God."

1st. — Persons whilst in the church should avoid, as much as possible, coughing, expectorating, and all manner of unusual noise in getting into or leaving their seat.

2d. — They should be remarkably clean in their dress and in their person, and avoid the appearance of foppery or indiscretion.

3d. — They should look only on the altar or at the priest, and keep constantly in mind that it is to speak to God alone that they appear there.

4th. — All who can read should use their prayer-books, unless when meditation may be preferable.

5th. — Mothers who bring young children to church should keep them from distracting the devotions of grown persons when at prayer.

6th. — Catholics should be extra careful never to turn their back to the altar whenever the Blessed Sacrament is exposed; but to kneel in a respectful posture.

7th. — Acolytes serving at Mass should not be allowed to make the responses in a hurried manner, but in an edifying way.

8th. — Communicants should approach to and retire from the communion railing in a most respectful and reverent manner, and also to and from the Confessional in a similar recollected way.

9th. — It is an edifying sight to see the whole congregation stand up when the gospel and creed are read at Mass, and kneel in unison when the priest says — "and He was made man."

Gossip and Scandel Mongers.

Of all the evils of this life, there appears to be none so great, and so much to be shunned, as that of gossip, inasmuch the effects of it are so wide-spread, and disastrous to society, in general, and to individuals in particular. The love to talk, regardless of the feeling of others, also seems to be a growing evil, and woe to those who come under the displeasure of the parties who allow resentment to get the upper hand of prudence and Christianity. There are others, again, who do not require a stimulating cause to open the vials of wrath against the unoffending. It is only sufficient for them to be jealous of an individual, or even to have given a person cause to be displeased with them for remarks made, etc., — for the offending party to seem to take an unaccountable dislike to the innocent victim. A person would naturally suppose the reverse; but it seems not in many cases. Gossips and scandal mongers are more to be dreaded in society than the plague, or some contagious disease. Everything is contaminated that comes within the pestiferous breath of their evil presence. They are so much inflated with their own opinion of themselves, that they can see nothing good, pure, or worthy of esteem in others. The withering breath of gossip and scandal has caused the destruction of friendship once as firm as granite, and of love, which promised a future as enduring and as stable as truth, evaporate and turn to a life of sorrow and misery. Great crimes work great wrongs, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from the larger passions; but woful and most mournful are the uncatalogued tragedies that ensue from gossip, detraction, and scandal. What shipwreck is often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt-water of slander. So easy to say a thing, and yet so hard to disprove, throwing on the innocent all the strain of proving their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings of the serpent. Gossip, slander, and all kindred evils are the deadliest weapons man has ever forged for his brother's heart.

Catholic Visitor.

An American on Parnell.

He may make the struggle a long and ugly one; but is certain of defeat. He can never again lead a United Ireland, and at most can only prevent some one else from doing so. The Tory papers publish his speeches in full, and Tory members cheer him when he rises in the House of Commons. There is, perhaps, no actual alliance; but there is certainly a great sympathy between him and the Tory leaders. He has completely changed even in his manner. He is no longer the cool, self-reliant leader, but the boastful mischief-maker. He was so loved, so trusted, that it will take some time to destroy his influence. He has grown utterly reckless in his statements. Ireland has suffered much for loyalty as well as disloyalty. She supported Charles and brought upon her people the curse of Cromwell. She stood by James, and her children were slaughtered by William. She would even make a worse mistake if she failed to repudiate Parnell. But there is little fear of her doing so.

Col. John Atkinson in Detroit News.

Eminent Confederate Generals — I.

PATRICK CLEBURNE, MAJOR-GENERAL, C. S. A.

PAT. CLEBURNE, as he was familiarly called by his comrades in arms, was born ten miles west of the city of Cork, on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1828. His father was an eminent physician; the name of his mother, was Mary Anne Ronayne — hence his own name, Patrick Ronayne Cleburne. He was descended on the paternal side from old Tipperary stock, who settled in Ireland, in the time of Cromwell. Possessed of the typical Irish generosity and warm-heartedness, although Dr. Cleburne was a popular and successful physician, he accumulated very little of this world's goods; and, therefore, on the death of his father, Patrick was, at the early age of sixteen, apprenticed to a druggist in the town of Mallow, near Cork. Failing in an examination, that was required for his advancement in the drug business, and desiring a life more in consonance with his active and restless nature, Pat enlisted in the Forty-First Regiment of Infantry, then stationed at Dublin. Becoming soon weary of the dull and monotonous duties of soldier life in camp, young Cleburne, through the intervention of friends, succeeded in getting released from his regiment after which, accompanied by his sister Anne, and his brothers, William and Christopher, he sailed for this country, Nov. 11, 1849, and settled in Helena, Arkansas. Here, again, he engaged in the drug business, and by frugal habits, energy, and industry, managed to accumulate several thousand dollars. He then commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1854, forming a co-partnership with Judge L. H. Mangum, who was also of his staff during the war, and who has written a sketch of Cleburne's life, of great historical accuracy, and of the highest literary merit, to whom this writer returns his thanks for many of the facts and recitals herein contained.

This law partnership was formed about the year 1856. It may be remembered it was at this time that the celebrated and excited Know-Nothing contest against Democracy was at the height of its intensity. Cleburne was, of course, a bitter anti-Know-Nothing. With the fiery impetuosity of his people, with the deepest convictions of his ardent soul, he championed the cause of the Democratic party. Out of this contest grew an altercation with Dorsey Rice, in which Cleburne, while attempting to protect Gen. T. C. Hindman from undue interference of Rice's friends, was shot through the body by a brother of Rice. Cleburne then saw James Marrott, Rice's brother-in-law, about to fire, and although supposed to be mortally wounded himself, shot at Marrott, killing him instantly.

Cleburne was a very successful lawyer, a splendid and well-equipped advocate, and a man of phenomenal popularity. He was of the very highest type of unsullied manhood, of great probity and unimpeachable honor, with the modesty of a maiden, and the courage of Richard Cœur de Lion. "He was," writes one, "the most quiet of men, incapable of bravado, grand in the energy of his anger when aroused, quick as lightning of execution, and indifferent to all con-

sequences." About 1855, Helena was stricken with that terrible scourge, yellow-fever, and when others, panic stricken, fled in dismay, when mourning and the funeral cortege were daily the fate of her people, Cleburne stood at his post ministering to the sick, watching by the bedside of the dying, and burying the dead. He herein expressed for the people of the home of his adoption, the very consummation of love, "for greater love hath no man than this, that he would lay down his life for his friends." When the secession of Arkansas was declared, and with it came the sounding of war's alarm, Cleburne did not hesitate, but went where duty demanded, and where love and loyalty to his state wooed him. He promptly enlisted as a private soldier in a company known as the "Yell Rifles," composed of fighting material, superb in its declaration, to "do, dare, or die" for Arkansas and the South. In a short time he was made captain of this company, and when it became a constituent part of the First Arkansas Regiment Cleburne was recognized as the fittest to be made its commanding officer. Pat Cleburne was without family influence, without the wiles and intrigues that too frequently command promotion, without political endorsement, yet this son of old Erin at the very early age of thirty-five became major-general of the best equipped, the best disciplined, and the best fighting division of the Army of the West. "To my noble division and not to myself belong the praises for the deeds of gallantry you mention," wrote Cleburne with great humility to a lady friend, in answer to her letter of congratulation, on his expert leadership.

It is not the purpose of the writer to follow Cleburne from Corinth through Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, in all the battles in which he was engaged, nor to tell the story of his marches, countermarches, his victories, his one defeat, or to detail his position in each battle, how and when engaged; to show that his commanding officers, with unerring wisdom, selected him to lead the vanguard in advance, the rear-guard in retreat. Suffice it to say, he blazed a pathway to glory and immortal renown, by a generalship that gained for him the imperishable name of the "Stonewall Jackson of the Army of the Tennessee." At one time, he received a vote of thanks for "gallant and meritorious service," from the Confederate Congress. At another, he was promoted division commander, by the President of the Confederacy in person, thus demonstrating what has been so well said of him, by another, "History will take up his fame, and hand it down to time, for example, wherever a courage without a stain, a manhood without blemish, an integrity that knew no compromise, and a patriotism that withheld no sacrifice, are honored of mankind."

Patrick R. Cleburne in appearance was tall and angular, with hair originally black, prematurely becoming gray, with eyes a clear steel gray in color, usually cold in expression, save when twinkling with Irish humor, or fiercely blazing in moments of intense excitement. His manners were rather distant and reserved to strangers, but winning to friends. He had a heart easily touched by sorrow, and easily aroused to sympathy. On one occasion, a captured Federal officer, at Atlanta, was deprived, by a soldier, of his hat and blanket. Seeing his needy condition, Cleburne gave him his hat and his only

remaining pair of blankets. Cleburne had the fine old Irish brogue, as those who knew him well, remember in his command to "Forward, M-a-r-r-c-h.' He was well educated, of fine literary attainments, proud and sensitive, and, above all, a very Christian gentleman. He was noted for his accurate judgment of men, and his keen appreciation of their character and worth. He was a very strict disciplinarian, was trusted for his value, his worth, his high patriotism, and loved because the humblest of his followers knew well that his every heart beat was a wish for the good of his "noble division," and for the glory of his Southern home. His presence on the line could always be told by the Confederate cheer, which came down the column. In camp, he drilled in tactics, and gave lessons in military discipline to his brigade commanders. General Hardee, his intimate friend, writes: "Pat Cleburne heard the recitations of his brigade commanders, a quartette of lieutenants, worthy their great captain. The stately Granbery, as great of heart, as of fame, a noble type of the Texan soldier; Goran, true and brave, as he was gentle and courteous; Polk, young, handsome, dashing, and fearless; Lowry, the parson soldier, who preached to his men in camp and fought with them in the field." Cleburne taught this class, and through them, the men, for he recognized and appreciated the value and effectiveness of discipline. His division was composed of troops from Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas, Alabama, and Mississippi, and one regiment of Irishmen, who illustrated on every field the soldierly qualities of the sons of old Erin. This division, by request, was allowed the high privilege of fighting under its own especial banner, and wherever that was seen in the smoke of battle, friend and foe alike knew that the very air pulsated with death, for where Cleburne was, no masses of the enemy could break his lines; where that flag was seen, it carried with it the shout of victory. No matter how impetuous the attack, or fearful the odds, this division, led by its intrepid general, never failed to carry the opposing lines, save only once, and at that point, Pat Cleburne lay dead.

General Cleburne organized in his division an order formed after the style of the order of "Cincinnati," known as the "Comrades of the Southern Cross," which had for its purpose, not only the philanthropical work of relieving distress, and ministering to the sick and wounded, but he hoped, through its means, to unify the army in such a way, as that assured victory to the Southern cause would follow. He also, early in the action, suggested in an article, commended for its irresistible logic and reasoning, that the negro should be armed, should be made a soldier. This proposition was received, by the powers that then were, with adverse criticism and disfavor. Soon afterwards, but "too late," his views were approved by those in authority, and a futile attempt made for their practical execution. It has been stated that Cleburne's Division met with defeat nowhere, save at one point, the battle of Franklin. It is useless, at this late day, to discuss why that battle was fought, how it lay in the pathway of the Army of the Tennessee, who suggested it, who opposed, what its results, even had the fight been crowned with victory, or the consummation of the fond hopes of those who advised it. It has been fought. It commenced at

4 P. M., Nov. 30th, 1864. In a few short hours a division that had never met disaster was nearly crushed by defeat; in that short time, the Angel of Death wooed and won the very flower of the Army of Tennessee. When its storm cloud had sadly and silently drifted by, when the smoke of battle had blended with the skies, when the shouts of the advancing squadrons were hushed and lost in the wail of death,— with one accord, with one voice, tremulous with emotion, with eyes bedimmed by tears, all sought for the missing Pat Cleburne. A rumor came that he had been captured. Each heart beat high with anxiety through the watches of that mournful night. At dawn of day, in advance of his own noble division, was found Pat Cleburne, shot to death with face to the foe. No man saw him fall, or heard his last command. A people wept, and in that weeping, old Erin stood beside his bier, claiming him as her gallant son; while the South mourned deeply the untimely fate of him who died for her. Had he lived, he would, in a short time, have led to the altar a Southern belle and beauty. To her, his sorrowing comrades sent the benedictions of his beautiful life, his heroic death, and his soldier sword. They carried his remains to a grand old homestead, near that beautiful City of the Dead, where, while riding by, Cleburne had so recently said, "It would not be hard to die, if one could be buried in such a spot as this," and here he was finally laid to rest. Miss Naomi Polk, niece of ex-President Polk, placed on his flag-covered coffin these beautiful lines, as a token from the women of the South:

"Fare thee well, departed chieftain!
Erin's land sends forth a wail:
And oh, my country sad laments thee
Passed so soon through death's dark vale.
Blow, ye breezes, gently o'er him
Fan his brow with perfumed breath,
'Waken not his peaceful slumbers
Cleburne sleeps the sleep of death.
Rest, thee, Cleburne: tears of sadness
Flow from hearts thou'st nobly won.
Memory ne'er will cease to cherish
Deeds of glory thou hast done."

In 1869, his remains were removed by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Phillips County, Arkansas, to Helena, his first and only home in America, the spot he loved next to that, where near Cork, in old Ireland, he was born, and where he buried his father and mother. Over his ashes no great monument towers aloft — no soldier in bronze keeps watch, but his memory lives in the hearts of a faithful and grateful people, and will live, so long as our children are taught that deeds of gallantry and daring are worthy their highest admiration. A simple slab, bearing the following inscription, now marks the place of his last sleep:

"MAJOR-GENERAL P. R. CLEBURNE,
of the
CONFEDERATE ARMY.
Born in County Cork, Ireland.
Killed at the battle of Franklin,
November 30th, 1864."

A Useful Institution.

A TRIPLE wedding was recently solemnized in Paris at the Church of St. Philippe de Roule, the facts connected with it being extremely curious. The three brides are the wards of a Felix Deleuze, a gentleman of fortune, who, being left a widower and childless some twelve years ago, adopted sixteen orphan girls, whom he installed in his fine house of the Rue Rabelias under the care of a suitable staff of governesses and servants, and had carefully educated, under his own immediate supervision. The young women have now arrived at woman's estate; two were married last year, and two more have entered religion; three were married on Sunday, their nine younger companions acting as bridesmaids. M. Deleuze entitles himself the guardian of the girls, and so far has not legally adopted any one among them, so that in the matter of the final disposal of his fortune he is free to act as he chooses. Each girl is presented on her marriage, or her entry into the convent, with eight hundred pounds and an excellent trousseau, and as no expensive and luxurious tastes have been inculcated, they are likely to make suitable wives for middle-class husbands, such as those which have been selected for them. This seems to be sound philanthropy, and if some other rich men and women who lack an interest in life, and have only themselves to think of, would put a similar idea into practice, many a young life might be made happy and prosperous. Mlle. Dosne in the great work she has undertaken goes some steps higher. The home she has instituted for young men of brilliant attainments — the Thiers Institution — provides leisure for study during three years for those who are fortunate enough to gain admission to it (a favor which they must owe to their own industry and abilities in the first place), is an admirable foundation, in all points worthy of the great man whose name it bears.

James Lane Allen.

THE author of The White Cowl and of Sister Dolorosa comes out in the May Century in self-defence, says the Catholic News. The world moves on. It is something gained that such a writer feels it necessary to exculpate himself before the public. Catholic criticism has told, and he makes a labored defence of himself in two columns of small type. The White Cowl and Sister Dolorosa, with their inflated, bombastic, sentimental, mock-heroic style, were certainly bad enough. They were very heavy reading, but his plain prose! Neither goods nor stationery will stand it. Mr. Allen might have made an apology to ladies whom he had grossly insulted; but he does not. He lets us see, however, that he was prompted by a spirit of revenge. The Sisters on Commencement Day did not invite him to dinner! If the good Sisters, with the fine inerrancy of a lady's instinct, saw that the poor man lacked the essential attributes of a gentleman, we can only pity him. Another part of his defence is queer enough. He cites the average French novelist as the type of a good Catholic! Are we to

take him at his word and consider Protestant bishops and clergymen in this country — Bishop Potter, Bishop Newman, Bishop Vincent and the rest — whom we may consider as samples of good Protestants, to be in reality of no higher morality than Zola, Eugene Sue, the Dumas? Is this his standard of a good Protestant? Unfortunately the man who boasts of being a good Catholic is generally a very bad one. You may be sure he has not made his Easter Communion. If he swears that he is as good a Catholic as the Pope, you can be certain that he is a Protestant at heart, has mocked religion for years and is steeped in sin. Mr. Allen's stories have been reprinted by the house which put Maria Monk on the market.

Death of Susi, a Faithful Colored Man.

On May 6, an humble black man, whose name was in every newspaper a few years ago, died in Zanzibar. He was Susi, well known as the faithful servant of Dr. Livingstone, who, during the last years of that great man's wanderings in Central Africa, was ever at his side, and to whose fidelity and devotion Dr. Livingstone pays more than one eloquent tribute in his Last Journals. It was Susi and another faithful comrade who entered the hut in which their master breathed his last, and found him on his knees with his head bent over his lowly couch, still in death. They decided to take his body fifteen hundred miles, much of the way through hostile country, and restore it to his friends in England. The world knows with what skill and courage they performed this mission. They first embalmed the body, so that they were able to transport it over the long road. They buried his heart under a tree near the hut where he had died, and paid the native chief to keep the spot where they had buried the precious relic in good order. They carried the body through Ugogo, where it was a crime punishable by death to transport human remains through the country. During this perilous part of the way they were compelled to make the package containing the body resemble a bundle of merchandise. The Wagogo were content with opening two or three packages which looked exactly like that in which the body was encased, and, seeing nothing contraband, they permitted the little expedition to go its way. Thus it happens that the remains of Dr. Livingstone lie to-day in Westminster Abbey. Susi was thanked by vote of Parliament, and received a handsome and substantial recognition from the Queen and British Government for his faithfulness and devotion to Livingstone.

Watch Glasses.

It is interesting to know something of the details and labor connected with the production of these handy adjuncts to the laboratory. The glass is blown into a sphere about a meter in diameter, sufficient metal being taken to give the required thickness, as the case may be. Disks are then cut out from this sphere with the aid of a pair of compasses having a diamond at the extremity of one leg. There is a knack in detaching the disk after it has been cut. A good workman will cut six thousand glasses in a day.

Christian Doctors.

I.

"WHERE there are three doctors, there are two atheists," say the Italians. And the truth is, the medical profession, more than any other, seems to expose its members to the danger of moral and religious shipwreck. Constant familiarity with human misery and weakness blunts their sense of awe and reverence. The two great mysteries of life, birth to-day and death to-morrow; the entrance into the world of a living soul and its final passage into eternity, cease after a while to impress the man of the test tube and the scalpel. These events are for him merely occasions to display his skill and experience. They do not speak to him of God, and the immortality of souls, of the nothingness of man and the greatness of the Creator. Or if they do he feels inclined to put these thoughts out of his head, as likely to disturb his judgment and weaken his nerves. Chemistry he knows, and the effects of some few drugs on the human compound; the use of the knife he is familiar with; but the influence of faith, and of prayer on his own skill and on his patient's condition, the possibility of help and suggestion from supernatural sources, he rarely thinks of. These are not merely negligible quantities in his practice, they are entirely outside his life. And this is true of many who, nevertheless, practice their religion. What must be the result in the case of doctors who have no faith, whose entire training has been in materialistic and infidel hands?

II.

Now though it be true, to borrow the rule laid down by Saint Ignatius of Loyola for the conduct of life, that "in all things we must act as if God did not exist, and as if we were entirely dependent on ourselves," we should not forget the second part of the same rule, that we must at the same time "act as if everything depended on God, and as if we were for nothing in the work we have in hand." *All healing is from God*, says the wise man.* . . . *The Most High hath created medicines out of the earth.* . . . *The virtue of these things is come to the knowledge of men, and the Most High hath given this knowledge to men that He may be honored in his wonders. The Lord created the Physician.* To ignore God then in the practice of the healing art, to shut one's eyes to the continual intervention of His special Providence, is folly.

III.

Where this spirit goes farther and becomes, as it were, a system, influencing the views of the physician, and ruling his practice, it is not only folly, it becomes a clear menace to society and to religion. What sense of responsibility can we expect in a doctor, who practically denies the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the dignity of

* Ecclesiasticus xxxviii.

human nature? Pain is, in his view, a pure and unadulterated evil. To alleviate pain is with him a first principle. Does it cost innocent life to do this? What matters it that a soul is hurried into eternity without Baptism, and so shall never see God? Will it cause a sinner, who has spent long years far from God, to sink into a stupor from which only the searching light that surrounds the tribunal of the Eternal Judge will arouse him? What matters it? The man dies peacefully and quietly. The animal has been ministered to. The immortal soul has been damned perhaps: but the doctor goes his way satisfied. Perhaps it is question of gaining quick results, of satisfying a patient at any cost. Stimulants, disguised perhaps, but deadly still, will effect this. What matters it, that the patient, for the sake of immediate relief, is induced into habits which will finally cloud his life and cause him to sink into a dishonored grave? This is only one side of the evil which doctors, whose responsibilities sit lightly on them, may inflict on the world. What, might we not add, on the influence of such men on public and private morality?

IV.

Greatly then do we need to pray for Christian doctors. We need men not inferior in attainments to the best; men who can speak with authority to their professional brethren. We need them to leaven the mass. Already in one of our large cities a movement has been set on foot among the Catholic physicians, to induce promising Catholic young men to take up the study of medicine. God grant that this action of theirs may prove successful. The good they will do is incalculable; for great as is the power of the medical faculty for evil, greater far is its influence for good.

Indeed it is not without deep significance that our Blessed Lord is called the Physician of Souls, or that He pointed out the parallelism between His work among men and that of the doctor. "*They that are whole*," He said to the carping Pharisees, "*need not the physician, but they that are sick.** The physician and the priest stand side by side. Birth, life, and often a happy death, depend much on the skill and the conscience of the doctor, and, let us hasten to add, on his friendship with God. Heavier responsibilities were never laid on human shoulders.

And if we take him out of the sick-room and put him in the laboratory, what service may he not render the cause of truth, that is, of Jesus Christ. To watch the tactics of the open enemies of religion and revelation; to follow them step by step in the researches and experiments on which they rely to disprove and dethrone God; to point out their fallacies and misrepresentations of facts; to put himself in the van of discovery and to force the world to see that truth cannot be opposed to truth, that the God Who *created medicines out of the earth* and *gave the knowledge of them* to men, is the same God Who *at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets; and last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by His Son, Whom he hath appointed heir of all things.*† One and the same is the

* St. Luke v. 31. † Hebrews i. 1.

God of Science and the God of Revelation, and between these two there can be no conflict.

Let us then, Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart, pray fervently that in view of the pressing needs of the world and of souls, and in view of the interests of the Church, God may raise up a generation of truly learned and truly Christian doctors.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship, and especially for the increase of learned and practically Christian doctors. *Amen.*

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The Idleness of Girls.

A GREAT mistake that many of our girls are making, and that their mothers are either encouraging or allowing them to make, is that of spending their time out of school in idleness or in frivolous amusements, doing no work to speak of, and learning nothing about the practical duties and the serious cares of life. It is not only in the wealthier families that girls are growing up indolent and unpractised in household work; indeed, I think that more attention is paid to the industrial training of girls in the wealthier families than in the families of mechanics and people in moderate circumstances, where the mothers are compelled to work hard all the while.

"Within the last week," says one of my correspondents, "I have heard two mothers, worthy women in most respects, say, the first, that her daughter never did any sweeping. Why, if she wants to say to her companions, 'I never swept a room in my life,' and takes any comfort in it, let her say it; and yet that mother is sorrowing much over the shortcomings of that very daughter. The other said she would not let her daughter do anything in the kitchen. Poor, deluded woman! She did it all herself instead!"

The habits of indolence and of helplessness that are thus formed are not the greatest evils resulting from this bad practice; the selfishness that it fosters is the worst thing about it. How devoid of conscience, how lacking in all true sense of tenderness or even of justice a girl must be who will thus consent to devote all her time out of school to pleasuring, while her mother is bearing all the heavy burdens of the household. And the foolish way in which mothers themselves sometimes talk about this, even in the presence of their children, is mischievous in the extreme. "Oh, Hattie is so absorbed with her books, or her crayons, or her embroidery that she takes no interest in household matters, and I do not like to call upon her." As if the daughter belonged to a superior order of beings, and must not soil her hands or ruffle her temper with necessary housework. The mother is the drudge; the daughter is the fine lady for whom she toils. No mother who suffers such a state of things as this can preserve the respect of her daughter, and the respect of her daughter no mother can afford to lose.

The result of all this is to form in the minds of many gifted girls not only a distaste for labor, but a contempt for it, and a purpose to avoid it as long as they live by some means or other.

There is scarcely one letter I have received which does not mention this as one of the chief errors in the training of our girls at the present day. It is not universal, but it is altogether too prevalent. And I want to say to you, girls, that if you are allowing yourselves to grow up with such habits of indolence and such notions about work, you are preparing for yourselves a miserable future.

Fault-Finding.

Don't get in the habit of it. It's the easiest thing to do and the hardest thing to stop in the wide, wide world. It ruins your temper and spoils the shape of your mouth. Try and see the good, rather than the disagreeable, in the people and your surroundings. You wouldn't go into a friend's house and find fault with what she does, and with what she has, and her ways of living; what right have you, then, to find fault with those who are more than friends to you — the people of your own blood? If there is a grace that we are all stingy with, it is that of giving praise, and yet it is one with which we ought to be lavish. Why should you tell your friend that her bonnet is becoming, when you have never said as much to your sister? Why should you go out to tea and praise your neighbor's muffins when you have forgotten to tell mother how good hers were? Why should you announce how much Mr. Wilson, over the way, knows, when father is a great deal better-informed man, and it has never entered your little head to whisper quietly to him how much you appreciate his wisdom? You keep your ability to discover faults for the home, while the eye that should look for virtues is closed tightly until you go out.

Don't wait until some one has gone from you to tell of their virtues. Don't wait until sister is far away in another land to tell her how helpful, how pretty, or how courteous she is; and don't wait until the weary hands are crossed, and the long sleep has come, before you make mother know what a beautiful blue are her eyes, how tender is her heart, and how dearly you love her. Tell it all now — now, when the walk through life is hard, and the sunshine of praise is yearned for to brighten it, and to warm and encourage the pilgrim by the wayside.

A Drunkard's Will.

A Dying inebriate in Oswego, N. Y., left his last will and testament: "I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that will rot. I leave to my parents as much sorrow as they can in their feeble state bear. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much shame and mortification as I could bring on them. I leave to my wife a broken heart — a life of shame. I leave to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character, and a remembrance that their father filled a drunkard's grave. For drunkards to read when they have time."

St. Aloysius.

TER-CENTENARY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOR many weeks preparations had been on foot for the magnificent solemnization of the ter-centenary of St. Aloysius at the church in Washington dedicated to him. The zealous pastors and their worthy parishioners left nothing undone to render the celebration one of unusual splendor, and the festival marked a new era in many lives; for their exertions were not confined to matters of outward pomp, but a rich harvest of spiritual grace was reaped by those so happy as to take part in the solemn Triduums which preceded the great day; and thousands approached the sacraments at the early Masses.

By ten o'clock on Sunday morning, June 21, an immense crowd had already gathered in front of the parochial residence, for it had been announced that the front doors would remain closed until the arrival of the procession. The pew holders and others holding tickets entered through the sacristy doors and rapidly filled the body of the church. At a few minutes before half past ten the first notes of the orchestra announced the approach of the procession. The acolytes, clergy, and Cardinal filed into the Sanctuary, and the students of Gonzaga and Georgetown Colleges, and the Young Men's Catholic Club occupied chairs immediately in front of the Sanctuary railing. The Cardinal wore the *cappa magna*, a magnificent red silk robe supported by six train bearers. Right Rev. Leo Haid, O.S.B., of North Carolina, a stately man, with a heavy black beard and a deep sonorous voice celebrated Pontifical High Mass; and Right Rev. John J. Keane, rector of the Catholic University, preached. The choir, assisted by a full orchestra, rendered Hummell's Mass, and as the strains of music floated through the perfume-laden air, every heart was impressed with the beauty and solemnity of the surroundings.

The pride and glory of the church is a beautiful altar-piece representing St. Aloysius receiving his First Communion from the hands of St. Charles Borromeo. The painting is the work of Brumidi; it represents the young prince kneeling upon a cushion, in front of St. Charles who is holding the Blessed Sacrament in his hand, and is just stooping down to give it to the kneeling child. His parents kneel at a *prie-dieu*, a short distance behind him. The child is dressed in a magnificent suit of cloth of gold, and wears a blue velvet mantle lined with ermine; the other personages represented also wear costumes appropriate to the grand occasion. The figures are from life; it is said that the beautiful wife of Stephen A. Douglas sat as a model for the Princess Gonzaga, and the stately form of St. Charles Borromeo was painted from a former pastor, while the little saint himself was personated by an altar boy with an angelic face.

The main altar was decorated with growing palms, pure-white flowers, and a profusion of lights; small colored lights shone like gems from the frame of the great painting and around the tabernacle. The shield of the Gonzaga family in *immortelles* was suspended high above

the reredos around whose pillars were twined the papal colors, which also streamed in graceful festoons from every part of the ceiling. The sanctuary doors were draped with white lace curtains, covered with delicate trailing vines.

The Sacred Heart altar on the gospel side was a marvel of beauty and artistic skill. Rich crimson curtains were draped about the large altar-piece, a beautiful picture of the Good Shepherd bearing a lamb on his shoulders. In front of this was a fine statue of the Sacred Heart, above which was an arch bearing in gas-jets the inscription "The Kingdom Come," surmounted by a heart. A bank of white flowers, in the centre of which was a Sacred Heart in crimson geranium blossoms, rose on either side of the figure of our Lord, while the altar below was one gorgeous mass of roses, carnations, and other brilliant blossoms among which waved the green leaves of palms, while the light of the tapers shone here and there like twinkling stars.

The Blessed Virgin's altar has a fine painting of the Assumption and a statue of the Immaculate Conception. White lace curtains draped over blue, formed the frame-work of the shrine of Our Lady, while masses of white flowers, carnations, and rosebuds covered the altar. At one side was the shrine of St. Aloysius, surmounted by a marble bust of the saint. In front of the pedestal was a handsome golden reliquary containing the precious relics. On either side rose tall, graceful callas and other flowers of purest white, while masses of water-lilies nestled about the base of the shrine. Above hung the banner of St. Aloysius prepared by the Sisters of Notre Dame. On one side of this, framed in crimson satin ornamented with gold, is a picture of the saint in the attitude of prayer, holding in his hands a crucifix. On the reverse are the arms of the Gonzaga family painted on white satin, draped with crimson and white of the costliest material, heavily embroidered and ornamented with gold.

The body of the church was hung with the papal colors, caught up with rosettes of red, white, and blue; on the pilasters were shields bearing the seals of the Gonzaga family, the Holy Father, the Cardinal, and the Society of Jesus, with their appropriate banners. Over the centre of the gallery railing were a very handsome papal flag and an American flag, beneath which was hung a picture of the saint, brought from Rome.

Bishop Keane's presence is familiar to every Washington congregation, and he has only to ascend the pulpit to enchain the undivided attention of his audience. He chose for his text words from the inspired canticle of the Blessed Virgin: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed, for He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name," and began by saying that the sweet mother of Jesus would not object to his applying these words to this dearly beloved child of hers, whose life and character they so beautifully sum up. He spoke of the angelic purity and sweetness of St. Aloysius, and sketched his life; but he dwelt especially upon the more heroic virtues of his character, his firmness, his boldness in rebuking sin, his patience in suffering, and his constancy under contradiction;

and he said that the sweetness beaming from his countenance did but betoken the calm after the storm, the peace won by a hard fought conflict.

The Bishop said that we need a model not only of amiability and patience but of heroic constancy, and this we find in the humble young scholastic who, three hundred years ago, in the Jesuit novitiate at Rome, gave up his pure soul to God. The age we live in is threatened with terrible evils. Public morals must be purified, the standards of public life must be elevated; and this can be done by individuals uniting for the good of country. Our battle cry must be the same as that of Ignatius and Aloysius, "All for the greater glory of God," and it is only by seeking first the will of God that we shall truly serve our country.

At the conclusion of the morning services, the visiting clergy, bishops, and Cardinal, with a few other invited guests, dined at the pastoral residence. In the afternoon the children of the parish were consecrated to St. Aloysius. Father Campbell, S. J., Provincial, preached a splendid sermon in the evening, and there was a reception into the Junior Sodality and the League of the Sacred Heart. This beautiful ceremony made a fitting close to a day which will ever be memorable in the annals of St. Aloysius' Church. AGNES HAMPTON.

St. Aloysius Gonzaga and Emperor William II. Distantly Connected.

IT seems curious to trace a blood-relationship between the gentle and humble St. Aloysius Gonzaga and the militant Kaiser William II. who is very much *en evidence* at the present moment. Yet this has just been done by a German Jesuit, Father Friederich Schroeder, who in a recent life of the saint shows that he was, indeed, a connection of the House of Brandenburg. In the Camera degli Sposi of the old ancestral castle at Mantua is a splendid life-like fresco of Andrea Mantegna. This represents a family group, of extreme beauty in coloring, composition, and drapery. The central figure, seated in an arm-chair and handing a letter to a servant, is Ludovico III., surnamed "Il Turco," second Marquis of Mantua, the founder of the House of Gonzaga di Castiglione, and grandfather of Ferrato I., first Marquis of Castiglione and Father of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. The dignified matron in the middle of the fresco is Ludovico's wife, a daughter of John Hohenzollern, surnamed "The Alchemist," and granddaughter of Frederick VI., first Markgraf and Prince Elector of Brandenberg, as well as niece of the gallant Prince Elector Albert Achilleo (1414–1486), to whom William II. lately made pointed reference in one of his speeches. It will thus be seen that the great-grandmother of St. Aloysius was a Hohenzollern. Father Schroeder remarks that certain traits of the early life of St. Aloysius indicate that he was by no means deficient in the brave and fearless spirit of his ancestors, and that he had in him the stuff of which so many warlike Gonzagas and Brandenburgers were made. "If he renounced so splendid a career it was by no means through fear of the world, but rather through love and enthusiasm for the religious

ideal which at all times must accompany warlike heroism in the life of man, if it is to be worthy of the highest ends. The race of the Brandenburgs must not be ashamed of their Jesuit cousin, who sacrificed his young life in the service of the plague-stricken, and who for three hundred years has been honored by all Catholic youth as the model of a holy and unstained life." London Tablet.

The Parnell-O'Shea Case.

THE cable telegraph brings us the intelligence that, on Thursday, June 25th, Charles Stewart Parnell was married by the official Registrar, at a little sub-registry office, in the village of Steyning, in Sussexshire, England, to Mrs. O'Shea, the recently divorced wife of Captain O'Shea, the plaintiff in the proceedings in the London Divorce Court. The so-called marriage was conducted with the utmost privacy, the only witnesses to it being two female domestics of Mrs. O'Shea, with the Registrar and his subordinate. In order to keep the matter still more secret, the Registrar removed to London his official record, in which the fact of the marriage, as well as the attesting signatures of the parties, should, according to law, be open to public inspection; but all these precautions were unavailing against the activity of the newspaper reporters. And, now, Mr. Parnell and his newly made spouse have acknowledged the fact of the marriage, the reason assigned by Mr. Parnell for its taking place before such an official as the Registrar being that — though both the contracting parties were Protestants — he could not get a Protestant minister in London to perform the ceremony, but that such a ceremony would be gone through hereafter.

This so-called marriage disposes forever of any idea that may have been entertained by even the most enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Parnell that he could have entered a defence in the O'Shea divorce suit, in which he was made the corespondent. It is a virtual confession of judgment, from which there is no escape; and that ends the discussion, as far as the moral aspect of the case is concerned. English society — the rules of which appear to be propounded on the system practised by Dermod MacMorrough and continued by Henry the Eighth — both of infamous memory — may regard such offences as being adequately condoned and obliterated by such an empty ceremonial as that gone through at Steyning; but, in Ireland, where, even in the time of our pagan ancestors, female purity and the sanctity of the domestic circle were esteemed treasures to be protected and defended at every sacrifice, no such doctrine will be accepted by those who are the real representatives of our people. Those of our American contemporaries that give publicity to the empty speculations of their correspondents, to the effect that, now, all difficulty about the leadership of the Irish people has been got rid of, know nothing of the feelings and convictions of our people. The Irish people are intensely Catholic; and the Catholic Church does not recognize the English (or to speak more correctly, the pagan-Gothic) theory of divorce. Sooner than tolerate the foisting on society of that theory, the Church submitted to the withdrawal from

her acknowledged authority of the whole territory of England and most of the North German states. The Irish people stood firmly by the Church in this controversy, which, for them, was speedily converted from a moral into a political issue. They steadily refused to acknowledge the legitimacy of Elizabeth, and were outlawed, plundered, and persecuted accordingly during the reign of that royal virago, who, herself, virtually admitted that they were right by refusing to marry, for she knew that no offspring of hers could inherit the throne of England without dispute; and she, also, on her death-bed, confessed judgment against her own claim to legitimacy, by naming as her rightful successor James the Sixth of Scotland, whose mother, Mary Queen of Scots, Elizabeth had murdered, because she knew that the Scottish Queen was the true heir to the crown of England. With such historical recollections crowding upon them, supplemented by others that come equally home, it is not likely that any section of the Irish people will be induced to regard with favor this recent action. Mr. Parnell, in our view, has lessened his standing with them instead of rehabilitating him, as the empty phraseology of the newspaper writers terms it. The dispatches state that he intends to visit the United States during the coming autumn. Should he do so he will be received with all the honor due to one who, in the past, has done good service in the cause of his country, which should never be forgotten; but, as the leader of the Irish race he once was he never again can stand before the world. That distinction he has bartered for a woman who is dishonored by her own acknowledgment; and no amount of factional effort can replace him in the high position he thus vacated. It is one of the canons of our ancient race that the white wand of chieftainship, once broken, can never be repaired or made again effective, and the rule is not going to be set aside now to please the vanity of a man who proved to be weak in the hour when strength was most needed, or the whim of one of the race of the enemy, who looks on our people, as all her kindred have done, as only a footstool for her ambition.

Irish American, New York.

Sudden and Unprovided Death.

THE Catholic News: This is the season when sudden deaths are reported from all sides. No one should hear Mass without offering a special prayer for all and every one to be called away by a sudden death that it may not be an unprovided one. The deadly sunstroke has its long list of victims; the gay and laughing bathers and swimmers not unfrequently gather in sorrow around a drowned member of the group, a few minutes before full of life; our reckless haste in travel, our indiscriminate system of eating in hot weather, careless use of fowling pieces, boating and other forms of amusement all have death lurking near. We Catholics are from the cradle trained to keep the hour of our death in mind, but in this season it is especially necessary to do so. Live prepared, that if death come suddenly, you be not unprovided.

Sufferings of a Bishop in China.

THE Right Rev. John Anzer, bishop of the Shantung district, in Northern China, sailed on the *City of Peking* the other day for the Orient, says the San Francisco Chronicle. He is returning to China after an important mission to Germany, where Emperor William heard his statement of affairs in his district, and his plea for the protection by Germany of the Catholic missionaries in the Shantung district. A Chronicle reporter interviewed the bishop on the steamer's deck a few minutes before it sailed. "While travelling from village to village in the Shantung district, I preached one afternoon in a place of fully one thousand people. While conducting the services I was roughly seized by four big Chinese and borne to a place outside the gates of the town. A large crowd followed my captors. When a spot was reached that suited them they put me down. The leader of the party informed me that the people in his town wanted me to promise that I would go away and preach no more. The man said that Shantung was the birthplace of Confucius, and was the holy land of China, and that no missionaries were wanted. I refused to go away, so they hung me up to the limb of a tree by my cue — in China we missionaries follow the style and dress of the country in every particular — so when my cue was tied to the tree I hung by my hair, part of which was pulled out by the roots. All the protests I made against this treatment were of no avail, and I was powerless to protect myself. Not satisfied with dangling me in the air, they took my clothes off and whipped and beat me at intervals from three to nine P. M. The pain was excruciating, and there was no escape from my tortures. One man, with a leather whip, lashed me; another occasionally struck me on the head, neck, and shoulders with a flat club, until my face bled and the blood ran down and dried on my body; still another tickled and struck the soles of my feet until my mind wandered. At one time I lost consciousness for a little while. About 8.30 o'clock the people came out from the town in crowds to witness my punishment, and my tormentors renewed their fiendish work, with great vigor. Some one cried out to burn me, and a pile of fagots was arranged for my benefit; but before it was lit sympathy from some source was found for me, and the wood was not set on fire. So weak and helpless had I become that when the bell rang at nine o'clock for the people to go inside the town I was left for dead. A forest was near, and I heard some one say in Chinese: 'Let us leave him here for the wild beasts to devour.' Another wanted to cut off one of my legs and take it away with him. After I was left alone I became unconscious. But I had a friend who had hidden himself away, and after the people had left me he came to my assistance. As I could move neither hand nor foot he carried me to a place of safety, where the mandarin found me and had me taken to his house and treated by his own doctor. Had I died, the mandarin would have been beheaded, which is according to the law of China when a missionary is put to death without cause in a mandarin's district."

Foreigners and the Church in America.

OUTSPOKEN COMMENTS OF ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

THE memorial of European Catholic emigration societies, which was recently taken from Lucerne to the Pope by Herr Cahensley, and which advocated the following of distinct national lines in the work among immigrants in America, has attracted great attention and widespread editorial comment in the United States. In all parts of the country protests are uttered against it as an intolerable scheme of foreign interference. The clearly indicated object of the scheme is, it is said, to surround Catholic emigrants from Europe with the distinctive foreign influences and ideas of the country from which they come, and to isolate them, as far as possible, from all associations or influences which would be likely to Americanize them. In other words, the Americans believe that the object is to keep German immigrants and their descendants forever Germans, the Italians forever Italians, and build up in the United States a multitude of petty nationalities divided by race and religion from their fellow-citizens, and imbued with an alien spirit of race clannishness, which, if not positively hostile to American institutions, would hold American interests subordinate to those of their native land.

It is not considered likely that the Pope will give this scheme the aid or encouragement which is expected. The Catholic Church, it is pointed out in the press, has been doing very well in America without the interference of the propagandists of foreignism; and it has got along very well because the Catholic Hierarchy in the States have understood a great deal better what was necessary to advance the interests of the Catholic Church in America than these foreign societies, which have undertaken to usurp the jurisdiction of the Catholic clergy of America, and to assume the direction of their local administrations.

Forty years ago the American people generally, inheriting the deep-seated prejudices, if not all the intolerant spirit of their Puritan ancestors, were imbued with a profound distrust of the Catholic Church. It has been owing to the wise policy and the untiring endeavors of the Catholic clergy of the United States that these prejudices have disappeared, and that it has become apparent to the Protestant people of America that a man may at once be a good Catholic and a patriotic American citizen. Catholics who have poured into the States during the last forty years have been, as a general rule, moulded in the spirit of American institutions. They have become good and loyal American citizens.

The result has been that the Catholic Church has made more stupendous advances in the States than in any other country on the globe. It has grown not only strong in numbers, but strong in position and influence among the religious denominations of the country. The Catholic immigration societies of Europe have, it is believed by the American people, undertaken to undo the great work which has been accomplished by the Catholics of America, — to arrest this distinctively American form of Catholic development.

Archbishop Ireland Interviewed.

His Grace Archbishop Ireland, interviewed on this subject by a representative of the press, said: So far as Mr. Cahensley, the bearer of the Lucerne petitions and decrees to the Vatican, and his friends and co-laborers are concerned, they have a well-defined object in view, and they mean to work for it with might and main. It is to harness the Church in America into the service of recently arrived immigrants from Germany, other Catholic interests in the country being apparently looked upon as quite secondary. Some of their demands are quite admissible in themselves, although it is no business of people in Lucerne to make them such as German parishes and German schools for German-speaking Catholics; in addition, however, to these they desire German priests for all parishes in which there are German Catholics mingled with others, German bishops charged with the exclusive care of Germans, or if exclusive German jurisdictions cannot be tolerated, then a number of foreign bishops in the regular Episcopal Sees.

Their demands are based on the supposition that the bishops and priests of America are Irish, and neglect the Germans. Mr. Cahensley calls for a reversal of what he imagines to be the case, and by clear implication asks that the Irish be put in charge of German bishops and priests. We have to note here the actual or assumed ignorance of Mr. Cahensley as to the condition of German-speaking Catholics in America. In asserting that they are neglected, he does most positive injustice to the bishops of the country, whose constant effort has been and is to provide for all Catholics of foreign tongues priests of their own nationality. There is a singular malice, too, in his attempt to represent the Catholic Church in America as Irish. It were easier for him to succeed in a dispute between Irish and Germans than in one between Americans and Germans.

As a matter of fact, the bishops born in Ireland are few in the American Hierarchy, and those few have spent nearly all their lives in America, and are thoroughly identified with the country and its institutions. The bishops of America are in heart and soul Americans. They have no more idea of making the Church Irish than they have of allowing it to be made German. The mass of our Catholics to-day have been born in America, and whether their fathers were Irish or German, they are Americans, and they resent with indignation any effort to class them into Irish or Germans, or foreigners of any stripe.

A Strange Feature.

What is the most strange feature in this whole Lucerne movement is the impudence of the men in undertaking to meddle, under any pretext, in the Catholic affairs of America. This is simply unpardonable, and all American Catholics will treasure up the affront for future action. We acknowledge the Pope of Rome as our chieftain in spiritual matters, and we are glad to receive direction from him; but men in Germany, or Switzerland, or Ireland must mind their own business and be still as to ours.

The promoters of German foreignism in America are certain journalists whose trade is gone if the German language loses its hold, and certain priests who, coming to America in advanced years, never learn much English, and scarcely know that there is in America a country outside the German village or quarter surrounding their parsonage. Of course, where these men are allowed to work, they have a following who, misguided and misled, clamor against a fancied inferiority and a fancied persecution. There is not the slightest possibility that any result will come from this Lucerne Conference, except it be this result, to lead to the utter extinction of all foreign *animus* among us. The bishops of America are fully able to ward off all foreign invasions and to maintain the Church on thorough American lines. If they did not themselves have the courage and the common-sense to do so, the Catholic people, whatever the race origin of these, would compel them to do their duty. Nor will the authorities in Rome listen for a moment to Cahensley or his friends.

The well-known policy of Rome is to trust the Hierarchy of each country, and to encourage in each country Catholicity to the manner born. Speaking of the several classes of immigrants coming to America, Leo XIII. said to myself: "The bishops should see that all can practise their religion in the language they understand; but, this much done, let the work be towards amalgamation and union." Our bishops will be chosen for their high office without regard to their race or their birthplace, the condition of their elevation being their fitness, and for this fitness two things will be required — that they be strong in Catholicity and strong in Americanism.

In another interview with a press correspondent, Archbishop Ireland expressed himself still more freely and emphatically. "The whole proceeding is an insult to American nationalism," he said, "and reveals the fact that certain Europeans imagine America to be a sort of African Congo, without autonomy of its own, and incapable of life without a constant application of European galvanic batteries. Catholics are mortified that their religion is made the occasion and the pretence of this insolent foreign intermeddling. Strange news, indeed, for American ears to hear, that the Austrian and Prussian ambassadors in Rome had been instructed by their home governments to bring to bear upon the Vatican their influence in aid of Herr Cahensley's plan of campaign.

The Prussian Ambassador.

"The Prussian Ambassador, Von Schloezer, is not afraid to declare that he has viewed the appointment of Archbishop Katzer to the See of Milwaukee as favorable to German interests. If things are allowed to go much further we may soon expect a cablegram announcing Herr Von Schloezer has claimed in the name of the Kaiser a right to veto appointments to a dozen of Episcopal Sees in the United States. Archbishop Katzer, I am sure, is personally innocent of all alliances with the representative of Prussia, and will take an early occasion to warn this gentleman that his 'cordial approvals' of American matters must be dispensed with in the future.

"But the audacity of the Prussian is to be noted all the same as an indication of foreign thought and action in our regard. The contagion spreads, and to an extent that compels a smile of amusement in the midst of our indignation and anger. So long as the Church in America is fit only to be portioned off to the care of foreign countries, why would not any foreigner, however small he be, ask for a piece? Hence we find M. Mercier, the minister of the province of Quebec, a a mere colony of England, who happened to meet in Rome Herr Cahensley, running to the Vatican and praying in the name of his little constituency that a Canadian bishop be named for the See of Ogdensburg, in the state of New York. M. Mercier, we must say, is modest. He should, when once started, have aimed at higher game and asked that the See of Boston, or that of New York be handed over to his patronage.

"We can easily picture a further extension of this foreign ambition to rule Catholic affairs in America, and in a few years the ecclesiastical map of the country would show the fingerings of every foreign principality whose emigrants choose to touch our shores. This attack of foreignism upon the Church in America is killed from its own audacity. So long as it is worked stealthily by secret embassies and backdoor entrances, it was dangerous and was doing harm. Catholics in America, whatever race from which they have sprung, will be more vigilant in the defence of their rights, both as Catholics and as Americans.

"I have seen the official denial of the representative of the Deutsch-Amerikanischer Priester Verein, or German Clerical Society of America, disclaiming all knowledge of, or coöperation in, the Cahensley memorial. What this representative will not deny is that the Cahensley memorial is nearly word for word the document which the St. Louis German priests, the founders of the Verein, sent to Rome in 1886 by the Rev. Father Abbelen, of Milwaukee; nor will he deny that a few days ago the *Amerika*, a paper which is fed on Verein food, declares openly that it will ceaselessly work for Cahensley's programme. There are methods and methods of coöperation. Whatever the letter, the spirit of the Cahensley movement thrives in the halls of the Verein, and the Verein is an exotic to which American air is most uncongenial. One denial of some of Cahensley's movements when he is being defeated will not redeem the Verein before the tribunal of public opinion."

Cardinal Gibbons Speaks on the Subject.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, at the dedication of St. Mary's Church, Washington, D. C., says:

"The vast number of churches which are erected throughout the United States, not only for the English-speaking population, which forms the great mass of the American Catholic people, but also for the spiritual benefit of the various European nationalities reminds us that the Catholic Church is a family formed of many nationalities. It is a vast ocean into which streams from other continents flow. It is gratify-

ing to the European immigrant, reaching here a stranger to our institutions, to find himself at home as soon as he enters a Catholic Church.

"The bishops of the United States, while discharging their duty toward the great English body of the faithful, are not unmindful of the spiritual wants of those who speak a foreign tongue. This is evidenced by the fact that almost every Sunday witnesses the dedication of some church for the use of Poles or Lithuanians, Bohemians or Germans, Canadians, or Italians.

"I venture to say that the hierarchy of no country of the world are paying more attention to the spiritual wants of our foreign-born Catholic people than are the prelates of the United States. They are earnestly endeavoring to have the gospel preached to them in their native tongue during the transition period, which occurs before they are absorbed into the great English-speaking world around them.

"The city of Paris has a large colony of English and German-speaking Catholics; Vienna, and Berlin have also large populations of French and English, and other nationalities. The city of Rio, in Brazil, contains also a large population of Catholics who do not speak Portuguese, the language of the country, and yet in these great centres, if I am correctly informed, little or no provision is made for the foreign Catholic population.

"With these facts before us we cannot view without astonishment and indignation a number of self-constituted and officious gentlemen in Europe complaining of the alleged inattention which is paid to the spiritual wants of the foreign population and to the means of redress, which they have thought proper to submit to the Holy See."

Later News from Rome.

"The Pope has written to Cardinal Gibbons declaring that he will never concede the demands made by Herr Cahensley on behalf of the St. Raphael Societies for the protection of Catholic emigrants, in so far as the appointment of national bishops is concerned. The Pope has also refused the petition of the Poles in the United States for the appointment of a Polish bishop."

This cable dispatch was shown Cardinal Gibbons. He read it carefully, and in a pleasant manner expressed his gratification, and added that it was hardly a surprise to him, and that he was, in some measure, prepared for it.

AT Levellois-Perret in France, a Sister of Perpetual Succor has just performed a heroic deed which is the theme of laudatory articles in all the French papers. Marcello Tournery, a boy of four years, lately burnt his arm in a frightful manner, the bone being exposed almost from the elbow to the shoulder. The doctors declared that the only hope of saving the child's life lay in covering the wound with a slice of human skin. How was this to be obtained? The Sister who nursed the little one at once solved the difficulty. She tendered her own arm, and underwent without wincing the trying operation by virtue of which, it is hoped, the boy will survive his terrible sufferings. The brave nun well deserves the title of a Sister of Perpetual Succor.

In Memory of Archbishop Hughes.

THE life-sized bronze statue of Archbishop Hughes, and which has been erected by the contributions of Catholics and Protestants alike, was formally unveiled at Fordham, N. Y. It stands on the lawn in front of St. John's College. There was a great gathering of priests and members of the laity, and the exercises were simple but impressive. Archbishop Corrigan performed the act of unveiling and the eulogy was delivered by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. Among the subscribers to the monument, which cost twenty thousand dollars were Eugene Kelly, ex-Mayor W. R. Grace, ex-Mayor Cooper, Mayor Grant, and nearly every member of the New York judiciary. Hon. O. B. Potter, although not affiliated to the Catholic Church, subscribed the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, saying that he knew of no man in his profession and few men in any profession, who had done more for the preservation of the government during the late struggle than the Archbishop, and that in this no less than for his broad and liberal and republican views of the rights of conscience in all men, the community he so much benefited and helped owed it to itself to erect a memorial.

Archbishop Ryan in his eulogy said that Archbishop Hughes was one of the most prominent dignitaries of the Church in America forty years ago, and that his memory is revered to-day by clergy and laity alike. He was born in Ireland in 1797. His father was a small farmer, and emigrated to this country in the early part of the present century. Although the boy had but a limited education, being compelled to labor in the fields as a farm hand for several years, his ambitions were strong, and he applied himself so arduously to the task of improving his mind, that he was finally enabled to take his ordinary vows as a priest.

Fifty years ago to-day, he opened the doors of St. John's College, in the founding of which, he had been the principal mover. He was a champion of the right of Catholic and parochial schools to a share in state appropriations. He was created an Archbishop in 1850. When the Mexican war began President Polk offered him the mission to Mexico, in the belief that his talents would encourage the restoration of peace. He, however, declined.

So popular did he become that in 1852 the Catholics in the United States asked that he be created a Cardinal, and during the administration of President Lincoln, the officials of this government made the same request in recognition of his valuable services in behalf of the Union. At the request of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward in 1862, he visited Europe in behalf of the government. His health began to fail on this trip, and on Jan. 3, 1864, he passed away. In DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for October, 1889, we published an engraving of the statue and other facts in relation to the great Archbishop.

GENEROUS souls profit more in one year than cowardly, timid souls do in several, even though they be humble. — *St. Teresa.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

On a Confirmation Day.

A SOFT, south wind and an azure sky,
And the hedge-rows tender green,
And the furze in bloom upon hill-tops high
Where the blackbirds whistled keen ;
A brook that ran through pine and birch
Right merrily on its way,
By a simple, cross-crowned, mountain church
On a Confirmation Day.

And a crowd of simple country folk,
Who came by the narrow ways
Where violets bloomed, and hawthorne broke,
And the thrushes thrilled their lays,
Through deep boreens in the early morn,
When the grass was wet with dew,
By meadows broad and fields of corn,
And by lanes where cowslips grew.

They came with the ringing laugh and loud,
And the honest look and speech,
The mothers together all and proud,
Each whispering unto each,
Of how Paddy looked in his bran new clothes,
And of Nora's wreath and veil,
How Nan was flushed as a red, red rose,
And Kate like a lily pale.

And the men discoursed in twos and threes
Of the days when they were young,
By the old gray wall where the swaying trees
Their flickering shadows flung,
And wondered if ever a bishop passed
Before on that lonely way,
And wished that the bright sunlight might last
Through that Confirmation Day.

And told how they knew the "questions" well
When they were in boyhood's prime,
Of the many adventures that befell
Them at Confirmation time
In the far-off town they journeyed to,
When their hearts were young and gay,
Ere the country parts had the honor true
Of a Confirmation Day.

And the children that knelt in childlike faith
Ne'er thought how that day would be
A fair, green spot on the long, long path
That leads to eternity ;
Be the years before them fair and bright,
Or clouded and sad and gray,
One day shall be marked with a radiance white,
'Tis their Confirmation Day.

MAGDALEN ROCK, in the Irish Catholic.

Fairy Tales.

V. — The Fairy Tree of Dooros.

ONCE upon a time the fairies of the west, going home from a hurling-match with the fairies of the lakes, rested in Dooros Wood for three days and three nights. They spent the days feasting and the nights dancing in the light of the moon, and they danced so hard that they wore the shoes off their feet, and for a whole week after the leprechaums, the fairies' shoemakers, were working night and day making new ones, and the rip! rap! tip! tap! of their little hammers were heard in all the hedge-rows.

The food on which the fairies feasted were little red berries, and were so like those that grow on the rowan-tree that if you only looked at them you might mistake one for the other; but the fairy berries

The fairies' shoe makers were working night and day.

grow only in fairy-land, and are sweeter than any fruit that grows here in this world; and if an old man, bent and gray, ate one of them, he became young and active and strong again; and if an old woman, withered and wrinkled, ate one of them, she became young and bright and fair; and if a little maiden who was not handsome ate of them, she became lovelier than the flower of beauty.

The fairies guarded the berries as carefully as a miser guards his gold, and whenever they were about to leave fairy-land they had to promise, in the presence of the king and queen, that they would not give a single berry to mortal man, nor allow one to fall upon the earth; for if a single berry fell upon the earth, a slender tree of many branches, bearing clusters of berries, would at once spring up, and mortal men might eat of them.

But it chanced that this time they were in Dooros Wood they kept up the feasting and dancing so long, and were so full of joy

because of their victory over the lake fairies, that one little, weeny fairy, not much bigger than my finger, lost his head, and dropped a berry in the wood.

When the feast was ended the fairies went back to fairy-land, and were at home for more than a week before they knew of the little fellow's fault, and this is how they came to know of it.

A great wedding was about to come off, and the queen of the fairies sent six of her pages to Dooros Wood to catch fifty butterflies with golden spots on their purple wings, and fifty white without speck or spot, and fifty golden, yellow as the cowslip, to make a dress for herself, and a hundred white, without speck or spot, to make dresses for the bride and bridesmaids.

When the pages came near the wood they heard the most wonderful music, and the sky above them became quite dark, as if a cloud had shut out the sun. They looked up, and saw that the cloud was formed of bees, who in a great swarm were flying towards the wood and humming as they flew. Seeing this they were sore afraid until they saw the bees settling on a single tree, and on looking closely at the tree they saw it was covered with fairy berries.

The bees took no notice of the fairies, and so they were no longer afraid, and they hunted the butterflies until they had captured the full number of various colors. They then returned to fairy-land, and they told the queen about the bees and the berries, and the queen told the king.

The king was very angry, and he sent his heralds to the four corners of fairy-land to summon all his subjects to his presence that he might find out without delay who was the culprit.

They all came except the little weeny fellow who dropped the berry, and, of course, every one said that it was fear that kept him away, and that he must be guilty.

The heralds were at once sent in search of him, and after a while they found him hiding in a cluster of ferns, and brought him before the king.

The poor little fellow was so frightened that at first he could scarcely speak a word, but after a time he told how he never missed the berry until he had returned to fairy-land, and that he was afraid to say anything to any one about it.

The king, who would hear of no excuse, sentenced the little culprit to be banished into the land of giants beyond the mountains, to stay there for ever and a day unless he could find a giant willing to go to Dooros Wood and guard the fairy tree. When the king had pronounced sentence every one was very sorry, because the little fellow was a favorite with them all. No fairy harper upon his harp, or piper upon his pipe, or fiddler upon his fiddle, could play half so sweetly as he could play upon an ivy leaf; and when they remembered all the pleasant moonlit nights on which they had danced to his music, and thought that they should never hear or dance to it any more, their little hearts were filled with sorrow. The queen was as sad as any of her subjects, but the king's word should be obeyed.

When the time came for the little fellow to set out into exile the queen sent her head page to him with a handful of berries. These the queen said he was to offer to the giants, and say, at the same time, that the giant who was willing to guard the tree could feast on berries just as sweet from morn till night.

As the little fellow went on his way nearly all the fairies followed him to the borders of the land, and when they saw him go up the mountain towards the land of the giants, they all took off their little red caps and waved them until he was out of sight.

On he went walking all day and night, and when the sun rose on the morrow he was on the top of the mountain, and he could see the land of the giants in the valley stretched far below him. Before beginning his descent he turned round for a last glimpse of fairy-land; but he could see nothing, for a thick, dark cloud shut it out from view.

"What brought you here?" said the giant.

He was very sad and tired and footsore, and as he struggled down the rough mountain side, he could not help thinking of the soft, green woods and mossy pathways of the pleasant land he had left behind him.

When he awoke the ground was trembling, and a noise that sounded like thunder fell on his ears. He looked up and saw coming towards him a terrible giant, with one eye that burned like a live coal in the middle of his forehead, his mouth stretched from ear to ear, his teeth were long and crooked, the skin of his face was as black as night, and his arms and chest were all covered with black, shaggy hair; round his body was an iron band, and hanging from this by a chain was a great club with iron spikes. With one blow of this club he could break a rock into splinters, and fire could not burn him, and water could not drown him, and weapons could not wound him, and there was no way to kill him but by giving him three blows of his own club. And he was so bad-tempered that the other giants called him Sharvan the Surly. When the giant spied the red cap of the little fairy, he gave the shout that sounded like thunder. The poor fairy was shaking from head to foot.

"What brought you here?" said the giant.

"Please, Mr. Giant," said the fairy, "the king of the fairies banished me here, and here I must stay forever and a day, unless you come and guard the fairy tree in Dooros Wood."

"Unless what?" roared the giant, and he gave the fairy a touch of his foot that sent the little fellow rolling down head over heels.

The poor fairy lay as if he were dead, and then the giant, feeling sorry for what he had done, took him up gently between his finger and thumb.

"Don't be frightened, little man," said he; "and now tell me about the tree."

"Don't be frightened, little man," said he, "and now tell me all about the tree."

"It is the tree of the fairy berry that grows in the Wood of Dooros," said the fairy, "and I have some of the berries with me."

"Oh, you have, have you?" said the giant. "Let me see them."

The fairy took three berries from the pocket of his little green coat, and gave them to the giant.

The giant looked at them for a second. He then swallowed the three together, and when he had done so, he felt so happy that he began to shout and dance for joy.

"More, you little thief!" said he. "More, you little — what's your name?" said the giant.

"Pinkeen, please, Mr. Giant," said the fairy, as he gave up all the berries.

The giant shouted louder than before, and his shouts were heard by all the other giants, who came running towards him.

When Sharvan saw them coming, he caught up Pinkeen, and put him in his pocket, that they shouldn't see him.

"What were you shouting for?" said the giants.

"Because," said Sharvan, "that rock there fell down on my big toe."

"You did not shout like a man that was hurt," said they.

"What is it to you what way I shouted?" said he.

"You might give a civil answer to a civil question," said they; "but sure you were always Sharvan the Surly;" and they went away.

When the giants were out of sight, Sharvan took Pinkeen out of his wallet.

"Some more berries, you little thief — I mean little Pinkeen," said he.

"I have not any more," said Pinkeen; "but if you will guard the tree in Dooros Wood you can feast on them from morn till night."

"I'll guard every tree in the wood, if I may do that," said the giant.

"You'll have to guard only one," said Pinkeen.

"How am I to get to it?" said Sharvan.

"You must first come with me towards fairy-land," said the fairy.

"Very well," said Sharvan; "let us go." And he took up the fairy and put him into his wallet, and before very long they were on the top of the mountain. Then the giant looked around towards the giant's land; but a black cloud shut it out from view, while the sun was shining on the valley that lay before him, and he could see away in the distance the green woods and shining waters of fairy-land.

It was not long until he reached its borders, but when he tried to cross them his feet stuck to the ground and he could not move a step. Sharvan gave three loud shouts that were heard all over fairy-land, and made the trees in the woods tremble, as if the wind of a storm was sweeping over them.

"Oh, please, Mr. Giant, let me out?" said Pinkeen. Sharvan took out the little fellow, who, as soon as he saw he was on the borders of fairy-land, ran as fast as his legs could carry him, and before he had gone very far he met all the little fairies who, hearing the shouts of the giant, came trooping out from the ferns to see what was the matter. Pinkeen told them it was the giant who was to guard the tree, shouting because he was stuck fast on the borders, and they need have no fear of him. The fairies were so delighted to have Pinkeen back again, that they took him up on their shoulders and carried him to the king's palace, and all the harpers and pipers and fiddlers marched before him playing the most jocund music that was ever heard. The king and queen were on the lawn in front of the palace when the gay procession

came up and halted before them. The queen's eyes glistened with pleasure when she saw the little favorite, and the king was also glad at heart, but he looked very grave as he said:

"Why have you returned, sirrah?"

Then Pinkeen told his majesty that he had brought with him a giant who was willing to guard the fairy tree.

"And who is he and where is he?" asked the king.

"The other giants called him Sharvan the Surly," said Pinkeen, "and he is stuck fast outside the borders of fairy-land."

"It is well," said the king, "you are pardoned."

When the fairies heard this they tossed their little red caps in the air, and cheered so loudly, that a bee who was clinging to a rose-bud fell senseless to the ground.

Then the king ordered one of his pages to take a handful of berries, and to go to Sharvan and show him the way to Dooros Wood. The page, taking the berries with him, went off to Sharvan, whose roaring nearly frightened the poor little fellow to death. But as soon as the giant tasted the berries he got into good humor, and he asked the page if he could remove the spell of enchantment from him.

"I can," said the page, "and I will, if you promise me that you will not try to cross the borders of fairy-land."

"I promise that, with all my heart," said the giant. "But hurry on, my little man, for there are pins and needles in my legs."

The page plucked a cowslip, and, picking out the five little crimson spots in the cup of it, he flung one to the north, and one to the south, and one to the east, and one to the west, and one up into the sky, and the spell was broken, and the giant's limbs were free. Then Sharvan and the fairy page set off for Dooros Wood, and it was not long until they came within view of the fairy tree. When Sharvan saw the berries glistening in the sun, he gave a shout so loud and strong that the wind of it blew the little fairy back to fairy-land. But he had to return to the wood to tell the giant that he was to stay all day at the foot of the tree ready to do battle with any one who might come to steal the berries, and that during the night he was to sleep amongst the branches.

"All right," said the giant, who could scarcely speak, as his mouth was full of berries.

Well, the fame of the fairy tree spread far and wide, and every day some adventurer came to try if he could carry away some of the berries; but the giant, true to his word, was always on the watch, and not a single day passed on which he did not fight and slay a daring champion, and the giant never received a wound, for fire could not burn him, nor water drown him, nor weapon wound him.

Now at this very time, when Sharvan was keeping watch and ward over the tree, a cruel king was reigning over the lands that looked towards the rising sun. He had slain the rightful king by foul means, and his subjects, loving their murdered sovereign, hated the usurper; but much as they hated him they feared him more, for he was brave and masterful, and he was armed with a helmet and shield which

no weapon made by mortal hands could pierce, and he carried always with him two javelins that never missed their mark, and were so fatal that they were called "the shafts of death." The murdered king had two children — a boy, whose name was Niall, and a girl, who was called Rosaleen — that is, little Rose; but no rose that ever bloomed was half as sweet or fresh or fair as she. Cruel as the tyrant king was, he was afraid of the people to kill the children. He sent the boy adrift on the sea in an open boat, hoping the waves would swallow it; and he got an old witch to cast the spell of deformity over Rosaleen, and under the spell her beauty faded, until at last she became so ugly and wasted that scarcely any one would speak to her. And shunned by every one, she spent her days in the out-houses with the cattle, and every night she cried herself to sleep.

One day, when she was very lonely, a little robin came to pick the crumbs that had fallen about her feet. He appeared so tame that she offered him the bread from her hand, and when he took it she cried with joy at finding that there was one living thing that did not shun her. After this the robin came every day, and he sang so sweetly for her that she almost forgot her loneliness and misery. But once while the robin was with her the tyrant king's daughter, who was very beautiful, passed with her maids of honor, and, seeing Rosaleen, the princess said:

"Oh, there is that horrid ugly thing."

The maids laughed and giggled, and said they had never seen such a fright.

Poor Rosaleen felt as if her heart would break, and when the princess and her maids were out of sight she almost cried her eyes out. When the robin saw her crying he perched on her shoulder and rubbed his little head against her neck and chirruped softly in her ear, and Rosaleen was comforted, for she felt she had at least one friend in the world, although it was only a little robin. But the robin could do more for her than she could dream of. He heard the remark made by the princess, and he saw Rosaleen's tears, and he knew now why she was shunned by everybody, and why she was so unhappy. And that very evening he flew off to Dooros Wood, and called on a cousin of his and told him all about Rosaleen.

"And you want some of the fairy berries, I suppose," said his cousin, Robin of the Wood.

"I do," said Rosaleen's little friend.

"Ah," said Robin of the Wood, "times have changed since you were here last. The tree is guarded now all the day long by a surly giant. He sleeps in the branches during the night, and he breathes upon them and around them every morning, and his breath is poison to bird and bee. There is only one chance open, and if you try that it may cost you your life."

"Then tell me what it is, for I would give a hundred lives for Rosaleen!" said her own little robin.

"Well," said Robin of the Wood, "every day a champion comes to battle with the giant, and the giant, before he begins to fight, puts a branch of berries in the iron belt that's around his waist, so that

when he feels tired or thirsty he can refresh himself, and there is just a bare chance, while he is fighting, of picking one of the berries from the branch; but if his breath fall on you it is certain death."

"I will take the chance," said Rosaleen's robin.

"Very well," said the other. And the two birds flew through the wood until they came within sight of the fairy tree. The giant was lying stretched at the foot of it, eating the berries; but it was not long until a warrior came, who challenged him to battle. The giant jumped up, and plucking a branch from the tree stuck it in his belt, and swinging his iron club above his head strode towards the warrior, and the fight began. The robin perched on a tree behind the giant, and watched and waited for his chance; but it was a long time coming, for the berries were in front of the giant's belt. At last the giant, with one great blow, struck the warrior down, but as he did so he stumbled and fell upon him, and before he had time to recover himself the little robin darted towards him like a flash and picked off one of the berries, and then as fast as wings could carry him he flew towards home, and on his way he passed over a troop of warriors on snow-white steeds. All the horsemen except one wore silver helmets and shining mantles of green silk fastened by brooches of red gold, but the chief who rode at the head of the troop wore a golden helmet, and his mantle was of yellow silk, and he looked by far the noblest of them all. When the robin had left the horsemen far behind him he spied Rosaleen sitting outside the palace gates bemoaning her fate. The robin perched upon her shoulder, and almost before she knew he was there he put the berry between her lips, and the taste was so delicious that Rosaleen ate it at once, and that very moment the witch's withering spell passed away from her, and she became as lovely as the flower of beauty. Just then the warriors on the snow-white steeds came up, and the chief with the mantle of yellow silk and the golden helmet leaped from his horse, and bending his knee before her, said:

"Fairest of all fair maidens, you are surely the daughter of the king of these realms, even though you are without the palace gates, unattended, and wear not royal robes. I am the Prince of the Sunny Valleys."

"Daughter of a king I am," said Rosaleen, "but not of the king who rules these realms."

And saying this she fled, leaving the prince wondering who she could be. The prince then ordered his trumpeters to give notice of his presence outside the palace, and in a few moments the king and all his nobles came out to greet the prince and his warriors, and give them welcome. That night a great feast was spread in the banquet hall, and the Prince of the Sunny Valleys sat by the king, and beside the prince sat the king's beautiful daughter, and then in due order sat the nobles of the court and the warriors who had come with the prince, and on the wall behind each noble and warrior his shield and helmet were suspended, flashing radiance through the room. During the feast the prince spoke most graciously to the lovely lady at his side, but all the time he was thinking of the unknown beauty he had met outside the palace gates, and his heart longed for another glimpse of her. When

the feast was ended, and the jewelled drinking-cups had gone merrily around the table, the bards sang, to the accompaniment of harps, the "Courtship of the Lady Eimer," and as they pictured her radiant beauty outshining that of all her maidens, the prince thought that fair as Lady Eimer was there was one still fairer.

When the feast was ended the king asked the prince what brought him into his realms.

"I come," said the prince, "to look for a bride, for it was foretold to me in my own country that here only I should find the lady who is destined to share my throne, and fame reported that in your kingdom are to be found the loveliest maidens in all the world, and I can well believe that," added the prince, "after what I have seen to-day."

When the king's daughter heard this she hung down her head and blushed like a rose, for, of course, she thought the prince was alluding only to herself, as she did not know that he had seen Rosaleen, and she had not heard of the restoration of her beauty.

Before another word could be spoken a great noise and the clang of arms were heard outside the palace. The king and his guests started from their seats and drew their swords, and the bards raised the song of battle ; but their voices were stilled and their harps silenced when they saw at the threshold of the banquet hall a battle champion in whose face they recognized the features of their murdered king.

"'Tis Niall come back to claim his father's throne," said the chief bard. "Long live Niall!"

"Long live Niall!" answered all the others.

The king, white with rage and amazement, turned to the chiefs and nobles of his court, and cried out:

"Is there none loyal enough to drive that intruder from the banquet hall?"

But no one stirred, and no answer was given. Then the king rushed forward alone, but before he could reach the spot where Niall was standing he was seized by a dozen chiefs and at once disarmed.

During this scene the king's daughter had fled frightened; but Rosaleen, attracted by the noise, and hearing her brother's name and the cheers which greeted it, had entered the banquet hall unperceived by any one. But when her presence was discovered every eye was dazzled with her beauty. Niall looked at her for a second, wondering if the radiant maiden before him could be the little sister he had been separated from for so many years. In another second she was clasped in his arms.

Then the feast was spread again, and Niall told the story of his adventures ; and when the Prince of the Sunny Valley asked for the hand of Rosaleen, Niall told his lovely sister to speak for herself. With downcast eyes and smiling lips, she said, "Yes," and that very day was the gayest and brightest wedding that ever took place, and Rosaleen became the prince's bride.

In her happiness she did not forget the little robin, who was her friend in sorrow. She took him home with her to Sunny Valleys, and every day she fed him with her own hands, and every day he sang for her the sweetest songs that were ever heard in lady's bower.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service that I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

A LARGE number of our parochial school girls become teachers in the public schools to earn a living, and with expectation in many instances, of reaching the highest places and the highest salaries which can be obtained in the public schools. If they are not obliged to sacrifice their religion in these aims, they are without fault; and their ambitions should be excited in others.

THE remedy which our Holy Father gives for the evils under which the working man groans is for all — the working man and his employer, the people and the rulers — to observe the laws of God. He takes it as an indisputable fact that both labor and capital suffer, because the laws of God are violated.

THE working men and the capitalists, who do not keep the laws of God, may not pay much attention to the advice of our Holy Father; but those who keep the laws of God will. The latter will also endeavor to educate their blind brethren to understand the true relations between the working man and his employer, and the obligations of both to keep the laws of God.

THE children educated in Catholic schools, who will become, in time, both working men and capitalists, will not conflict with each other. They will be instructed in the laws of God and trained to keep them. They will learn what is justice and what is injustice, and besides that they will be taught the doctrine of brotherly love, which makes men dwell in peace together and which secures them the love of God.

ACCORDING to the last United States' census the public schools, in ten years, have made no gains in attendance except in the Southern States, where there are few private or parochial schools to compete with them. This does not augur well for the success of those great "bulwarks of our liberty," etc., which the people are taxed to support at such a cost and with such poor results.

THE godless public schools do not teach children to keep the laws of God, and for that reason they only furnish fuel for the fire which is burning the vitals out of society. The widely advertised statement that they equalize the conditions of men, and put men on the same plane "of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," is false. They have widened the old and almost imperceptible distances between the rich and the poor, the working man and his employer; and they have weakened or broken all those ties which God made to keep men together in the family and in society. Not knowing the laws of God, the men and women from the godless public schools, marry and break their vows without a twinge of conscience; and not knowing the laws of God, they enter into business and defraud right and left. Of course they do these things with a discretion which is remarkable, and which in an honest and pure cause would be worthy of admiration; but that is a glamor, it is not truth.

Irish Bishops Reiterate Their Condemnation of Parnell.

THE preposterous notion that Parnell's marriage with Mrs. O'Shea would help him with the Catholics of Ireland must be effectively dissipated by the events of the past few days.

The Irish-Catholic bishops, at a meeting held in Dublin July 1, reaffirmed their former declaration that Mr. Parnell was unfit to be the leader of the Irish people, that he was unworthy of the confidence of Catholics, and called upon Irishmen to repudiate him.

This was to have been expected. Parnell's marriage, instead of condoning, aggravates his crime. If he really wished to rehabilitate himself with the Irish-Catholic people, there was one straight way — to break irrevocably the unlawful connection. The bishops' action has had its due effect. The reception which Mr. Parnell met with at Carlow, on the 2d inst., shows that the people have ceased to pay any attention to him.

At Myshall, Mr. Parnell addressed a meeting at which only thirty people were present.

Archbishop Walsh has written a letter to Mr. Thomas Sexton, M. P., expressing the prelate's gratitude for the splendid services rendered by Mr. Sexton and his colleagues in Parliament during the discussion of the Irish Land Bill. The Archbishop says that, although they did not win success on every point, they still gained enough to redeem the bill from being rather a curse than a blessing to Ireland.

Defeated!

CARLOW, July 8. — It is now reported that Mr. Parnell has sustained another defeat, and that the candidate of the anti-Parnellites for Mahon's seat in Parliament, John Hammond, was chosen at the election yesterday by 2215 majority. The official figures are: Hammond, 3747; A. J. Kettle, 1533. Hammond's majority, 2215. Commenting on the result, the St. James Gazette says: "Mr. Parnell has been very badly defeated in county Carlow, and in the return of the anti-Parnellite, Mr. Hammond, we have one more proof that, unless the Irish leader can manage to win the priests over to his side, he is in a fix." Mr. Parnell had admitted that Carlow was his stronghold, and had said that if he was defeated he would admit he had nothing left to fall back upon in political life. Carlow is the smallest county in Ireland, and contains a population of about forty-five thousand people and an electorate of about seven thousand of whom one thousand are Conservatives.

DUBLIN, July 8. — Speaking at Carlow after the result of the election was made known, Mr. Parnell said that he was not disheartened, and that he would continue to consolidate the independent men of every Irish county and city, and put the issues he upheld before the country at every election.

HE who introduces laxness, or prevents advancement where the spirit of perfection has been happily established, commits a grave sin and will be vigorously punished by God. — *St. Teresa.*

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NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

JULY is the month of the PRECIOUS BLOOD.

CATHOLIC MIRROR: Monday, June 29, was the thirtieth anniversary of the ordination of Cardinal Gibbons. Revs. J. T. Gaitley, of St. Patrick's, and J. P. Hagan, of Our Lady of Good Counsel, were ordained at the same time as the Cardinal. Though His Eminence declined to permit anything like a public demonstration in his own honor, he assisted at the religious celebration of the event at St. Patrick's in that of his classmates.

THE importance of Catholic literature and the Catholic press must not be forgotten. They are schools, and schools not only for the days of youth, but for the entire time of life, and they deserve and should obtain our warmest encouragement. —*Archbishop Ireland.*

THE new federation of Australia will be a republic identical in government with our own, except in one particular. Instead of a President chosen by electoral college there will be a Governor-general appointed by the crown. This will save the Australians all the fuss and expense of presidential campaigns.

WESTERN Watchman: Sir John Macdonald is dead and Canada mourns the loss of her Washington. The best epitaph that can be written of the dead statesman is: "He found his country the most orange in the world, and left it possible for a Catholic Premier to succeed him."

THE Montgomery Veterans of Boston had a right royal reception in Portland, Montreal, and Quebec, during their recent visit to those places.

Ordinations in Boston.

ON Friday, June 26, the Most Reverend Archbishop Williams ordained the following gentlemen in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross:

Priesthood—Revs. John J. O'Keefe, Alexander J. Hamilton, John B. Kelleher, Boston; Patrick J. O'Leary, Matthew J. Traynor, Hartford, Conn.; Francis Reilly, Springfield, Mass.; Patrick J. Byrne, Chicago, Ill.; Denis J. Crowley, Wilmington, Del.

Deaconship—Revs. Joseph G. Anderson, Edmund T. Butler, John A. Butler, James A. Walsh, of Boston; John P. O'Neil, Manchester, N. H.; John P. Leary, Springfield, Mass.; Bartholomew McAvinen, O. M. I.

Sub-Deaconship—Messrs. John A. Degan, Joseph J. Dermody, Cornelius F. Hennessy, Daniel F. Horgan, Cornelius M. O'Connor, Joseph S. Sheerin, James F. Stanton, Mark J. Sullivan, Francis Walsh, Boston; Thos. S. Duggan, Hartford, Conn.; James J. Donnelly, Springfield, Mass.; Richard F. Power, San Francisco, Cal.

Office of Acolyte and Exorcist—Messrs. John T. Kennedy, Michael J. O'Connor, Hartford, Conn.

Minor Orders—Messrs. Philip J. Gormley, John J. Harkins, Daniel W. Lenehan, James A. O'Rourke, Edmund T. Shanahan, Boston; George A. Guertin, Manchester, N. H.; Edward J. Fitzgerald, Springfield, Mass.

Office of Reader and Porter—Messrs. Charles F. Donahue, John B. Holland, John A. McCauley, Stephen S. O'Brien, William A. Quinn, Boston; Peter H. McClean, Hartford, Conn.; James A. O'Malley, John J. O'Malley, Springfield, Mass.

First Tonsure—Messrs. Hugh J. Cleary, Thomas J. Condon, Dennis P. Crimmins, Michael F. Crowley, Thomas J. Daley, John J. Driscoll, Charles A. Finnegan, Lawrence J. Glynn, John H. Harrigan, Francis S. Hart, William E. Keating, George V. Leahy, Francis A. Maley, James J. McCarthy, Thomas F. McCarthy, Thomas J. McCormack, James J. Murphy, Michael J. Owens, Daniel S. Sheerin, all of Boston: Michael J. McCabe, John F. Sullivan, Patrick J. Sullivan, Providence, R. I; Owen M. McGee, Springfield, Mass.; Lawrence A. Guinan, Oliver T. Maguell, James J. McGuane, Hartford, Conn.

GIVE me a man of some religion in preference to one of no religion.

Meeting of Conventions.

THE twenty-first annual convention of the C. T. A. U. of America will be held in Washington, D. C., commencing on Wednesday, Aug. 5.

THE Irish Catholic Benevolent Union will hold its annual Convention in this city, on the 19th and 20th of August of this year. About the best advice given to I. C. B. U. societies concerning delegates to conventions is that of President Daly. He says: "No representative should be sent who takes no interest in society work at home." This thing of sending "popular fellows" who are so by reason of being in a social or business position, or in professional life distinct from the body of the members, but who do no society work at home, is not conducive to obtaining the best practical results of a convention, nor of carrying the work of conventions to the societies so that the effects and works of the Union may be conveyed to the societies, so as to animate them to increased work in benevolence.

The Grand Old Man Loses a Son.

WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE, eldest son of the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone, the great English statesman, died on the 4th of July. The late Mr. Gladstone was a Lord of the Treasury from 1869 to 1874, and was a Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Flintshire at the time of his death. Of recent years W. H. Gladstone had lived practically in retirement.

An Orphanage in Worcester, Mass.

A COMMUNITY of Gray Nuns from the mother-house, Montreal, Canada, have just purchased the Ellsworth farm, or, as it is better known, "Tafts Woods," in the suburbs of Worcester, for the purpose of establishing a Catholic orphanage adequate to the needs of the Catholic community in that city.

How to Make Money.

DEAR SIR: — Having read Mr. Sargent's experience in plating with gold, silver, and nickel, I am tempted to write of my success. I sent to H. C. Delno & Co., of Columbus, O., for a five-dollar plater. I have had more tableware and jewelry than I could plate ever since. I cleared twenty-seven dollars the first week, and in three weeks ninety-seven dollars. Any one can do plating, and make money in any locality the year round. You can get circulars by addressing the above firm. WILLIAM GRAY.

A Catholic Association of Employers.

THE association known as the Union of Christian Proprietors lately held a congress in Paris, under the presidency of Mgr. Gay, Bishop of Anthedon. Its object is professedly to awaken in the minds of proprietors a sense of their responsibilities. Masters and employers are told that they are to look after the souls as well as the bodies of those under them; that they are to preserve their dependents from the occasions of sin, and that according to their wealth they are to provide for them in sickness and old age. They are to allow no servile work to be done on a Sunday, nor are they permitted to invest money in speculations that profit unduly by the toil of the working classes. The rich man who lives up to the rules here laid down, will probably not find it as difficult to enter Heaven as a camel would find it difficult to go through the eye of a needle.

Church Debts.

A NOVEL plan for extinguishing a church debt has been hit upon in Melbourne. The church committee — or vestry, as the case may be — divide the total debt among themselves, and each man insures his life for the amount that falls to his share. The policies are transferred to the church, and the annual payments on them are made out of the collections. Then, of course, as the members of committee "drop off," the sums insured on their lives drop in, and later when the last committeeman is dead, the last instalment of the church debt will be paid. The plan has the merit — if merit it be — of throwing the whole of the responsibility for the continuance of the indebtedness upon Providence.

The Late Bishop Hendricken.

A HANDSOME marble tablet to the memory of the late Bishop Hendricken, of the Providence diocese, was unveiled in the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Providence, on Sunday, June 14. It is commemorative of the beloved predecessor of Bishop Harkins, who by his energy and the generosity of the faithful of the diocese, erected the big cathedral. The design was chosen by Bishop Harkins, and is the work of Sculptor Joseph Sibbel, of New York. The tablet is of white Carrara marble, with four ornamental columns onyx. On each side is the statuette, an angel, and centre the bust of Bishop Hendricken in relief. The tablet also bears the date of the ordination of the Bishop, 1853, also the date 1872, the year of his consecration, and the years 1878–1886, the years that were occupied in the construction of the Cathedral.

The Coming Contest

FOR Governor of Ohio will be a battle of giants. Major McKinley, the Republican standard-bearer, is a man who commands the respect of all citizens. The Democratic candidate, the present Governor, James E. Campbell, has a public record that will be an armor of might to him. Both are brilliant statesmen, and either will fill the chair of state with dignity and honor. The prediction is ventured that whichever carries off the honors of victory will have made a great stride towards the White House, says the Catholic Columbian.

ONE YEAR is the usual period for wearing mourning for a deceased member of one's own family, and at the expiration of that period, some people wear half-mourning for an indefinite time, according to their own individual feelings and tastes. If a person chooses to wear full mourning for two, or even five, or more years, there would be nothing improper in it. Such a thing is not unfrequently done by widows and mothers, whose affection for the deceased was very strong, and whose grief is very deep and lasting.

The Champion Family

OF Indiana lives on a farm near New Hartford. There are thirty living children, Robert Packard and wife being the parents of the entire crop. The first son, now forty-nine years old, is married and lives on a farm adjoining that of his parents. The remaining twenty-nine are single and live at home. There is only one girl among the number. Five births produced triplets, and the remainder are sets of twins, with one exception, that of the first child.

A MONUMENT erected to the memory of O'Connell was unveiled at Melbourne on May 31st, in presence of a vast multitude. The Archbishop of Melbourne, Most Rev. Dr. Carr presided, and orations were delivered by Sir Brien O'Loughlen, Mr. Cox M. P., and others.

Engineers Must Study.

A FEW years ago, says the Stationary Engineer, no one dreamed that in so short a time the electric light would become a regular part of the equipment of mills and factories. It was only when the dynamo found its place in the engine room, and the incandescent light sparkled in the shops and work rooms that the engineer found anything of special interest to him in the study of electricity. Now he must study it whether he will or no, and though the knowledge he most requires must be of a practical nature, he must have a goodly amount of theoretical or "book" information, in order to understand what he is doing.

BISHOP BRENNAN, of the new diocese of Dallas, Texas, has made arrangements with Sister Katherine (Miss Katherine Drexel), for the establishment of a school for colored children there. Sister Katherine is to provide the money, and members of her new Order are to manage the school. This will be the first work of the Order which Sister Katherine has formed with the special object of laboring among the Indians and negroes of the United States.

THE LAW against objectionable immigration is beginning to be enforced rigorously, and everybody will be glad of it. Criminals, paupers, lunatics, idiots, and persons suffering from contagious diseases, are sent back to their own country when caught, and they are now caught in the majority of cases. Europe has been unloading her population sewers on our shores long enough, and it was time to draw the line. Now not a week passes in which some objectionable foreigners are not returned across the sea. We are already so loaded down by the simultaneous rush from all parts of Europe hither that it will take some time to assimilate the strangers we have, and make good republican citizens out of them.

Gen. Pat. Cleburne.

ELSEWHERE we give an interesting article upon this famous Confederate General. In our next we will give an account of the proceedings at the unveiling of a statue to his memory in Helena, Arkansas.

Progress of Gunnery.

IN former days our most powerful weapons were the 68 pounder or 8 inch 95 cwt. smooth bore gun, used with a charge of 18 lb. of powder, which threw a spherical cast iron shell of about 48 lb. weight, containing 2 lb. 9 oz. of powder; and the 13 inch cast iron sea service mortar, used for bombardment, for which the spherical shell weighed 207 lb., and the projecting charge was 20 lb. of powder. The positions which these pieces then held are now occupied by the 8 inch rifled howitzer, throwing a conoidal wrought iron or steel shell, charged with a much more powerful explosive than powder; the 12 inch breech-loading gun of 45 tons weight, with a charge of 295 lb. of powder, throwing a projectile of 682 1-2 lb. weight; the 80 ton 16 inch muzzle-loading gun, with a charge of 450 lb. and a projectile weighing 1,640 lb.; and the 110 ton breech-loading gun of 16 1-4 inches calibre, which throws steel projectiles weighing 1,800 lb. with a powder charge of 960 lb. The cost of production of the smooth bore cast iron guns in those days ranged from $125 to $150 per ton; now our rifled steel breech-loading guns cost from $850 to $1,000 per ton.

PASS him along. If you meet anywhere a man who has only one leg, begging money enough to get him a cork leg that costs eighty dollars, just tell him you read the papers, and that he has been working that racket several years. In Maine alone he collected $800. If he bought legs with all the money he has collected he would now be a regular thousand-legged worm.

O'Connell's Wit.

IS it not strange that Protestants, who have given up the Mass, should have been unable to do away with it in the name of Christ's nativity? This inconsistency was commented upon in the British House of Commons not long ago, by a certain Thomas Massy Massy. He moved that the Church of Henry VIII., which had done away with so many apostolic traditions, both in words and things, should get rid of even the name of Mass in Christmas and substitute in place of the too-Catholic expression the Saxon one "tide," *sic*, Christide! O'Connell, who happened to be present, and who was seldom at a loss for the right word at the right time, moved that "as the honorable gentleman prized the old Saxon so much, he would do well to begin at home, viz., to Saxonize his own name. Let him do away with the 'mass' in Thomas Massy Massy, and put his beloved 'tide' in place of it, thus: Totide Tidey Tidey!" The roar of laughter that greeted the motion has never been equalled in the House of Commons before or after; consequence, Protestant England has kept the mass in Christmas.

THE much overdone slot machine has been put to a new use in Birmingham, England. The principle is applied to the gas-meter in tenement houses. When gas is wanted, the individual drops a two cent piece into the slot, and gets gas half an hour. At the end of that time it goes out, and only another two-cent piece will turn it on.

Food Prospects.

THE outlook in the Manitoba wheat fields is of a most encouraging character this year, and if nothing untoward happens, that section of the great Dominion of Canada will experience the most prosperous season it has yet known in its history. One million acres are under wheat alone, being an increase of 170,707 acres over last year, while oats and barley also show a heavy increase over the year 1890.

THE Pope has sent a richly bound copy of his Encyclical and an autograph letter to all crowned heads, presidents of republics, prime ministers, and to all the principal statesmen and economists.

The Crucifix

WHICH Christopher Columbus wore when he discovered America is said to be in the keeping of the Sisters of Loretto, at Durango, Colorado. It is believed that an inquiry will be set on foot with regard to the authenticity of the relic, and that if its genuineness is established it will be exhibited at the forthcoming World's Fair at Chicago, which is intended to celebrate the discovery of America.

Rev. James McMahon,

RECTOR of St. Andrew's Church, New York, who last April gave real estate worth half a million to the Catholic University in Washington, sent his library to that institution last week. This library is made up of books which he had been collecting for almost half a century. It consists of three thousand volumes, and is worth about ten thousand dollars. Many of the books in it are rare. One volume, Jaffe's Synopsis of the Transactions of the Popes, is said to be the only copy of the work in the country. In theological and Scriptural works the library is especially rich. The theological books number five hundred, and the books on Scripture three hundred. Every department of general literature is represented. Father McMahon will, it is stated, resign his charge of St. Andrew's in the fall, and go to the university to spend the rest of his life there.

MONTANA is larger than the empire of Turkey. Texas is larger than the whole Austrian Empire by thirty thousand square miles, and New Mexico is larger than Great Britain and Ireland together.

Confirmation in Vienna.

THE number of boys and girls confirmed in St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, during Whitsun week, was greater than has ever been registered before during the same season, no fewer than 28,540 boys and girls having received Confirmation at the hands of the Archbishop and the two Bishops of Vienna. These children, with their godfathers and godmothers, were quite a feature of interest in the town, especially as it is the custom to take the girls about in their white dresses — without hats, and with their hair in curls, and carrying flowers — in the finest *fiacres* that can be got. The boys are less conspicuous, and are chiefly recognized by the untiring energy with which they look at their new watches, the Confirmation present most in vogue in the suburban society of Vienna. Wealthy couples feel flattered at being requested every year to take poor children to Confirmation, and there is much pride displayed in doing the thing handsomely.

IN five counties of Maine where the population is nearly all native American, the Maine Bible Society has found 10,413 families who confess that they never go to church, and 982 families who do not own a Bible.

General Sumpt.

THIS officer died recently in Paris. He has a romantic story. Just when the war of 1870 was declared, he was betrothed to Mlle. Pelletan, the granddaughter of Napoleon I.'s doctor. He returned when the war was over *minus* both his arms. He told the young lady that it was not to a man without arms that she had plighted her troth, and chivalrously offered her full liberty to break the engagement. But she refused to break it, protesting that she would die of grief were she no allowed to lend him her arms forever. So they were married.

An Australian Bishop in Ireland.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Grafton, New South Wales, Australia, is at present on a visit to St. John's College, Waterford. His Lordship, at the invitation of the Very Rev. W. H. Sheehy, D. D., President of the College, conferred the holy Order of Deaconship on the following gentlemen in the college chapel: Rev. Joseph A. Russel, a native of Liverpool, England, and a candidate for the diocese of Leeds; Rev. Patrick Bailey, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia; Rev. Patrick O'Dea, Dunedin, New Zealand; Rev. J. J. Murphy, Wilcania, Australia; and the Rev. Patrick Joseph Grant, Omaha, America. His lordship remains at the college a short time.

THE medal commemorating the fourteenth year of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. is about to be struck as usual at St. Peter's. This year the Vatican Observatory, restored by the munificence of Leo XIII., will be represented on the medal.

The Late Father Drumgoole

WAS fitted by nature to be a judge, inasmuch as he was never to be swayed by a one-sided story. He listened patiently to all a person had to say, and then said: "Now, my good friend, that is *your* story. Bring in the person of whom you have been speaking, and repeat it before him. I will then put the necessary questions, and will judge between you both." If every one acted in this manner there would be few slanderers; but, alas, many who should be judges are merely lawyers,—satisfied with hearing only one side. And from this it happens that injuries, often irreparable, are done to the innocent, by the spiteful, the vicious, or the merely indifferent. So we caution our readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE never to decide on any question until they shall have heard and weighed both sides of it.

THE centenary fêtes in honor of St. Bernard of Clairvaux were recently opened at Dijon. Two Cardinals, two Archbishops, fifteen Bishops and over twenty Cistercian Abbots were present. There were forty thousand people in the town. Père Didon, O. P., preached the panegyric.

Bringing Outsiders into the True Fold.

THERE are two convert priests in London, who seem to have taken a leaf out of Monsignor Capel's book, and who are making themselves prominent in bringing outsiders into the Catholic fold. They are the Rev. Luke Rivington and the Rev. R. B. Godolphin Osborne. Both are splendid speakers. Father Rivington is the more learned and argumentative in style; Father Osborne the more vivacious, persuasive, and polished, as becomes a grandson of a Duke of Leeds. On the Sundays of May Father Rivington was the morning preacher at the new church of St. James', Manchester square, and Father Osborne attracted enormous crowds to the Oratory, South Kensington, in the evenings.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY has conferred scholastic degrees on three eminent professors in Catholic journalism, namely, that of LL. D. on Rev. P. Cronin, of the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times, and James Jeffrey Roche, of the Boston Pilot, and A. M. on Rev. John Conway, of the Northwestern Catholic Chronicle.

THE German-Catholics are getting up a one hundred thousand dollar stock company to publish a daily German-Catholic paper in Chicago. Amerika at St. Louis is a well-known German-Catholic daily, and there are two German-Catholic dailies in New York. The German-Catholics are very generous supporters of their press.

An Act of Homage.

QUEEN MARGHERITA, Margherita the Good, as she is justly styled, consort of King Humbert of Italy, has been lately sojourning in Naples. On the Feast of Corpus Christi, while out driving, she met a procession bearing the Blessed Sacrament. The Queen at once alighted, following with the crowd. It is needless to say that when the devotions had terminated, her Majesty received a right royal ovation.

A TOO common excuse given by some Catholics who decline to subscribe for a Catholic paper, is that secular papers answer their purpose, as it "furnishes the news." The Catholic Record, of Indianapolis, thus treats of the excuse: "To neglect to take a Catholic paper because you read a secular paper is the same as to refuse to buy a prayer-book because you have bought a novel, and refuse to pay for a pew in church, because you have to pay your way to the theatre."

THE foundation-stone of the Church of St. Joachim, Rome, which is to be presented to the Holy Father at the beginning of 1893, as an offering for his episcopal jubilee, was laid on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.

THE general verdict of the American press on Pope Leo's Encyclical is that it is the ablest pronunciamento of the age on the labor question. Even Henry George regards it as "a great contribution to the subject of subjects."

Cardinal Manning Replies to a Preacher.

EX-PRIESTS and ex-nuns sometimes meet with warm receptions in England, especially when they obtrude their filthy presence in towns largely inhabited by Irish. A preacher named Giles Hitchens has written to Cardinal Manning asking him to condemn such flagrant violations of the right of free discussion. His Eminence, in his reply through his Secretary, Father Vaughan, states that he has no objections to meetings being held by Protestants to discuss or even denounce the Catholic Church. "But there is another kind of Protestant meetings," the Cardinal says, "in which scandalous and apostate priests, and impostors describing themselves as ex-nuns, falsely accuse the Catholic Church, and calumniate Catholic persons, to the injury of the public morals of the country. Such false and malicious conduct would, in his judgment, justify interference on the part of any Catholic or of any honest Protestant; but whether he would approve or disapprove of interference in such cases would depend upon many conditions. The Cardinal desires me to add that he has answered your question, not from any sense of obligation, but because the quality of your letters leads him to believe that his silence might be misused."

SIX years ago a New Jersey gentleman bequeathed $5,000 of his estate to his widow, and $12,000 to Henry George for the dissemination of single-tax literature. The will was contested by the relatives of the testator, and now, at the close of the contest, Mr. George gets $318 and the relatives $296. The lawyers take the balance.

The Comments

ON the great Encyclical by non-Catholics, says the Ave Maria, are interesting, as evincing not only an eager desire for light on social questions, but as showing that even religious revolt must recognize in the Pope the character of a mediator. Mr. Pane Lafitte, the Positivist, refers to the Encyclical as "the most considerable act yet accomplished toward the reconciliation of socialism and liberty." And M. Zadock-Kahn, a noted French writer, says: "The Pope speaks on the social question with an influence that must have its effect upon all minds. Who can fail to render homage to the humanity of his intentions?" The opinion of the London Times, whose chief boast is that it reflects the opinion of the English nation, is significant: "It breathes throughout a spirit of Christian charity and general good-will, the diffusion of which would go near to put an end to the industrial difficulties of the day." Catholics who do not study this admirable Encyclical will make a serious mistake. It ought to be used in all higher schools.

MR. THOMAS O'HAGAN, one of the contributors to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, has become editor-in-chief of The Duluth Tribune, published daily at Duluth, Minn. Mr. O'Hagan has been connected with some of the weeklies out West, but they were too slow for his versatile genius. We wish our friend every success in his new and important position.

Bit of Romantic Religious History.

In 1825 the late Duke of Brunswick married a young English lady of noble rank, of the Colville family, in London. A daughter was born of this marriage on July 5, 1826, at the Castle of Windessen, and was baptized Elizabeth Wilhelmina. She was treated as a princess from her birth, baptized with almost royal pomp in presence of the great officers of the crown, and with the sovereign as honorary sponsor, and the heir-apparent as actual godfather. This child of fortune enjoyed as an appanage all the names and titles of the house of Guelph, Countess of Blankenburg, of Colmar, etc. Up to her seventeenth year she lived a life of honor and luxury, the spoilt child of a prince; she was also a millionnaire. At this time she met and heard the great Dominican, Père Lacordaire. At the end of three months the grace of God had conquered this chosen soul, and she became a Catholic. The Duke's reply was prompt and decisive. The beloved daughter was cast off; and after twenty-five years of inflexible hostility, the Duke dying left by will, as was announced in the papers at the time, the whole of his vast fortune to the city of Geneva. Such is the true history of this curious legacy, and the will is at present being contested by the children of the Duchess of Colmar, Countess of Bar and Civey, who was no other than Elizabeth Wilhelmina of Brunswick, the convert of Lacordaire.

Sea water is heavier than fresh water, because of the salt dissolved in it.

The Rate at which People Grow.

Observations regarding the rate of growth of man have determined the following facts: — The most rapid growth takes place immediately after birth, the growth of an infant during the first year of its existence being about eight inches. The ratio of increase gradually decreases until the age of three years, at which time the size attained is half that which it is to become when full grown. After five years the succeeding increase is very regular, till the sixteenth year, being at the rate for the average man of two inches a year. Beyond sixteen the growth is feeble, being, in the following two years, about six-tenths of an inch a year; while from eighteen to twenty the increase in height is seldom over one inch. At the age of twenty-five the growth ceases, save in a few exceptional cases. It has been observed that, in the same race, the mean size is a little larger in the city than in the country, a fact which will be received with doubt by many who have come to regard the rustic as a model man.

Why Western?

By way of pointing a joke a recent funny writer supposes the case of two "Western grangers" who blew out the gas at a hotel and waked up in glory. Now, why should this blunder be saddled upon Western grangers any more than Eastern ones? As a matter of fact, there are people to-day in the state of New York, not so very far from the big city itself, who never saw a gas jet. There are counties in New York state where the inhabitants are still twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad, and where they are as primitive and "green" as the people of the most benighted districts of the West. Undoubtedly, they, too, would blow out the gas in a hotel and wake in glory. It is a fact that the persons who make the greatest success in New York itself are either from the West or from the farms of New England — people who are as corn fed in their antecedents as a prize beef at a state fair. It is a fact that the boys who are to be America's future money kings, statesmen, scholars, and writers are mostly now running barefoot over the hills in the country, taming wild colts and doing farm "chores." Finally, there is just one more fact: The cities of the West have broader streets, more spacious parks, more miles of electric railway and lighting wire, better public schools, and handsomer buildings in proportion to their size, than the older cities of the East.

Several poor Irish families were landed last week at Southampton, returned emigrants from the Argentine Republic.

Unveiling of a Monument.

THE most prominent feature of the "Decoration Day" celebration in Manchester, New Hampshire, was the unveiling of a monument to a brave Irish-American soldier, Major Thomas Connolly, of the 8th New Hampshire Volunteers. The monument, which was erected by public subscription, is of granite, and fourteen feet high from the base to the top of the Celtic Cross. The base is 51 inches square, the plinth 36 inches square, and the polished die 23 inches square, and 37 inches high. The cornice is cut in cathedral lines, and above this is a square shaft, surmounted by the cross. On the front of the shaft is a representation of the National flag, draped upon a wreath of peace. On the front of the cornice is a harp, and the plinth bears the words in raised letters: "Connolly." The die bears the following inscription: "Erected by his friends and comrades to the memory of Major Thomas Connolly, of the 8th New Hampshire Volunteers, — 1861 to 1865. Born in the city of Kilkenny, Ireland, A. D. 1830; died in Manchester, N. H., March 22, 1888." Major Connolly was a true type of the Irish-American soldier. Loyal, brave, and true, he risked his all for the land of his adoption. A patriotic Irishman, learned in the traditions, history, and civilization of his native land, he gave generously of his means, and was untiring in his efforts to promote every honorable movement in favor of Irish National independence. One of the distinguishing marks of his earnest National feeling was given when, being assigned with his regiment to duty in New Orleans, in the fall of 1862, with the assistance of the Irish-American soldiers of the 8th New Hampshire Volunteers, he had a graceful marble monument erected over the grave of Richard Dalton Williams, — the patriotic Young Ireland poet ("Shamrock"), of the Dublin Nation, who had died in exile, and was interred in the Catholic Cemetery at Baton Rouge. Col. Dana W. King, of Nashua, made the address, at the unveiling of Major Connolly's monument; and speeches were also made by Col. J. C. Linehan, of Concord, and D. F. O'Connor.

The Gray Nuns.

THE Order of the Gray Nuns now number over 1,200 members, located in about a hundred establishments. At the Mother House, in Montreal, there are 460 nuns and 160 novices. The number of adults under the daily care of the Sisters is 932, and the children number about 5,000. The visits paid to families for charitable purposes number over 22,000 in a year.

REV. FATHER SHERMAN (son of the late General), preached at St. Charles, Mo., on the occasion of the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Aloysius.

FATHER ELLIOT, the eloquent Paulist missionary of New York, estimates that fully ninety per cent. of the abject poverty in New York is traceable to intemperance. There are eleven thousand licensed saloons in the metropolis.

Bottle Production of the World.

IT is computed, in recently made statistics, that the glass-bottle production of the world amounts to a daily output of a little over eleven million bottles. Of these, Germany, Belgium, and Austria-Hungary make more than three-fourths, England and Sweden coming next, while the production of France and the United States combined is said to be quite inconsiderable in comparison.

Workman and Employer.

LET it be granted, then, that, as a rule, workman and employer should make free agreements, and in particular should freely agree as to wages, nevertheless, there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If, through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or a contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice. —LEO XIII.

Mahomedans vs. French.

THE Mahomedans are putting the French to shame. The infidels of France have banished the Sisters of Charity from the schools and the hospitals. The Turkish Governor of Jerusalem, Rahuf Pasha, has handed over the management of a new hospital in the Holy City to the Sisters of Charity. The self-sacrifice of these devoted nuns on the field of battle and in epidemics during the Russo-Turkish war won for them the admiration and lasting gratitude of the Mahomedans. When eleven of them fell victims to the plague at Stamboul, stern old Mussulmans wept like little children, and to-day the act of Rahuf Pasha is received by them with the heartiest approbation.

Sure Death.

A MAN cannot drink intoxicating liquors and live long on the earth — that fact is settled, and there are very few exceptions to the rule. Nelson, of England, investigated the cases of seventy-one hundred and eleven tipplers and ascertained from their experience that the death-rate of English tipplers was sixty-eight in one thousand per annum. This is a startling fact when we know that the death-rate of all England, including the tipplers, is but nineteen in one thousand persons. Among tipplers between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five the death-rate is ten times as large. Dr. Williard Parker, in his estimate for the United States, was hardly more encouraging in his statements. For ten temperate persons who died between twenty-one and thirty, he declared that fifty-one intemperate persons would die. That is, if the mortality for the former was twenty-one in one thousand, it would be fifty-one in one thousand for the latter. That is a woful picture, and it means murder in a wholesale degree. There is almost one constant procession to the New York city morgue — five thousand has been the average for a few years past; four hundred and seventeen each month; nearly fourteen persons each day: more than one for each hour of daylight; and of the five thousand dead, four thousand come as having died from drink. It is a terrible record.

Sweet Sixteen.

I AM taller far than Bess,
Though she's stouter I confess,
And my shoe-tops meet my dress,
And my hair
Reaches far below my waist,
Which is just a little laced,
And many who have taste
Call me fair.

With the boys I musn't play,
Mamma told me so to-day;
And my dolls are given away
Every one;
I'm too old to run about,
Play at tag, or laugh and shout,
I must learn to live without
Any fun.

If with Cousin Tom I walk
Mamma sees me like a hawk,
And you ought to hear her talk,
Such a tongue!
"You, a schoolgirl, flirting, fly!"
Then I wish that I might die,
Since for any pleasure I
Am too young.

I'm too old to play with toys,
I'm too young for woman's joys,
I'm too old to fight the boys;
And the men
I'm forbidden to regard,
Less I sister Bess retard,
And I find it rather hard
Now and then!

Mrs. Malaprop at Church.

SHE sometimes hits the nail on the head. It rained in torrents as she left church on Sunday morning without an umbrella. "How irrigating this is," she ejaculated.

The Church and Her Losses.

WHATEVER falling off in numbers there may be among members of the Catholic Church in some countries, it is accounted for by their neglect to listen to the Church when she condemns secret societies, by the evil influence of political state oppression, and by the sinking of religious truths when conflicting with national questions. For these losses there are compensating gains in other quarters. In her creed, government, and ministry, she is as strong to-day as ever in the past, though the helping hand of ruling powers is greatly weakened, or altogether withdrawn.

Gentile and Jew.

THERE is a man in this town who never allows an opportunity for an attack on the Jews to pass by. It is his hobby. One evening he found himself seated next to a prominent Wall street Hebrew banker.

Somebody turned the subject of conversation to Turkey. The man spoke up and said that he sympathized in many ways with the people of that country, particularly with their dislike of *asses* and *Jews*, whom they are ready to kill on the slightest provocation.

"My dear fellow," said his Jewish neighbor, "how fortunate for you and me that we do not live in Turkey."—*New York Recorder.*

Docking.

THE Brooklyn Star: Take a fine, noble-spirited horse, cut off the hair of his tail bob short, put him in harness with a short check-rein, hitch him in the sun where the thermometer is as high as ninety, and where flies are plenty! If he is a horse of common-sense, he will take the first opportunity to run away and destroy your carriage, and *dash out your brains* (*if you have any*).

EMIGRATION during May, from the United Kingdom of persons of Irish nationality is shown by official returns to have been slightly in excess of the number who left in the same month of last year, the figures being 11,969 and 11,842. Of the total, 11,446 went to the United States, 256 to Australia, 236 to British North America, 8 to the Cape and Natal, and 15 to other places. During the five months ended 31st of May, the comparative drain of the population from Ireland was even still greater, being 31,447 as compared with 29,328 in the same period last year. The number who went to the United States was 29,168; to Australia, 1,062, to British North America, 593; to the Cape and Natal, 47; and elsewhere, 577.

SENATOR EDMUNDS wants the United States' Government to found a Protestant university at Washington, to oppose the Catholic University there, says the Catholic Columbian The Senator favors the project because, so he says, the Catholics seek to unite Church and state, and control the country. But what he accuses them of trying to do, he himself desires to do—he wishes to establish a sectarian university, with the money taken from the national treasury. He would identify the federal administration with Protestantism.

Enforced Temperance.

THE Nation says: "The agency of the railroad companies in promoting temperance is not generally appreciated. They employ 689,912 persons, not counting those who mine the coal and iron, make the rails or locomotives, or build the cars and carriages used by the road. The freight and passenger traffic of the country is practically controlled by six hundred of these corporations, and of these six hundred no fewer than 375 prohibit the use of intoxicating liquors by their employés, among the number being most of the largest companies. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers uses its influence in the same direction. 'Whenever a member of the order is known to be dissipated,' says Mr. Arthur, long the head of the organization, 'we not only expel or suspend him, but notify his employers,' and during the last year 375 members were expelled for this cause. This is only one illustration of the way in which practical business considerations are operating to promote the spread of temperance. It is purely a matter of business with the railroad companies. They simply cannot afford to employ a man who is liable any day to get drunk, and precipitate some terrible disaster. The average man thus comes to see that it is 'money in his pocket,' in more senses than one, if he keeps out of the saloon; and the moral is not lost upon him."

Drink Nearly Killed Gladstone.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, the Grand Old Man, barely escaped death from whiskey not long since. You say Gladstone is a sober man. *He is, but the coachman who drove him to the depot was drunk.—Pioneer.*

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS ARE PROGRESSING.

ONE of THE PILOT staff, whose knowledge of Catholic schools is thorough, writes under the above caption as follows:—

To an interested observer the annual display at the Commencement season of the numerical strength and educational results of the Catholic colleges, academies, and parochial schools, has a deep significance. The pressure on "space," the hours spent in compiling lists of graduates, set Catholic journalists thinking.

The progress of the Catholic schools is a fair test of the progress of the Catholic community. Judged by it, American Catholics have some cause for self-gratulation. We speak a moderate word. They have not all the cause to rejoice that they should have. The work is only well begun. It is not everywhere advanced as far as might be reasonably expected.

But we can note with satisfaction an immense increase throughout the country in the numbers of parochial schools. This means for one thing the deeper rooting in the Catholic community of intelligent conviction of the necessity of religion in education. It means the increased material prosperity of the Catholic community. Further testimony in this latter line is the fact that the parochial schools in many places are absolutely free, and yet have better buildings and better teachers than had many academies of twenty years ago; while the children in attendance are as well dressed and cared for as were the "pay-school" pupils of that by-gone time. And still further, the number of colleges and academies where tuition fees are charged have increased proportionately.

The national and progressive spirit of the schools is also worthy of note. The themes of Commencement essays are largely national. Addresses to the graduates from men of national prominence are a feature of the college graduations.

Rosy rhetoric and poetical quotations are disappearing from the essays of the young men themselves, and are even less prominent than of old in the essays of the girl graduates.

The advance in the practical education of girls is marked. The convent graduate of today has less to say about her prize for "philosophy," and more about her percentage in type-writing and short-hand. Distinct business courses have been instituted in several convent schools.

The higher literary education of the girls is receiving more attention. The Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Paul, Minn., are starting a girls' college, where such a course as the annex at Cornell University or Harvard will eventually supplement the ordinary academic course, for those who have the talent and the time to take it. The existing schools for higher education are lengthening and strengthening their courses.

All this represents growth in every material direction; and spiritual growth as well, for the Catholic school system in America rests on the enlightened faith of the Catholic people, and their readiness to make sacrifices for its sake.

THREE JESUIT SCHOLASTICS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

Sorrow in Boston for the Death of John B. Lamb, S. J.

DURING a dreadful thunderstorm on the night of Friday, July 3, at St. Inigoe's Villa, St. Mary's County, Md., lightning killed three scholastics of Woodstock College, John B. Lamb, William J. Holden, and James Walters. The villa itself was damaged by the stroke, the roof being torn and the walls cracked and twisted.

Of the killed, John B. Lamb was a native of Boston, a son of Mr. John Lamb, of 55 Chester Square. He was thirty-three years old the day of his tragical death, and would have been ordained priest towards the end of August.

Mr. Lamb was educated at Boston College, graduating with distinction in 1878. He entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Frederick, Md., the same year. He made his vows two years later, and began his philosophy at Woodstock, Maryland.

Here his studies were interrupted for awhile, on account of his health. He made a tour of Europe and the Holy Land with his father; returned in improved health, and completed his course.

He was subsequently stationed successively at Georgetown University and Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., where he was a most successful teacher and prefect. He was one of the most accomplished musicians in the Society, a man of cheerful and attractive manners, and a favorite wherever he dwelt. The news of his death was a terrible blow to his father, who was tenderly attached to him, and who was preparing to go to Baltimore for his ordination. "One of the saddest duties of my life," said a prominent Jesuit, who was himself deeply grieved by Mr Lamb's death, "was to break the news to his father." The young Jesuit had hosts of friends in Boston, who were looking forward to a brief reunion with their old-time classmate, as Mr Lamb was to have been the guest of the Rev. E. I. Devitt, S. J., president of Boston College, after his ordination.

Besides his father, Mr. Lamb's death bereaves two brothers, Edward Lamb, a Jesuit scholastic now at Boston College, and Benjamin Lamb, now in the West. They all have the sympathy of the entire community in their sorrow.

William J. Holden was a native of New York City, and was twenty-five years old. His death is a crushing blow to a father and mother who were singularly devoted to him.

James Walters was also from New York, and was but twenty-three. He was one of the most brilliant men in his class.

The sorrow is for the bereaved; not for the young men taken by a sudden summons and a short road to Heaven.

Several young Jesuits, in Rome, were one day at the recreation hour, playing a game. Aloysius Gonzaga, now a canonized saint of Holy Church, was among the number.

"What would you do," asked one, "if you knew you had to die in a quarter of an hour?" One would fly to his spiritual director, another to the chapel, etc., etc. Aloysius said nothing. "What would you do?" they all demanded, struck by his silence.

"I would go on with the game," said the saint.

The three young Jesuits, trained on this model, were found as he would have been under similar circumstances, doing the duty of the hour with all fidelity. They were as ready for Heaven, therefore, in the midst of their vacation amusements, as if God's sudden summons had found them before the altar. They rest in peace.

DINE at Ober's.

LAMSON & HUBBARD'S is the largest hat store in Boston.

TUTTLE'S ELIXIR, for man or beast, is justly celebrated.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY is celebrated all over the world.

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THE Putnam Nail will never fail. Have your blacksmith use no other.

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THE Standard Furniture Co., 23 Washington street, Boston, cannot be beat for low prices, either for cash or on the instalment plan.

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SHAKESPEARE was a grand old poet; he had the brains and wit to show it; he drank his whiskey made from rye, and always smoked the Sleeper's Eye.

POETS sang in early ages; actors strut on many stages; doctors cured the ills of man; none more successful than Dr. Dam, 405 Columbus avenue, Boston.

THE Boston Furniture Co. is selling furniture very low at 790 Washington street, Boston. Messrs. Kelly & Hayes will not allow themselves to be outdone.

WM. H. BRINE, corner Tremont street and Pemberton square, Boston, is giving the ladies who visit his store great bargains. Just call and see for yourselves.

SAGES lived in days gone by; wise men did just the same. Take a friend's advice, and buy your furniture of the Hanover Furniture Co., 126 and 128 Hanover street, Boston.

THE Commonwealth Clothing Store, corner of Kneeland and Washington streets, is the best place in Boston to buy summer clothing, for young men, old men, or boys, and the cheapest in the city.

THE Boston Orange Growers Co., M. D. Brooks, general agent, 34 School street, Boston, is offering great inducements to capitalists. Read their advertisement in another column of this MAGAZINE.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has the largest circulation in New England. One of our agents, Mr. Glancy, well known in Boston, takes, on an average, from twenty-five to forty subscribers a day, when travelling.

MESSRS. EDWARD HARKINS & Co., 27 India street, corner of Milk street, Boston, has the largest stock of oils and candles for church purposes that can be found in this city, and at very moderate prices.

THE Investment Trust Company of America, formerly Kansas Investment Company, is a safe investment company. Capital, one million dollars. Office, 101 Devonshire street, Boston. Principal and interest guaranteed.

NONE more modest than a lady. None more soldierly than a soldier. None more patriotic than a patriot. None more wise than Solomon. Ladies, soldiers, patriots, and wise people, all buy their furniture of John Curtin & Co., New Washington street, Boston.

CAUSE OF SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

THE direct cause of pain and looseness of the bowels is an irritation of the mucous membrane of the same, sufficient to produce excessive peristaltic or worm-like motion in the interior of the bowels, by which means the matter in the bowels is naturally carried through them. This excessive irritation causes more than a natural peristaltic action, and the partially digested food matter is kept constantly passing along and evacuated freely. This is called a diarrhœa; where the irritation is enough to cause bleeding, we have dysentery. Indirect causes of diarrhœa, by which an irritation is started, are intestinal dyspepsia, overeating, unripe or overripe fruit, tainted meats, or oysters, etc.; torpor of liver, by which not enough bile is secreted; *excessive* flow of bile, etc. TREATMENT. Thoroughly evacuate the bowels with, say, Parson's Pills, they are among the best to get rid of all irritating matter. Then take Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in teaspoonful doses diluted with water every four hours, and oftener if the case is severe. In cases of Asiatic cholera, one teaspoonful should be given every half-hour. Thousands of people remember the year 1849, when that worst known epidemic disease spread over this country. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment at that time was but little known outside of the state of Maine. In Bangor, Maine, the home of old Dr. Johnson, the cholera got a firm hold,—people dying in that small town at the rate of "thirty-six in one day."

Many old citizens of that place look back upon that wholesale death scene even at this late day, and shudder at the pangs it cost. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is now in its full vigor, and they feel that with it at hand cholera cannot again devastate their fair city as in 1849. But for its use at that time by its friends, many would not now live to spread the joyful news that any case of diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera-morbus, cholera, or kindred diseases, *if taken in season*, can be cured by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It never yet failed. No matter how well you know this medicine, it will pay you to send to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet, free, just to learn how to use the liniment economically. A teaspoonful, properly used, will often do more good than a half-bottle as some people use it.

Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."— *Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

P. O'Shea, 45 Warren St., New York.

MORES CATHOLICI; OR AGES OF FAITH. By Kenelm H. Digby. Vol. 3, containing Books VII., VIII., and IX. Price, $3.75.

If the publisher never published a book, this great work would immortalize him. The present volume comprises eleven hundred and twenty octavo pages. The preceding volumes are equally large. No other book in the language can compare with it. The English edition is in several volumes. Mr. O'Shea will give us the conclusion in due course of time.

THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE MADELEINE BARAT. FOUNDRESS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Drawn and abridged from the French, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

The object of this volume is to bring to Catholics a cheaper and more popular history of this servant of God than the one previously published, and by bringing it thus within the reach of a greater number of readers to spread more widely the knowledge of her virtues and lessons her life affords. Book should be in every family.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cin.

THE HOLY MASS EXPLAINED. A short explanation of the meaning of the ceremonies of the Mass. Useful to all who take part in the Sacred Mysteries. By Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S. J. Translated by the Rev. P. O'Hare. Price, 60 cents.

The Reverend translator in the preface says the book should be in the hands not only of those who celebrate the divine mysteries, but also in the hands of all who assist at them.

P. J. Kennedy, 5 Barclay St., N. Y.

A CHIVALROUS DEED, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. By Christine Faber, author of The Guardian Mystery, A Mother's Sacrifice, Carroll O'Donohue, etc.

SOPHIE'S TROUBLES. By the Countess de Ségur, Née Rostopehine. Forty Illustrations. Translated by P. P. S.

James L. Corr & Co., Boston.

MEMORIAL OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE MOST REV. JOHN J. WILLIAMS, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON, on Thursday, March 12, 1891. Price, 50 cents.

Mr. Bernard Corr, the editor of this book, has given us a very handsome volume of the attendant ceremonies of the jubilee of our beloved Archbishop. It has a very good portrait, the paper and printing excellent. Every Catholic family in New England should possess a copy.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and Chi.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER of our Holy Father, by Divine Providence Pope Leo XIII. Price, Paper, 10 cents; per 100, $6.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. Short Meditations for the month of July. By R. F. Clarke, S. J. Price, 15 cents.

The Pilot Publishing Co., Boston.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER of Our Holy Father The Pope, on the Condition of Labor. $1.25 per one hundred; $10 per one thousand; single copies, by mail, five cents.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

HAVE published the Pope's Encyclical in larger type.

GLENCOONOGE. A novel. By R. B. Sheridan Knowles. Price $1.

This story appeared as a serial in The Month. It is now issued in a fine, large, handsome volume, for the low price of one dollar. A very pleasant, gossipy tale, sustaining the reader's interest to the very end.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANON O'HANLON, of Dublin, has in press an Irish-American History of the United States.

THE Catholic Publication Society Company will issue from their new quarters, No. 12 East Seventeenth street, New York, a History of St. John's College, Fordham, the institution successfully founded by the great Archbishop Hughes, after previous efforts had failed. St. John's College opened on the 24th of June, 1841, and this year celebrated the fiftieth year of its existence. The appearance of the history of the institution will thus give half a century of its annals. The college has produced many men of mark, and the history will have attractions for a large circle of readers.

MUSIC.

White-Smith Music Pub. Co., Boston.

Vocal:— "Watching the Waves," words by E. O. Boswell, music by E. H. Bailey. "Wert Thou Sincere?" by Louis Campbell Tipton. "I Come," by same author. "It

Matters Not," by C. A. White. "O Happy Day," by Carl Gotze. "The Garden of Sleep," words by Clement Scott, music by Isidore De Lara. "The Hostess' Daughter," by Edw. Baxter Felton. "On Venice Waters," words by Henry Vaughan, music by Otto Roeder.

Piano:—"Comrade's Waltz," by B. M. Davison. "La Viennoise," Valse Brilliante, by G. Bachmann. "La Paloma," Transcription, by H. Cramer. "Ballet Music," by Louis Campbell Tipton. "Tyrolean Waltzes," by C. A. White. "Rippling Stream Schottische," by A. J. Guille. "Western Star Quickstep," by Chas. Koett. "Valley Gem Polka," by J. H. Rheem. "La Paloma," Transcription, by Trehole. "Sounds from the West March," by Chas. Koett. "Iowa March," by Chas. Bollman. "Les Huguenots," Grand Fantasie, by Sydney Smith. "Perles et Rubis," Mazurka, by W. Lege. "Teresita Schottische," by M. M. Blum. "Ribbon Polka," by Carl Blaner, arranged for orchestra. "Sweet Remembrance March," by Kittie Allen. "White's Grand Triumphal March," by N. Martinez. "Song King Waltz," by Louis Eckert. "La Jessie Waltz," by C. F. W. Bachmann.

BOOKS.

Books:—"Folio," for June. "Holmes' Airs and Ditties for Violin and Piano." "Practical Instruction in the Art of Four Hand Pianoforte Playing, as a Supplement to every Pianoforte School," by Jos. Low. Book I.

Miraculous Cure.

AN apostolic trial is now going on before Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, regarding the alleged miraculous cure of Frère Netherline, a member of the Order of Christian Brothers. Frère Netherline in 1888 was struck with paralysis, so much so that a pin could be run through his body its whole length without his feeling it, and when a finger was pressed against his flesh, the indentation remained. The doctors gave him up, and when the anniversary of St. Jean Baptiste De La Salle, founder of the Order, whose trial for canonization is now going on at Rome, came around, Frère Netherline undertook a novena of nine days' prayer. It ended May 4, when he was carried to church. As soon as he had partaken of the Eucharist, Frère Netherline felt a sensation through his body, and immediately regained health and strength, walking out of the church. The doctors who attended him testified, and said that medical aid had nothing to do with his recovery.

THE O'Connor Don, D. L., and Sir Patrick Keenan, K. C. B., have been appointed senators of the Royal University of Ireland, in the room of Sir Robert Kane, deceased, and the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, resigned.

Rosa Mulholland's Marriage.

IRELAND and Irish literature will hardly know themselves, says the London Weekly Register, without a Rosa Mulholland. Rosa Mulholland has been transformed into Rosa Gilbert — a name to become as familiar on title pages, we may hope, as was the old name which we cannot part from without some emotion. The ceremony which made Mr. John T. Gilbert, F. S. A., M. R. I. A., and Miss Rosa Mulholland man and wife, was performed very quietly the other morning, by Father Matthew Russell, S. J., her faithful friend and family connection. The marriage is said to follow on a long attachment on Mr. Gilbert's part, though only on a short engagement. The honeymoon was spent at Newry and Rostrevor, after which the home of Mrs. Gilbert will be the Villa Nova at Blackrock, half way between Dublin and Kingstown. Mr. Gilbert, though the son of a Protestant, is himself an excellent Catholic, besides being a man of brilliant parts.

M. PIERRE VEUILLOT, editor of the Paris *Univers*, was married recently to Mdlle. Marguerite Felix, at the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin. The nuptial blessing was given by Cardinal Langénieux.

MRS. MARY ANDERSON-NEVARRO has bought a house in Tunbridge Wells. She said to a reporter last week: "I have not the slightest intention of ever acting again. I have retired forever."

"SUPPOSE one anarchist rails against wealth, and claims that the rich won't let the poor live. And suppose another finds a five-dollar bill. Now one, as it were, being a capitalist, what common level can they find? Where will they meet?"

"In the beer saloon."

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS.

ON June 19, the Most Rev. Dr. Flannery, late Bishop of Killaloe, died at his residence in Paris, at the advanced age of seventy-five years. The deceased Prelate was born in Scariff, county Clare, and was educated in the colleges of Carlow and Maynooth. After serving for a brief period as a curate in his native diocese, he became Professor in All Hallows Missionary College, and subsequently Dean of the Catholic University. In 1858 he was appointed Coadjutor to the Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Killaloe, whom he succeeded in the following year. In 1863 his health grew feeble, and since then he resided in retirement at Paris. He is succeeded in the See by the Right Rev. Dr. McRedmond, Coadjutor Bishop and Apostolic Administrator of the Diocese.

The announcement of the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Egan, Bishop of Waterford, came with startling suddenness on his many friends and the entire community. He was suffering from the grip, and returned to Waterford on June 9, and complained that night of feeling unusually indisposed. The local physicians were summoned, but their patient died, after receiving the last religious rites, next morning. Dr. Egan occupied the Episcopal seat in Waterford only a year and a half. But though he was not a native of the diocese, or one of its priests, and though he had not been elected Bishop, having been appointed directly from Rome, no Prelate at any time previous presiding over the ancient See won greater respect. He was nominated to the Bishopric in October, 1889, and was consecrated the following January. Born in Roscrea fifty-two years ago, he was educated in the old Waterford Diocesan College, whence he passed to Maynooth, where he gained a Dunboyne studentship. After his ordination he became curate of Tulla, county Clare, and in the diocese of Killaloe was associated with the Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, the present Bishop of that diocese (nominated contemporaneously with himself), in the foundation of the Diocesan Seminary at Ennis. Dr. Egan was appointed Vice-President, and Dr. McRedmond, President. Dr. Egan soon became well and favorably known in educational circles. He was transferred after some time to Dublin, to the headship of University College. He was a leading figure in founding and promoting the Schoolmasters' Association, embracing Protestants and Catholics. In 1882 he was elected Fellow of the Royal University, and acted as Examiner in English Literature; and previously in University College was Professor of Belles Lettres. He also became Professor in the National Teachers' Training College in Baggot street, and was subsequently appointed a Commissioner for Intermediate Education. He held the Fellowship and the Commissionership up to his death. Dr. Egan was a man of dignified presence, polished address, and benevolent character. The sorrow for his unexpected death is deep and genuine in Waterford, and indeed all over Ireland, in capital and country, where he was held in high esteem.

CLERGYMEN.

THE death of the Right Rev. Mgr. Hassan, Vice-President of the Irish College, Rome, took place at Nazareth House, Hammersmith, London, May 20. Mgr. Hassan, who has a sister and many friends in the Congregation of the Sisters of Nazareth, at his own request was taken to the convent. The invalid priest expected that a few days' rest there would recruit his strength before his journey to Ireland. Seeing that the sick priest was in the last stage of consumption and seriously ill, Rev. Dr. Graham, one of his many English friends, came the same evening and administered to him the last rites of the Church. Dr. Graham also visited him constantly during the few days that remained to him, and assisted him in his last agony. The dying priest was conscious to the end.

Mgr. Hassan was only thirty-six years of age. He was born at Maghera, county Derry, and was nephew to the late Dr. Hassan, Vicar-General of Derry. He was educated in the Irish College, Rome, and was a man of singular ability. He was ordained priest at the age of twenty-three. His remains are to be taken to Ireland to rest in the vault of his venerable uncle.

WARE, June 26, 1891. Rev. William Moran, the eldest Catholic priest in the diocese of Springfield, Mass., died at Ware, Wednesday morning, aged eighty-six years. He was the rector of St. William's Church at Ware for twenty-three years, and resigned four years ago, on account of poor health. He was at one time a priest at St. John's, N. B., and came into the States and was stationed in Maine, when there were but few Catholics there. He was afterward sent to Massachusetts, where he was stationed at Sandwich. He served under Bishops Fenwick, Fitzpatrick, Williams, and O'Rielly.

THE death is announced at Frederick, Md., of Rev. Patrick A. Duddy, S. J., well and favorably known in Frederick on account of his long residence at St. Joseph's. He had been in failing health for fully ten years.

WE learn with regret of the death of the Rev. Michael Kelly, S. J., who has been for many years engaged in Missionary work in Australia. He was a native of the diocese of Meath, Ireland, where his zeal and priestly virtues placed him high among his brethren of the sacred ministry. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1868, at the age of forty. Soon after he was sent to Australia, where he has since labored with the same zeal and success which characterized his ministry at home.

THE Rev. Cornelius Fitzpatrick, who died at the residence of his niece, Mrs. Peter Flood, 361 West 55th street, New York, on the 15th June, had been in the Catholic ministry for forty-eight years. He was regarded as one of the most learned men of that Church in this country. He was born in county Cavan, Ireland, in 1805, and came to this country in 1848. He was for several years Professor of Languages in Tipperary College. Immediately after his arrival in America he went to the college at Emmittsburg, Md., from which he graduated. Subsequently he took a finishing course at Fordham College. He was ordained a priest in Albany by Bishop (afterwards Cardinal) McCloskey. He then took charge of a parish at Constableville, N. Y. About twenty years ago he went to St. Joseph's Church, at Fort Edward, N. Y., and remained there until he retired from active duties, nearly six years ago. In March, 1890, his health began to fail rapidly, and he came to the home of his niece, where he remained until his death.

REV. FATHER CURCI, a distinguished Italian ecclesiastic of Rome, died on the 10th inst. He was born in 1800, and was the most eloquent pulpit orator of the Society of Jesus. Father Curci was also well known as a brilliant writer upon theological subjects. He was the founder of *Civilta Cattolica*, one of the leading ecclesiastical organs in Rome.

RECENTLY, at the parochial house, Inniscafra, county Cork, the Rev. Father T. L. Murray, P. P., the oldest priest in Ireland, passed away in his ninety-first year. He entered Maynooth in 1825, was ordained on Pentecost Sunday, 1831, so that he was just sixty-one years in Holy Orders. His first mission was in the island of Cape Clear, long before the famine years, after which he was a curate in Middleton with the late Dr. Keane, who was afterwards Bishop of Cloyne. His next appointment was as parish priest of Glantana, near Mallow, and in 1870 he was translated to Inniscarra, where he had been up to his death. Father Murray was an Irish scholar of great erudition, and also devoted himself much to antiquarian research.

ADVICES from Surinam, Dutch Guiana, convey the news that Father Palker, the Redemptorist, who devoted his life for the past twenty-five years, to nursing the lepers of that colony, has died of leprosy.

THE death of the Rev. John O'Reilly, P. P., Rollerstown, Kilsallaghan, is announced. The deceased clergyman was in the forty-first year

of his holy ministry, and in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and had been for about twenty-four years pastor of Rollerstown.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Thomas Coen, P. P., V. F., Aughrim and Kilconnell, in the diocese of Clonfert, which took place recently, at the advanced age of eighty years, fifty of which he had spent in the ministry. Forty-five years ago he was curate in Ballinasloe, and fought against proselytism, which was rife in the parish at the time. He was an intimate friend of O'Connell, and attended all his great meetings in the county.

REV. THOMAS J. MURPHY died at the Carney Hospital, South Boston, on the 2d of July, after a prolonged illness. Father Murphy, who was only thirty-two years of age, was born in Boston, and studied in the Quincy and English high schools, completing his education at the seminary in Montreal. He was ordained to the priesthood about eight years ago, and was stationed successively in Providence, Lynn, Haverhill, Roxbury, a short time in Woburn, and recently at St. Cecilia's in the Back Bay. The funeral took place at St. Patrick's Church, Roxbury, on the 6th. The officiating clergymen were Rev. David J. Herlihy, Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, celebrant; Rev. Daniel C. Riordan, South Framingham, deacon; Rev. Richard J. Burke, Lowell, sub-deacon; Rev. P. B. Murphy, Natick, Master of Ceremonies. Archbishop Williams was represented by the Vicar-General, Very Rev. William Byrne, and Bishop-elect Brady, of Amesbury, while upwards of one hundred clergymen from every part of the archdiocese occupied seats within the sanctuary. The interment took place at Calvary Cemetery.

WE regret to announce the death, by drowning, of two students of theology from St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College, Mill Hill, London, N. W. Their names are Rev. Peter Van den Heuvel (a full member of the society in minor orders), and Mr. Lambert Werners. They were both in their twenty-third year, and of Dutch extraction. In their studies they had achieved the best results, and their conduct was most exemplary. This sad occurrence is a great blow to the Foreign Missionary College, and it makes within a month three deaths by drowning of members connected with St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society.

SISTERS.

SISTER MARY of St. Calista (Miss Anna Aderly), died at the Home of the Good Shepherd, Kansas City, on the Feast of our Lady of Perpetual Succor, aged twenty-four years.

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. MARTIN P. WARD, the well-known Gaelic scholar, of San Francisco, has forwarded to the Dublin Nation the following account of the death, in San Francisco, of a venerable Irishwoman, who was old enough to remember the troublous times of '98 and 1803, and had personally seen Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet. Mr. Ward writes as follows: Mrs. Hurley, of Sherwood place, in this city, is dead. She departed this life on Thursday, the 14th ult., at the wonderful age of one hundred and eight years eight months and twenty-nine days. As the papers speak of the matter in such a conflicting manner, I deem it my duty to give, through your courtesy, a few remarks from her own lips, when in good health and of clear memory, as we spoke in our native Gaelic, which she loved so fondly. She said: "My name before marriage was Mary O'Sullivan. My father was Florence O'Sullivan, and I am proud to be of the family of Donal, the Prince of Beare and Bantry. I was born on Aug. 11, 1783, on Whiddy Island, in Bantry Bay. One thing I pride in: I saw Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and Robert Emmet kissed me when he paid a visit to my father's house, and spent an hour with us. When the French landed, in 1798, I was fifteen years old. Then young Hurley and my brother took up arms and shouldered their pikes. My brother was slain, and Hurley got wounded severely. He had to be taken and nursed in a refuge in the mountains. Soon after I became his wife. There was no rest for my father, nor for our people. My father had to leave for other parts."

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"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Boston Herald on Parochial Schools.

THE Boston Herald, in a recent issue, had a most curious and characteristic article on the subject of parochial schools. The writer is compelled to acknowledge the high character and general efficiency of those schools, and that they are greatly to the credit of the people who are interested in them. After speaking of the difficulties under which the friends of parochial schools have been compelled to labor, and the praiseworthy efforts of the teaching sisters to reach the most favorable results, the writer goes on to make this remarkable declaration:

"We concede that, on the ground of the absence of directly religious teaching in the public schools, the Roman Catholic children obtain advantages in the parochial schools which are not to be ignored; but we also believe that there is a distinct loss to these Roman Catholic children in being educated apart from the Protestant youth."

Now what does that language mean? It must be acknowledged that religion is an important element in the instruction of children. The absence of religious instruction in the public schools gives the parochial schools a very decided advantage which is not to be ignored. Nevertheless there is a distinct loss to those children who are educated apart from the Protestant youth. What is that distinct loss which is of so much consequence? Certainly it must be something very important that can outweigh the value of religion. Let us see if we can get a distinct idea of this important something. The writer proceeds:

"There is a distinct loss in the cultivation of what is most precious in American citizenship, and in the reaching out to the grip on American life. We need to use every instrumentality which helps to bring all our people into unity of spirit and thought and action."

Ah! then it is, perhaps, a lack of the spirit of American citizenship? Well, no, not exactly that. That, certainly, is what the language seems to mean, but wait till you see what follows. Our logical and consistent writer proceeds to assure us in the most positive manner:

"We do not in the least insinuate that there is any lack in the parochial schools of the American sentiment, or of respect for American institutions, but the Roman Catholic boy or girl who is educated in them misses a priceless something in his education which the public school inevitably supplies."

A priceless something! Well, in heaven's name, what is it? It must, indeed, be a veritable "what is it?" It is *not* religious instruction which is important, and in which parochial schools possess the decided advantage. It is not in the excellence of general instruction in which the good sisters are acknowledged to excel. It is not in the absence of the American spirit, in which parochial schools are not deficient. What, then, we repeat, is this thing which is most precious in American citizenship?

Mark that expression "reaching out to the grip on American life;" it is very graphic, and we suppose it must have a meaning if we could only get at it. It is no doubt well worth while for the friends of parochial schools to take pains to introduce that "grip" into their curriculum, for, in fine, it is a "priceless something" which should by no means be ignored, but which should be introduced into our parochial schools at any cost.

There are two expressions which we have overlooked, and which may, perhaps, give us an inkling as to what our ingenious writer is driving at. "It is a distinct loss that Roman Catholic children should be educated apart from the Protestant youth," and "We need to use every instrumentality which helps to bring all our people into unity of spirit and thought and action." Ah! we have it now. We must all be Protestants or nothingarians, it matters not much which. It is not to level up to Catholicism, but to level down to Protestantism. We must all think alike, and go for the grip, and then we shall succeed. It is not the grip on heaven that we must be after. Of course, that is what you get in the parochial schools. But that is a disadvantage to you. Religion, especially the Catholic religion, is unpopular. It may give you a grip on heaven, but that is not the grip you want. It is the godless public schools that give you the grip you ought to have, the grip on American life, which, alas, is a grip on this world, and a loosening the grip on the other.

This is the appeal that is constantly made. This is the all-prevailing motive that is presented to our Catholic people to induce them to patronize the public schools, to the neglect of their own. It is a deliberate placing of the temporal interests of our children before the spiritual. It will be more to your children's temporal advantage if you send them to the public schools. They will be more likely to get good places, and succeed in the world than if they go to the parochial schools.

It is not so. It is a delusion and a snare. With the exception of a very few incorrigible bigots, who are not worthy of notice, the great mass of business men do not care a fig where a young man or a young woman was educated, so that they are competent for the position they seek. It is coming to be more and more understood that the graduates of our Catholic schools carry off the prizes in competition with the

graduates of our public schools, and we verily believe the time is coming, and perhaps is not far distant, when the preference will be given to the graduates of our Catholic schools. We know of a large business establishment, not a thousand miles from Boston, conducted by a Jew, who, on being asked why he employed so many Irish-Catholics, instead of his own kind, replied that he found that practical Catholics were, upon the whole, more honest and reliable than any other class of people. Evidently, according to this sagacious business man, there is a grip more important than the "grip upon American life," of which the Herald writer so glibly, but so insiduously, discourses.

But whether it be true or not that the graduates of our schools will be preferred, we do not envy those Catholic parents who deliberately sacrifice the spiritual interests of their children, to say nothing of their own consistency as Catholics, under the mistaken notion that they are furthering their temporal interests by sending them to the godless public schools, in preference to their own Catholic schools. It strikes us that they will have a fearful account to give at the last day. H. L. R.

Important from Ireland.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5. — Among the passengers who arrived on the White Star steamer Majestic this morning, was Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the president of the Irish National Federation in America.

Dr. Emmet has been in Europe for a month, and has spent most of his time in London studying the Irish question.

It was erroneously announced that he was accompanied by Maurice Healey and William J. Lane, members of Parliament, but these gentlemen only accompanied him from Cork to Queenstown.

Dr. Emmet was seen at his residence shortly after he arrived, and talked freely with a reporter about the Irish question.

"I never came back from Ireland," he said, "more hopeful that she would soon gain her legislative independence. I talked with a great many Englishmen and found among them a growing feeling in favor of home rule for Ireland and Scotland.

"Had Dillon and O'Brien joined Parnell they might have delayed it for Ireland for some time; but now that they have joined the McCarthyites, there is little fear but that a measure of home rule will be passed by the next parliament.

"I found that Mr. Parnell had very little following in Ireland, and I also found that the priests were not coercing the people, and were not interfering in the matter, only so far as morals were concerned.

"McCarthy will continue to be the leader until the next meeting of the Irish party, when a council will be elected to direct the policy of the party.

"There will be no more single leaders of the party. They have had enough of one-man rule."

The crops in Ireland, Dr. Emmet said, were never better.

Prize-Fighting.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ROUNDLY DENOUNCES THE "MANLY ART."

THE following address was delivered on the evening of the 20th of July in St. Paul, Minn., in Market Hall, before an immense audience assembled to protest against a prize-fight in that city:

The Address.

There are occasions when to be silent, my conscience tells me, is to abet and approve crime. The present is one such. It is sought to put shame and opprobrium upon the face of our fair city; it is sought to inflict a deep and ghastly wound upon the morals of this community. The citizen must speak, and his words must be loud and persistent. The Christian must speak. The teacher of Christian morals surely must speak.

A prize-fight is to take place in St. Paul. The name of St. Paul is on the tongue of the bruiser and the gambler throughout America; its name, as the arena for the Hall-Fitzsimmons contest, has, we are told, sped across oceans, even to Australia on one side and to England on the other. Railroad coaches are journeying on toward the capital of Minnesota laden with representatives of the sporting fraternity of Chicago, San Francisco, and New York. We are for the nonce famous — famous for our lawlessness, famous for our public and enthusiastic patronage of vulgar animalism.

The law of the commonwealth of Minnesota is to be openly violated, in presence, it has been promised, of ten thousand people, members for the time being of a high-toned club, paying out for the enjoyment of the fight ten thousand dollars trebled, or perhaps quadrupled. The law has been explained to you; the wording is clear and comprehensive. "Four-ounce gloves," covering the whole hand or only the palm, do not parry its force. I have no hesitation in saying that some people, who have seemingly been tolerant of the proposed "mill," were not aware that the law is so precise and so extensive in its prohibitions. You have heard the law: citizens of Minnesota, I bid you say that it shall be observed. The peace, the good fortune, the stability of the state — and the state means your homes, your possessions, your very persons — are dependent upon the magic of the word law. All is safe when covered with the mantle of law. Law is the token of civilization; barbarism exists where law is absent; the weakening of law is a descent to barbarism. In free communities, upon the soil of our own blessed America, must law be doubly sacred. Elsewhere armed force might for awhile restrain violence and passion. Here our trust lies in public opinion, making law so strong, so sacred, that the mere appeal to it is more effective than a thousand bayonets. We are rapidly moving towards slavery when law needs the prop of armed power. The law-breaker, apart from the criminal act which he directly commits, has upon his soul the sin of high treason against the state, whose existence is menaced by

his spirit of lawlessness, and the community which calmly permits lawlessness is planning its own death. An instance of lawlessness here and there, it will be said, is a matter of small consequence. Is it so? The spirit of lawlessness is begotten; the bacillus of disease is sown in the atmosphere; the evil spreads, and the epidemic is nigh at hand. And when the act of lawlessness is most public, with the apparent approval of the whole community, men of position and influence abetting and aiding, pestilence comes at once into power, lawlessness reigns; law is but a name, to be spoken to in defiance; but a shadow, before which no criminal intent may quail. God knows we are advanced enough in lawlessness; social crime, of a hundred forms, ghastly and death-breathing, stalks before us, proud and arrogant, laughing to scorn municipal and state laws.

There is reason already for most serious alarm. Shall we farther enthrone lawlessness on a pedestal of glory, the flower of our youth and the strength of our manhood rending the air with frantic applause, and the roughs and toughs, and bruisers and sports of America invited to honor with their presence the ceremony?

Tell us not that efforts have been made to squeeze Hall and Fitzsimmons and their trainers into legal room. You have not succeeded. And I ask you were the efforts honorable? You call around you professional prize-fighters — and you would have our citizens take them by the hand, because, forsooth, there is a glove, or a half glove upon it. You gather into our city the gangs of men and women who troop around prize-fighters, and you would have us bid them welcome, because, by stretching to breaking tension the mantle of the law you hope to cover within its folds the heads of the motley crowd — however much in spite of all your good-will and your strenuous pull the Achillean heel remains still exposed. Efforts to bring criminals within the law are efforts to shatter the law, and to leave us but tattered fragments to float over our homes, and to guard our persons from the touch of violence and wickedness. Efforts to lift up the low and polluted into communion with the respectable and law-abiding are promises of lowering the latter to meet the former at a half-way station. But it will be said by what right are private citizens concerned in the threatened lawlessness? Is not this the immediate business of our public officials? It is their business, and it is our business also. Officials are our agents; we are the principals. Are the principals without interest in their holdings, and are they debarred from action and voice when these holdings are menaced? It is our privilege, our right, our duty to instruct and exhort the agent. Moreover, it happens at times that silence on the part of the community is taken as suggesting and approving non-action on the part of officials. They may imagine, and custom seems to give a color of reason to their imaginings, that the community desires to stamp our certain laws as obsolete. In loyalty to their constituents, officials are still as the slumbers of the night in such contingencies. I am not afraid to lay at the door of citizens even more than at that of officials the non-enforcement of certain laws. Do we wish that at the present time

the laws of the commonwealth of Minnesota against prize-fighting be enforced? Then let us speak out. And let our speaking be loud and earnest; else we may not be heard. I am very sure many in St. Paul have already gone to our officials, as representatives of this community, and have demanded in the name of the community, in your name, my hearers, and in mine, since we are parts of the community, that prize-fighting "with gloves," under the guardianship of the Minnesota Athletic club, be permitted.

I am very sure they have said to our officials that business will be enlivened by the light, that fun and recreation will be offered to the listless multitude, that crowds will be hither attracted, and as to the anti-prize-fighters in St. Paul, why, they will have whispered, that kind of people are cowards and semi-idiots; they will not dare speak, or if they do they will utter tones so faint that the protest shall be lost on evening breezes, and, consequently, no heed need be given to them. What think you? How shall we speak this night? A prize-fight, in St. Paul — with the whole city astir in preparation and expectation! A prize-fight! Let us not be deceived by words. I have naught but but praise for the art of self-defence, for physical development, for recreation and rational enjoyment. Words such as these are often thrown over prize-fighting, to cover up its ugliness. They have nothing in common with it. Prize-fighting is the beating and pounding of one man by another, until the other, exhausted and disfigured and bleeding, confesses himself conquered. This is savageism; it is animalism. It is low and vulgar. It begets degrading and grovelling tastes, and awakens beastly instincts. The thing is judged from its concomitants: the roughest, idlest, most lawless elements hang around prize-fighters. Lift them up into prominence and respectability; you lift upward, too, their whole surroundings. The spectators of prize-fighting are drawn into the same whirlpool of vulgarism and animalism. When Roman civilization fell to its nadir the usual rendezvous of the crowds was the coliseum, where for the pleasure of blood-thirsting eyes, gladiators slew one another, and wild beasts crunched the living bodies of men. We are not in these depths; but prize-fighting points in the direction of them. A citizen of St. Paul, I am credibly informed, one who favors Hall and Fitzsimmons, obtained lately Kodak views of a prize-fight, in its several rounds, with the idea somewhat of putting them on exhibition, as a drawing card for the fray. But looking at them even he declared that the sight would frighten people, and he shelved them for private instruction.

The fighters are extolled into heroes. Special Pullmans convey them to the Saintly City; the papers devote columns to telling their sayings and doings; crowds greet them, and receive their words as oracles; ten thousand will applaud the battle. The prize-fight is the road to glory and distinction and fortune. The lesson to the young man! We are too thoughtless as to our responsibilities towards others. I am no optimist. I know that alas! crime and sin will remain. But this much, too, I know, and this I would proclaim from the house-tops, that evil and the path to evil must not be draped in garments of honor,

or encouraged even passively by public opinion. The unwary and the weak-souled are rushed into destruction by the illusion which is thus cast around wrong-doing, who would have been saved if the hideousness of the reality had not been veiled, or the temptation to wrong-doing had been hidden away in its own dark lairs. If evil must be let it be compelled to hide itself; let it receive the frowns of the community; let it fear to raise its head into the light of day, lest the law, the ægis of righteousness, strike it unto death.

Our hearts are wrapt up in our city. We desire its prosperity and its fame. Send forth, then, over the land the message that it is a law-abiding city, that within its precincts honor and virtue reign, and that if there is evil, it is under the ban of public opinion.

The Law on Prize-Fighting.

The laws of 1889, chapter 12, section 1, provide as follows:

"Prize-Fighting and Sparring. — Any person who, within this state, engages in, instigates, aids or encourages, or does any act to further a contention or fight, with or without weapons, between two or more persons, or a fight commonly called a ring or prize-fight, or a contention commonly called a sparring match in which the combatants are provided with gloves, or who sends or publishes a challenge for such a contention, prize-fight, or sparring match, with or without gloves, or carries or delivers such a challenge or acceptance, or trains or assists any person or persons in training or preparing for such contention, prize-fight or sparring match, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by imprisonment in the common jail, for a term of not less than thirty nor more than ninety days."

A Sensible Woman.

SHE takes a healthy interest in her neighbors, but she is by no means a gossip, still less a scandal monger. At no time will she be brought into the folly of discussing motives, or judging of things by the seamy side of appearances; and if persistently bored by those who find a pleasure in seeing all things at cross purposes and all people more or less scoundrels undetected, she does her best to mitigate what she cannot prevent. She has strong principles, but she is not an active proselytizer. She lets others think for themselves, and only when called on to testify, raises her own private flag aloft. She knows the difference between constancy and aggression, which, with the courage of her opinions, has also the modesty of reticence. She treats her servants as, in a certain sense, her friends, her children, while still keeping the reins of home government in her own hands. But they all know that when they do their duty she will reward them, or, at least, recognize by kind words and hearty acknowledgment that they have done well, and when they neglect it she will rebuke them. She will be neither indifferent on one side, nor remiss on the other, and thus her household always feel and know that her eyes are open and heart is warm.

Consecration of Rt. Rev. John Brady,

AUXILIARY BISHOP OF BOSTON.

THE Rt. Rev. John Brady, D. D., late rector of St. John's Church, Amesbury, Mass., was consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, on the morning of August 5, feast of St. Mary ad Nives. Though the diocese of Boston within the past twenty-five years has given five bishops, besides its venerable Metropolitan, to the Church in New England, Bishop Brady is the first to be consecrated in the Cathedral.

Soon after the doors were opened every seat and all the standing room in the Cathedral were taken. A large delegation of Bishop Brady's late parishioners came from Amesbury and Merrimac; there was also a large attendance from Newburyport. The parishioners of the Cathedral generously gave up many seats to the visitors. Admirable order was maintained by a large body of ushers, whose thoughtfulness and courtesy were most commendable.

A little before 10 A. M., the procession of priests and prelates entered the sanctuary. About two hundred priests were present.

The consecrator was the Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston; the assistant consecrators, the Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, D. D., bishop of Springfield, Mass., and the Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, D. D., bishop of Providence, R. I. The assistant priest was the Very Rev. William Byrne, D. D., V. G.; deacons of honor to the Archbishop, the Rev. T. H. Shahan, of Malden Centre, and the Rev. J. H. Gallagher, St. Patrick's, Mt. Pleasant, Boston; deacon of the Mass, the Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, St. Augustine's, South Boston; subdeacon of the Mass, the Rev. M. T. McManus, St. Patrick's, South Lawrence.

The chaplains to the bishop-elect were the Rev. Arthur J. Teeling, P. R., Newburyport, and the Rev. P. J. Hally, Church of the Immaculate Conception, Salem.

Bishop O'Reilly and Bishop Harkins were each attended by a chaplain.

The minor offices were filled by twelve seminarians from St. John's, Brighton.

The master of ceremonies was the Rev. James F. Talbot, D. D., of the Cathedral; the assistants, the Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, of the Star of the Sea, East Boston, and the Rev. P. N. Supple, D. D., of South Boston.

Archbishop Williams being vested in full pontificals and seated in the sanctuary, the Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand, D. D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt., was in the sanctuary.

The usual ceremonies of consecration were then performed.

After the gospel of the Mass, the consecration sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Denis N. Bradley, D. D., bishop of Manchester, N. H. We append the full text of a discourse, brief, it is true, but full of noble strength and simplicity, and leaving in the mind of

the hearer a clear and reverent understanding of what a Catholic bishop is, and whence he derives his high prerogatives: —

THE SERMON.

YOUR GRACE, RIGHT REVEREND AND REVEREND FATHERS, BELOVED BRETHREN: St. Paul, in the closing chapter of his first Letter to the Corinthians, says among other things: "If Timothy come, see that he be without fear, for he worketh the work of the Lord, as I also do." Thus wrote the Apostle to the faithful regarding his favorite disciple and co-laborer, Timothy.

To-day, in this Mother Church of the great Archdiocese of Boston, the venerable and venerated Archbishop, by the consecration to the episcopate of one who has been his disciple for many years, and who is to be his co-laborer in this diocese, says to the faithful of his jurisdiction, when he comes among you: See that he be without fear, for he worketh the work of the Lord, as I also do.

We will say nothing, beloved brethren, of the eminently successful manner in which our esteemed Metropolitan has done and is doing God's work in the portion of the vineyard entrusted to his care; nor will we say anything of the effectual manner in which, judging of the future from the past, we are satisfied his new and more important duties will be discharged, by that worthy ecclesiastic at whose consecration we are assisting, and who to-day becomes a member of the hierarchy of God's Church in this Ecclesiastical Province of New England.

A Legitimate Successor of the Apostles.

Let us, however, ask by what right a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church can assert so emphatically, unhesitatingly, and without fear of offending against humility, that in his capacity of bishop he is doing the "work of the Lord." He so asserts because he knows that he is a legitimate successor of those to whom the Divine Founder of Christianity has said: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." But how does he know that he is a legitimate successor of those whom the God-Man thus commissioned? He knows it because he is a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church. Again, how does his position as bishop of the Roman Catholic Church entitle to the name, dignity and authority of successor of the Apostles? It thus entitles him, because the Catholic Church, whose consecrated minister he is, and with whose visible Head he is united, teaches a doctrine identical with that delivered to the Apostles and by them taught. The impartial, intelligent, earnest inquirer will readily discover that the Catholic Church teaches in this century what she taught in the last; that her doctrines of the last century were identical with those of the one preceding, and so through the ages, until he comes to the apostolic days, and thence to Christ,

who said to these Apostles, and through them to their successors: "Go into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" — "whatsoever I have commanded you," not what your own fancy may suggest.

The Church of To-day and the Church of the Apostles' Day.

As said the Apostle to his disciple Timothy, so have the Apostles' successors said for nineteen hundred years: "The things which thou hast heard from me, the same commend to faithful men who shall be fit to teach others also." The Church teaches no doctrine which had not been held from the beginning, no doctrine which had not been communicated to the Apostles. "The Apostles have preached to us from Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ from God," says St. Clement. Says that rugged old Roman, St. Jerome, addressing the propagators of error in his day: "I beseech thee, spare the ears of Romans; spare the faith that was commended by an Apostle's voice; why, at the expiration of four hundred years, attempt to teach what before we knew not? Why bring forth what Peter and Paul would not have made known?" Says that great light and intellectual giant of our own day and time, the late Cardinal Newman: "The identity of the Church of the nineteenth century with the Church of the Fathers was the great manifest historical phenomenon which led to my conversion." There is nothing in this magnificent array of testimony which should surprise us, knowing as we do that the Church is built upon the foundation of the Apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the corner-stone. "Thou art built upon an apostolic rock, O Ancient Church," says St. Ambrose, "and the waves of error may beat upon thee but cannot move thee."

The Church Has No New Doctrines.

True, indeed, heresy, or some other necessity, has required the Church to make, from time to time, a more solemn and precise definition of her teachings; but this does not imply, as some would have it, the adding of a new doctrine. On occasions of this kind she simply makes solemn definition that the doctrine about which question is raised has been always held and was revealed of God; and of this she gives, in every instance, incontestable proofs, at the same time warning her children that should any one among them persistently deny the doctrines thus solemnly defined, by this very act he places himself outside her pale. This Heaven-founded, Heaven-guided Spouse of the Son of God says now, as he said nineteen hundred years ago in her first Council: "It has seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us" to define thus and so. How beautifully does Tertullian voice the spirit and life of the Church when he says: "It is not lawful for us to introduce anything of our own choice, as neither is it to choose that which any one may have introduced of his own choice. We have for our authors the Apostles of the Lord, who did not even choose anything to be introduced of their own will, but faithfully delivered over to the nations the religion which they received from Christ. Wherefore, though an angel from heaven

should preach otherwise, he would be called by us anathema." Thus spoke this great writer seventeen hundred years since, and thus speaks the Catholic Church to-day, and thus has she always spoken, and thus will she always speak, for, like her divine Founder, she is the "same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Orders Transmitted from the Apostles.

But the Catholic Church goes still further in strengthening the claim of this her minister to the title of successor of the Apostles, for the reason that she shows that not only her doctrine, but also her orders and jurisdiction come to her from these Apostles. The youngest priest, the one on whose hands the sacred oil of ordination is scarcely dry, can trace his orders in unbroken succession to the Apostles. He knows the prelate who ordained him; this prelate knows in turn by whom he was ordained and consecrated, and so back, link joins link, until the last is found in the hands of an Apostle, and thence to the God-Man, who says to this young minister, through the Apostles: As the Father hath sent me, I send you; — preach the Gospel to every ceature; — baptize; — offer Sacrifice; — whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them.

"I have left thee in Crete," says St. Paul to Titus, "that thou shouldst ordain priests as I also have ordained thee." Not even Paul himself, called in an extraordinary manner as he was, was free from the obligation of ordination, — "Then they, fasting and praying, and imposing hands upon them, sent them away," as we read in the Acts of the Apostles.

Jurisdiction Transmitted from the Apostles.

But doctrines and orders are not all the Church gives to her bishops to enable them to substantiate their claim to the title of the successors of the Apostles; she shows that their jurisdiction also does and must come from them. As emphatically as the Apostle said: "Let no man take the honor to himself, but he that is called as Aaron was," so likewise did he emphatically say, "How shall they preach unless they be sent?"

Clearly as the bishop of the Catholic Church can trace his doctrine and orders to the Apostles, so clearly can he trace his mission. He knows the Supreme Pontiff at whose hands he received his appointment; he knows that this Pontiff is the legitimate successor of the one who preceded him in the Supreme Pontificate, and thus, until he comes to that first Head of the Church, in whose Apostolic See the succession has never been interrupted and never will be interrupted, for the God of all power and knowledge hath said: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren." As was the case of the Apostles with reference to the Head of the Church in their time, their peculiar prerogatives always excepted, so with their successors, the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church; they must exercise the duties of their

office in union with and subject to the successors of that first Head and Vicar of Christ, to whom was entrusted the care of the entire flock, both lambs and sheep. "The See of St. Peter," says St. Cyprian, "is the fount of spiritual jurisdiction." "Where Peter is, there is the Church," says St. Ambrose. "The See of Peter is the rock against which the proud gates of hell prevail not," writes St. Augustine. How plainly is the exercise of this supreme authority shown in the mission of the Benedictine Apostle of England, St. Austin. In sending him, St. Gregory writes: "We give you no jurisdiction over the bishops of Gaul, but we commit to your care all the bishops of Britain."

See then, brethren, that this prelate be without fear among you, for he doth the work of the Lord, for he is a successor of the Apostles, tracing, as he does, as a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, his doctrine, his orders, and his mission to those to whom Jesus Christ hath said: "As the Father sent me, I send you."

How the People can Co-operate with Their Prelates.

But, beloved brethren, it will be well to keep in mind that our prelates do the work of the Lord among free agents, among beings having "before them life and death, good and evil, and that which they choose they may have." And keeping this in mind, we shall understand that the effect of God's work, which they have the power to do, will depend largely upon those free agents among whom they exercise this power.

Would you know, brethren, how we may render the work of our prelates fruitful? We so render it by persevering in "the doctrine of the Apostles," as did the early Christians. There can be no liberalism in religion; toleration, if you will, but truth is always and everywhere truth, and therefore unchangeable; and says St. Irenæus: "Where the Church is, there is the Spirit, and the Spirit is truth." And there were Medes and Parthians and inhabitants of Judea and Mesopotamia and Egypt, and strangers from Rome, men from every nation under heaven, and they said to Peter and to the rest, what shall we do, men, brethren, tell us, — our first duty is to our Creator, — "and they were baptized; and they were persevering in the doctrine of the Apostles and in the communication of the breaking of the bread."

And being faithful to the requirements of this doctrine, they were loyal to every duty to God and country, even under persecutions the most terrible in their character, showing by their lives and by their death that the most trustworthy of earth's citizens are those who strive most earnestly to secure citizenship in heaven. Let us, brethren, using the words of the Prophet, "stand on the ways and see and ask for the *old paths*," and walk in them, and we shall find rest to our souls; and walking in these *old paths*, our prelates will be without fear among us, for we know that they worketh the work of the Lord. And let us rejoice with our new prelate, because he goes forth to-day from this sanctuary, led as it were by the hand of Mary, that Immaculate Mother of God, whose festival he has elected for his consecration to the office and dignity of successor of the Apostles.

It was one of the most scholarly productions ever heard in the Cathedral, and its delivery lasted forty minutes.

After the sermon, the Mass proceeded to the end, when the Archbishop gave his benediction to the vast multitude.

The new Bishop, having given his blessing to the congregation, received the greeting *Ad multus annos* from Archbishop Williams and the assistant bishops, and the kiss of peace. He then retired to his own altar, and repeated the Gospel of St. John, the consecrator doing likewise at the high altar. Thus ended the ceremonial.

THE BANQUET.

The Archbishop with the other prelates and clergy, partook of dinner in the large hall of the basement, where an elaborate banquet had been prepared in honor of the occasion. It was a strictly private affair, there being no invited guests outside of the visiting priests and bishops. Archbishop Williams occupied the seat of honor, with the newly-consecrated bishop on his right, and the other bishops in close proximity. The discussion of the menu completed, Archbishop Williams arose and extended his congratulations and those of the Archdiocese to Bishop Brady. Rev. L. J. Morris, on behalf of the priests of the Archdiocese, made an address and presented Bishop Brady with a purse of $6,000, as a testimonial of the love, respect and esteem which his fellow-clergymen felt for him. Fr. Morris spoke as follows:

FATHER MORRIS'S ADDRESS ON BEHALF OF THE PRIESTS.

Most Rev. Archbishop: We, your devoted and loving clergy of the Archdiocese, gathered upon this important occasion around your festive board, rejoice that you are in the enjoyment of robust health and strength, and our sincere and united prayer to the Giver of all things is that you may enjoy these blessings for many, many years to come.

All who are conversant with the history of the Archdiocese of Boston know what glorious pages the twenty-five years of your episcopate present; years marked not only by a great increase in the number of Catholics, both lay and cleric, under your spiritual jurisdiction, but by a consequent addition of beautiful and majestic edifices for divine worship; of solid and well-equipped commodious buildings for the proper education of the youth in your care, crowned by the erection of those splendid institutions of theology and philosophy, — your own special and loving work, — which will bear witness to your name and zeal for many generations to come, that will rise up and bless you.

The Archdiocese of Boston, from the time that you were consecrated its Bishop, has been one of the largest in the United States; few have outranked it in the number of its priests and people, and consequently the duties and labors of your episcopacy have been correspondingly numerous and onerous.

What a pleasure and satisfaction would it be for us to hear recount in detail this noble record; but our knowledge of you impresses us with the conviction that, with your characteristic modesty, you would disclaim credit for it and attribute it to your clergy, in whom you have always manifested such paternal pride and confidence; but well we know what a fundamental confidence your fatherly advice and ever-ready help and prayers have been in whatever, with your inspiration and approval, we have undertaken for God's honor and the people's welfare; and at the same time we believe that, as your spiritual subjects, our works require the crown of your higher functions for their completion.

Impressed, then, by this realization of the immense labor and grave responsibility attendant upon the ever-

increasing duties of your exalted position, as the ecclesiastical ruler of this important Archdiocese, we, your faithful clergy, have long felt anxious lest even your robust constitution, as advancing years press upon you, should succumb beneath their combined weight, and our loving hearts rejoiced when, not long since, we learned that you had called to your assistance an auxiliary Bishop, a priest of the archdiocese, tried and true, who will share in your labors and relieve you of many of your episcopal functions.

In petitioning the Holy See for an auxiliary, we are of the opinion that you have acted wisely; and most heartily do we congratulate you and ourselves upon the prudent and happy choice, which the Guiding Spirit of our Holy Church confirmed and blessed.

Rejoicing in the hope that a lightening of your burdens may lead to a lengthened preservation of your health and strength, which we know will in the future, as in the past, be devoted to the advancement of God's Kingdom upon earth, we pray from our heart of hearts, Long live our Archbishop:

Rt. Rev. Bishop Brady: We, your co-laborers in the ministry, are here to-day to welcome you as the Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Boston, and with full and happy hearts we congratulate you on your elevation to the episcopacy, that high and most honorable position, "wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you, bishops, to rule the church of God, which he hath purchased with His own Blood."

With sincere pleasure we bear testimony to the admirable example of priestly virtues that you have always manifested, yet with a most becoming modesty in your intercourse with your fellow-priests, and to your sacerdotal zeal, that has marked so prominently your worthy career in the priesthood; a career which most powerfully calls for imitation; a career of whose merits we desire by our presence and our asseverations to express our most heartfelt appreciation. Your zealous labors stand pre-eminent among the best, the noblest, and the most successful in the Archdiocese.

As pastor of an ordinary parish, you fulfilled your duties so quietly and so unostentatiously that we were almost ignorant of your work, until the wonderful success that crowned it far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of your superior, and won the well-merited admiration of your fellow-priests.

What you have accomplished is of a striking and lasting nature, and speaks more forcibly and more eloquently than words of ours could attempt. The beautiful, substantial church that stands so prominently in the centre of the town of Amesbury, the parochial residence, the convent, and the parish schools, all solid structures, and all free of debt, proclaim to the world your zeal and labors in your Master's vineyard, your devotion and attachment to your flock, and their reciprocal loyalty to their devoted and much-beloved pastor.

You have, with a truly sublime spirit of self-sacrifice and disinterestedness, built from the very foundation one of the model parishes of the Archdiocese; a parish that leaves nothing to be desired, — save that it may be administered with a spirit and zeal like unto that of its first pastor. Your monuments of love for God and our holy religion, of fatherly care for the little ones whom Our Divine Master loved so well; your paternal interest in the comfort and welfare of the priests on whom so much of the parish work may devolve, and of the instructors of youth, whom you have called to their noble work, — all stand out as witnesses to your zeal and labor, and proclaim to the inhabitant and the passer-by the true spirit of a most worthy priest.

We will not on this occasion attempt any tribute to your personal virtues and spiritual attributes. Those that are most characteristic of you are the very ones that would close our lips.

Respect for these, then, makes us silent, and causes us to content ourselves with expressing our acknowledgment and gratitude to those whose appreciation of your character and abilities induced them to suggest your name for the high dignity of the episcopacy; our appreciation of the wisdom of His Grace, who has approved of their choice; and our joyful submission to our Holy Mother Church, whose divine inspiration

placed upon you in consecration to-day the seal of her sacred approbation.

We firmly believe that in you, Rt. Rev. Bishop Brady, the priests of the Archdiocese will find a kind, a most charitable, and a most exemplary bishop; the Archdiocese, a faithful, an able, an earnest, and most self-sacrificing auxiliary ; the Church, a pious and most devoted servant; and our heartfelt prayer is that you may enjoy the *multus annos*, which was so earnestly and piously wished you, in your consecration this morning, by the officiating prelate and his assistants.

In welcoming you as the auxiliary to our venerable Archbishop, we pledge to you our love and respect. At the same time we consider the present occasion a most suitable one to express in a substantial manner our appreciation of your sacerdotal character and abilities, your zeal and self-sacrifice in the past, and our very best wishes for your future success in the exalted position to which Holy Mother Church, guided by the unerring Spirit of Light has called you ; and as a proof of our good-will and loyalty for your success in the episcopacy, accept, Rt. Rev. Bishop, this address and the accompanying purse ; and with them our esteem and respect, and our assurance of our continued prayers for your spiritual and temporal welfare.

Bishop Brady, in brief but feeling terms, responded.

Parochial School Built by a Protestant.

A CATHOLIC parochial school, one of the very finest public or private school buildings in the country, was dedicated at Newport, R. I., Sunday, August 2.

Nobody, except the donor and receiver, knew, until the announcement was made by Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, Bishop of Providence, that the superb building in which the speaker stood was the absolute gift of an American Protestant gentleman.

The announcement was a surprise. The fact marks an era in the history of the parochial school system.

The Hazard Memorial School, of Newport, is the first of its kind in America to bear the name of a private citizen, and that citizen a Protestant. It is named for Mr. George Babcock Hazard, who has built and given it to St. Joseph's parish.

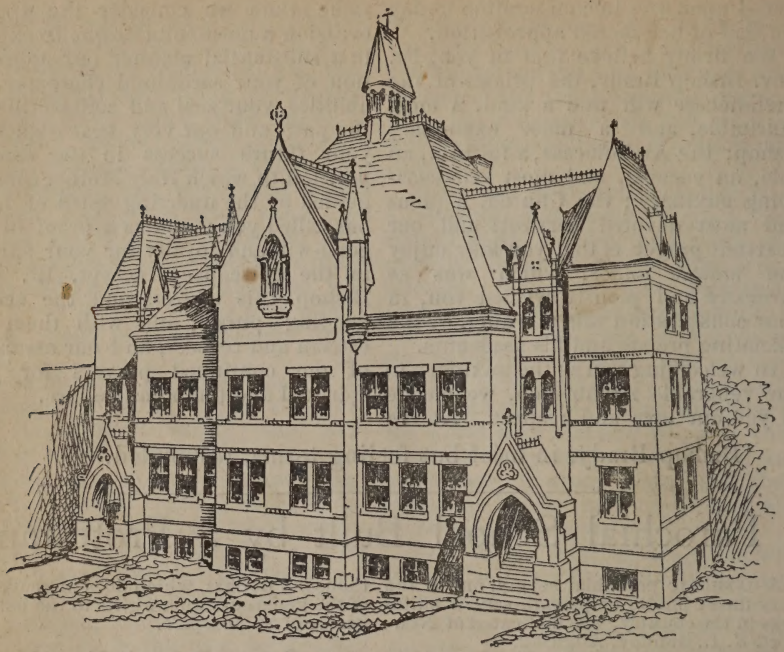
The corner-stone of the school was laid by Bishop Harkins on August 6, 1890. The site adjoins the Church of St. Joseph and the parochial residence on Washington Square, opposite the Perry monument. The building is of pressed brick, with Amherst stone trimmings, and consists of three stories, and with the cupola stands one hundred and twenty-six feet high. The main structure covers a space of seventy-eight by sixty-five feet, with wings thirty by twenty-two at either end. Altogether it is a beautiful building, and one of the finest schools in the country. The whole third story is devoted to the purpose of a hall, and has a seating capacity of nearly one thousand, a fine stage, and every appointment of a first-class auditorium. The building is finished throughout with hard wood, is lighted by gas and electricity, having an electric plant of its own, is ventilated and heated on the Smead system, and equipped with a complete outfit of electric bells and clocks. It will be the first school in Newport, of any kind, to supply free text-books to its pupils. The total cost of the school is sixty thousand dollars, which does not cover all of the generous donor's gifts to the beloved pastor of St. Joseph's.

George Babcock Hazard,

the donor of the edifice, is an American Protestant gentleman, over eighty years of age, a widower, and without any near living relatives. He is a shrewd successful business man, who has amassed a large fortune by prudent investments in real estate. His charities to the poor are numerous but unostentatious, while to his friends he is lavishly generous. He recently presented Mayor Coggeshall, of Newport, with an estate worth some seven thousand dollars. He is a warm personal friend and admirer of Father Coyle, who, indeed, enjoys unbounded popularity with other leading non-Catholics. Many of them have contributed to his Church and school undertakings, in appreciation of the noble work done by him since he took charge of St. Joseph's parish, a little over six years ago. To The Pilot representative Father Coyle mentioned several such donations, for large amounts, of which the givers modestly desire their names withheld.

The Dedication.

The dedicatory services began at 2 P. M. on Sunday, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Harkins, of Providence, officiating. Other distinguished prelates and priests assisting were: The Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas Griffin, of Worcester; the Very Rev. William Byrne, V. G., of Boston; the Very Rev. William Lee, rector of the Cathedral of Baltimore; the Very Rev. M. McCabe, V. G., of Woonsocket, R. I.; the Revs. A. J. Teeling, W. H. Curley, Philip Grace, D. D., J. F. Tully, Thomas F. Doran, Matthew McCabe, John F.



HAZARD MEMORIAL SCHOOL, NEWPORT, R. I.

Hurly, M. J. Cook, Bernard Boylan, Mortimer Downing, James F. Looby, Thomas Kane, William Halligan, James L. Smith, O. F. Clark, William Pyne, John D. Coyle, John J. McCarthy, F. X. Siegfried. Among the laymen present at the exercises in the school hall were: Mayor Coggeshall, ex-Mayor Slocum, Postmaster Fay, and other prominent citizens.

Bishop Keane's Address.

Father Coyle, in a few chosen words, introduced the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, who began his discourse with the text from the eighth chapter of St. John: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Quoting with full effect from Byron's poem of Darkness, "I had a dream which was not all a dream," the speaker compared the darkness of a sunless world with the gloom of ignorance and sin. Christ, he said, is to the intellectual and moral world what the sun is to the universe. If there is anything made certain by experience, it is that whosoever is not enlightened by religion walketh in darkness to death. Is our America's future, he asked, going to be in the light or in the darkness? He quoted Gladstone's utterance of the momentous question, "Will the influence of America be for good or harm, a blessing or a curse?" The answer will depend on what manner of man the coming American will be. It concerns all the world, and us most of all. The American of the future will be just what we make him. There are three great influences in the formation of character,—the Home, the Church, and the School.

The third great influence, he said, is the school, perhaps the most important of all three. Oh, how great and how sacred is the responsibility which any nation intrusts to its school-teachers! School time is above all the time of character-moulding. Our schoolmen have nobly developed the intellectual side, but they have neglected the moral side of the youth's character. Experience proves that merely ethical teaching without religion fails to make strong character. The Pagan philosophers had their code of ethics, but these proved powerless to make good men until Christ came. There must be no limited teaching of religion to the young. Christianity means more than the Catechism. It is a set of practical principles which must inform the whole life. Anything less than this full instruction in Christian principles is a sham and hypocrisy. Save me from the man who puts his Christianity on and off with his Sunday clothes. Commonsense tells us that the schools of America will turn out good Americans just in proportion as they turn out good Christians. Minimized and compromised Christianity has not succeeded in schools. We want, not a part, but all the Christianity we can have in the schools. Christ has put nothing into Christianity that humanity is not in need of. How, then, can we get Christianity as Christ gave it? A school like this answers the question.

Bishop Harkins followed with a brief address, in which he announced the name of the donor, and called upon Bishop Keane to invoke a blessing on the assemblage, and especially on the generous giver of the beautiful structure. With this ended the formal exercises, which mark an unique incident in the history of parochial school building.

The French Government,

THROUGH M. Constans, the Minister of the Interior, has given a lead to Europe, by the Workmen's Pensions Bill, which has been submitted to the Chamber. True, provision is already made in Germany towards furnishing toilers, who are beyond their labor, with the means of living; they are insured against want. The French scheme goes further, for it assists the workman to insure against old age, against accidents, or, in the event of death, for the benefit of his children. It is, in fact, a scheme of national or state insurance. The plan presupposes that the average working man can save something between a half-penny and a penny per day. The employer must contribute an equal share to the insurance fund, and the state will add two-thirds of the total amount. It is calculated that, on such lines, a working man who contributes three farthings a day to the insurance fund, will, at the age of sixty-five, receive an annuity of £18 per annum. The bill, which will doubtless be copied by British legislators very soon, endeavors to displace state-supported pauperism by self-help and state-help combined.

Advice to Catholics.

REV. THOMAS J. CONATY, D. D., pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, gives this advice to his parishioners in his Monthly Calendar:

Don't get into the habit of being late for Mass. A moment of preparation before Mass may be the means of opening your soul to many graces.

Don't go to Mass without either a prayer-book or rosary beads, unless you wish distraction and not devotion to occupy your mind.

Don't talk in church without necessity. Talk with God, whom you may not have visited, in His temple, since last Sunday; you will have plenty of time to talk with your neighbor.

Don't criticise the sermon, nor the manner of preaching. It is a message from God bearing some truth to you. Heed the instruction and profit by it; it has something for you to learn.

Don't leave the church until the priest has left the sanctuary. Take a moment in which to thank God for the graces of the Holy Mass.

Don't talk in the aisles going out. Remember you are in the presence of God in his holy sacrament. Your gossip will keep until you reach the street.

Don't forget to bend the knee as you enter and leave your seat. This is an act of adoration paid to the Real Presence. Do it with faith and reverence.

Don't fail to see the holy water font and the poor box at the church door. Take a few drops from the one with which to bless yourself; drop a penny in the other that you may help to bless the deserving poor.

CHURCH OF THE NATIONAL VOW, PARIS.

The Great Church at Montmartre.

THE Archbishop of Paris, assisted by the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons and the Bishops of Versailles, Orleans, and Chartres, on the 5th of May, opened the magnificent Basilica of Sacre Cœur, on the summit of Montmartre.

The work, which was initiated as a votive offering after the Franco-Prussian war, is still unfinished. It has occupied seventeen years in building, and has cost five million dollars. The structure is one of the most beautiful churches in Europe. The narrow and dirty streets around it will give place to spacious gardens and boulevards, and henceforth it will be a place of pilgrimage like Lourdes.

A host of English, American, and Irish bishops and many senators, deputies, and other notable persons signed the pilgrims' book.

The dedication ceremony was extremely imposing. The music was contributed by opera artists, who sang to the accompaniment of the organ, harps, and violins. The Pope telegraphed his blessing.

Description of the Edifice.

The Church of Sacre Cœur at Montmartre embodies the sacrifice of nearly a million sterling (twenty-four million francs). The crypt is the most spacious in the world, having the same dimensions as the church. In the middle is a long, dark chapel, where the service for the dead will be celebrated. There is also a chapel dedicated to St. Peter, with a copy of the celebrated statue of the Apostle in Rome. There are vaults underneath, one of which is to contain the coffin of the late Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Guibert, who laid the foundation-stone of the church on June 16, 1875. The upper edifice rests on four pillars, forming a square of twenty metres. It is surmounted by a dome which has the dimensions of the choir. The stalls are as many as there are dioceses in France, besides sixteen attached to the Basilica. The pillars are of granite of the Vosges, and it is remarkable that in the whole construction there is no iron or wood. The front facing Paris has a grand staircase leading up to the church, and a terrace which will be ornamented by two equestrian statues. There will also be a niche reserved for the statue of the Sacred Heart, a work in white marble by M. Thomas. The church will contain five thousand persons, who will be able to hear the preacher, a privilege which is enjoyed by few sacred edifices in Paris. Among the offerings is a "pillar of smoke," being presented by former devotees of the weed who have renounced their pet failing. The Pope has presented the ciborium which was given to his Holiness for his Jubilee. Savoy has cast an enormous bell of sixteen thousand kilogrammes, which will require eight men to set it in motion.

An Ebullition of Hate.

The Church of the National Vow has not been erected for nothing Already the ceremonies connected with its consecration having aroused

the anger of the Socialists and Communists, it has been the means of enabling the French Legislative body to render an act of homage to God worthy of the past of France. In the Chamber of Deputies, M. Baudin attempted to raise a discussion relative to the proceedings at Montmartre and preparatory to the introduction of a bill, having for its object the destruction of the church. The Chamber, however, by voting the Order of the Day, pure and simple, put the closure upon his eloquence and passed to other business. A vote of four hundred and thirty-eight against seventy-five clearly attested the feelings of the representatives of the French people. The Church of the Sacred Heart shall be safeguarded by the conservatism of a free people. In France, as elsewhere, perfect popular liberty has been the source from which has sprung anew a modern Conservative party. Before the vote the plans of Legitimists, of Orleanists, or of Napoleonists, sink into insignificance. In the maintenance of the policy which it enunciated lies the chiefest hope of the stability of the Republic, as well as the best guarantee of its possible usefulness to France.

The London Standard, writing upon what has happened, and dwelling upon the attempt recently made to hold a public meeting, at which the building of the church, as well as the ceremonies at its consecration would be alike condemned, and which resulted in serious disturbance and the division of the gathering into two distinct and antagonistic bodies, says : —

"On the same day as that on which there occurred the scandalous and grotesque scene we have described, it devolved on the President of the Republic to present a Cardinal's hat to Monsignor Rotelli, who has for so many years, and with such marked judgment and success, occupied the difficult post of Papal Nuncio at Paris. The ceremony was exceedingly grave and imposing, and M. Carnot comported himself with as much dignity and sympathy as though he were performing any other high national function. Mass was celebrated, at which the President of the Republic and several of his ministers were present; and, at its conclusion, expressions of warm respect were exchanged between the President of the Republic and the representative of the Pope. It would be idle to contend that France disapproves of the maintenance of this traditional ceremonial. What France, the real France — not the noisy section of it represented by the extreme politicians of Paris — in truth, disapproves are gatherings like that which ended in internecine tumult. France desires to live in peace at home as well as abroad; and all sensible Frenchmen are aware that domestic peace is incompatible with active, unprovoked, and wholly indefensible hostility to the Church, with whose greatness the history, diplomacy, and fame of the French nation are closely and imperishably associated."

The words which we have quoted are as creditable to the English Protestant journal in which they have appeared as to those of whom they were written, says the Irish-Catholic of Dublin.

It is a happy exchange to leave this life in a little privation, to ever afterwards enjoy eternal abundance. — *Sr. Teresa.*

The Fourth Grand Encampment

OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN MILITARY UNION OF THE UNITED STATES AT CAMP WOLFE TONE, SOUTH BEACH, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

On the eastern shore proper, although called the south, of the famous island which stands out between the upper and lower bays of this fine port, in as romantic a spot as ever soldier selected for drill or battle, a thousand Irish-Americans have been encamped, going through all the motions and actions of the "tented field."

Arrochar, so called because it is the name of the birthplace, in Scotland, of the head and front of Staten Island Rapid Transit, Erastus Wiman, is the most charming spot in the island. The view of the ocean, and the broad, lower bay is magnificent. The groves of pine are delightful as they are health giving and umbrageous.

With a sward like velvet, and the tall trees nodding their perennial branches, the following commands from New England, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York participated:

Co. A, 4th Battalion, D. C. M, (Emmet Guards), Washington, D. C., Capt. H. Walsh.

Co. C, 2d Regt., R. I. M, (Kearney Light Infantry), Central Falls, R. I., Capt. Jos. E. Byrnes.

Co. C, 2d Regt., N. G. C., New Haven, Ct., Capt. M. Carrol.

Shields Guards, Danbury, Conn., Capt. C. Delury.

Co. A, 1st Regt., Hib. Rifles, New London, Ct., Capt. M. Fitzgerald.

Co. C, 1st Regt., Hib. Rifles, Meriden, Ct., Capt. J. H. Burke.

Hibernian Rifles, Worcester, Mass., Capt. Thos. McGourty.

St. Anne's Guards, Worcester, Mass., Capt. E. F. Dolan.

Co. C, Hib. Rifles, Fall River, Mass., Capt. J. Padian.

Sheridan Guards, New Bedford, Mass., Capt. T. F. Brown.

T. F. Meagher Guards, Scranton, Pa., Capt. Patrick Wright.

Gray Guards, Luzerne, Boro', Pa., Capt. M. McGlynn.

Co. H, 4th Regt., 3d Brigade, N. G. P., Pittston, Pa., Capt. J. F. Flannery.

Co. A, 2d Regt., H. R., Wilkesbarre, Pa., Capt. J. B. Boyle.

Sarsfield Guards, Sugar Notch, Pa., Capt. B. Yates.

Emmet Rifles, Plains, Pa., Capt. M. Caulfield.

Hibernian Rifles, Pittsburg, Pa., Capt. Thomas Murray.

Co. B, 1st Regt., Hib. Rifles. Philadelphia, Pa., Capt. Thos. Crowe.

Co. C, 1st Regt., Hib. Rifles, Philadelphia, Pa., Lieut. M. Wall.

Co. E, 1st Regt., Hib. Rifles, Philadelphia, Pa., Capt. Patrick Brady.

Co. F, 1st Regt., Hib. Rifles, Philadelphia, Pa., Capt. P. W. Coonan.

Co. H, 1st Regt., Hib. Rifles, Philadelphia, Pa., Capt. John Deasy.

Co. A, 1st Regt., I. V., Newark, N. J., Capt. P. J. Keating.

Parnell Guards, Elizabeth, N. J., Capt. J. W. Hynes.

Davitt Rifles, Jersey City, N. J., Lieut. P. Jennings.

Co. A, 2d Regt., I. V., New York City, Lieut. P. J. Quish.

Co. B, 2d Regt., I. V., New York City, Capt. Geo. Conway.
Co. C, 2d Regt., I. V., New York City, Capt. Wm. Lyman.
Co. D, 2d Regt., I. V., New York City, Capt. Patrick Condon.
Co. E, 2d Regt., I. V., New York City, Capt. P. J. Coleman.
Co. F, 2d Regt., I. V., New York City, Capt. John O'Connor.
Battery A, 1st Regt., Irish-American Light Artillery, Capt. Ed. D. Hughes.

THE NATIONAL MILITARY COUNCIL OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN MILITARY UNION OF THE UNITED STATES ARE:

Major-Gen. Wm. F. Kelly, Commander-in-Chief, New York City.
Brig.-Gen. James H. Murphy, Vice-Commander, Philadelphia, Pa.
Col. C. Stevens O'Mahony, Adj.-Gen. and Chief of Staff, New York City.
Col. Patrick O'Brien, Paymaster-Gen., Philadelphia, Pa.
Col. Henry Boylan, Quartermaster-Gen., Philadelphia, Pa.
Lieut.-Col. P. S. O'Reilly, Post Commander.
Lieut. James Anderson, U. S. A., 16th Infantry Inspector.

The splendid band from Worcester, St. Anne's, was greatly admired, as also the magnificent green flag, with the sunburst, from Philadelphia. The band of the Irish Volunteers from Newark, N. J., was not inferior to any metropolitan organization.

But before proceeding farther, a thought struck me, that this paper would be a fair time to tell these young soldierly Celts of the boys of the fifties, who to "fife and drum," from the Hudson to the lakes, and from there to the Gulf, proudly carried the stars and stripes and the green flag on day of fête, and night and day in battle, and left upon the tombstones in the national cemeteries names that shall not wholly die. Here was the famous Montgomery guards of Boston, which K. N. Gardiner disbanded in 1854; but which, from its fruitful loins gave Massachusetts her best regiment, the glorious ninth, whose brave Colonel, Cass, never shall be forgotten, whilst there is a soldier of the army of the Potomac this side of the Styx.

New York from '54 to '61 had not only companies, but regiments. I recall the 9th, 69th, 71st and 72d. Of course, this includes Brooklyn. We had early in the fifth decade of this century the Irish Rifles, Capt. Butler, whose watches were "warranted to outlast the British Empire," and there was a Mitchel Guard, and a Meagher one, too, with gallant Huston at the head of the latter, who fell at Gettysburg, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2d New York Volunteers, Capt. Hogan's Napper Tandy Artillery, the Wolfe Tone Cadets, and Kerrigan's Dragoons are almost forgotten here, while to refer to the Fitzgerald Guard, the Avengers, the Irish Grenadiers, whose Captain, Felix Duffy, was killed at Antietam, not to refer to the Red Hand Cadets, people think you are referring to the Irish army of 1782; but we are only writing of strong, well-drilled military companies, which were known here before the war, and the majority of whose members have pitched their tents "in fame's eternal camping ground."

Little Williamsburgh, now Brooklyn, E. D., and almost as big

as New York in 1850, had her "Gaulthee Rangers" and Red Hand Guard. "A special meeting of importance to the Country and God" is the way one of their notices read in 1854.

The East never excelled the West in the love of a soldier's life. The former sent out the hardy fellows whose chant along the banks of the lakes, the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Illinois, Wabash, Maumee, and Rock rivers were

"A soldier's life is the life for me,
A soldier's death so Ireland's free."

Chicago always ahead in the West. Her Montgomery Guards were the nucleus of the famous Irish Brigade, 23d Illinois Vol. Infantry, with the Shields and Emmet Guards, which so grandly distinguished itself at Lexington, Mo., and whose gallant Colonel fell at Kernstown, W. Va., in August, 1864.

The Captain, and the oldest one in Chicago, and a gallant soldier all through the war, sleeps in Calvary Cemetery. Charleston, S. C., was first in the Sunny South. Her Irish-Americans were always patriotic, and especially the Presbyterians and Episcopalians who have banded with their Catholic brothers as in no other American city.

Her splendid Hibernian Hall, on her principal street, with the uncrowned harp, ten feet long, in a cluster of shamrocks that attract attention, speak more eloquently for the affection of the Queen City of the South than any words of mine. She had her Irish Volunteers, Montgomery and Meagher Guards, and every man of them, with a few exceptions, took a hand in our "unpleasantness," and many leaped from the ranks to the office of field officer.

Savannah had her Jasper Greens in memory of the immortal Sergeant who at Fort Moultrie, Charleston, leaped over the parapet of the Fort; picked up the flag; climbed up the flag-staff and made it fast in full view of the British fleet which was astounded at the daring of this brave man. He was killed at the assault on Savannah.

Our venerable Quaker City, with its Irish Society and splendid revolutionary record, had her Hibernian Greens, Sarsfield and Shield Guards, whose members sleep upon Malvern Hill and Gettysburg. Cincinnati had her Republican Guards, and also one called Emmet. These formed the basis for the gallant 10th Ohio which was commanded by the peerless Lytle who perished at Chickamaugua. Some of the officers of the Chicago Emmet Guard aided in the organization of the Irish Legion in 1862, which was commanded by Col. Timothy O'Meara at Lookout Mountain, where he was killed. This regiment suffered fearfully. Its Colonel was killed, Lieutenant-Colonel mortally wounded and left upon the battle field as hopeless; but, wonderful to relate, he recovered, although shot through the body from side to side. To-day he is as chipper as thirty years ago. I refer to Col. O. Stewart, the well-known pressman of Chicago. The Major was shot in the shoulder, and placed *hors du combat,* so when the next roll-call took place, the Colonel was dead, the Lieutenant-Colonel supposed to be dying, the Major dangerously wounded.

There were many regiments in the West full of Irishmen; but my paper aims at only those companies which were in existence before the war, and from whose bosoms came that intense patriotism which never was and never can be quenched, but by the red hand of battle, the iron whip of war.

Let us return to the camp by the sea on Staten Island. The Companies, with a few exceptions, are as diversified in uniform as if they belonged to as many foreign countries. All wore, however, the Prussian helmet, some white, others blue; but why this nondescript headgear?

The men were comfortably housed in tents with a fly. The officers had ones large enough to be at their ease, whilst the National Military Council had great broad affairs, striped in green and white, which Sherman or Sheridan never had in their camps from 1861 to 1865.

July 4th, 1891, dawned cool and cloudy in camp: but at the first sound of the *reveille* the stalwart boys bounded from their improvised beds and soon formed on the parade ground. When the men had taken their places, the American flag was hoisted and saluted with forty-four guns, one for each state in the Union, by Battery A, of the First Regiment of the Irish-American Artillery. Then a drill took place, and, subsequently, the interesting ceremony of "Mounting the guard."

At three o'clock P. M., Gen. Kelly reviewed the troops who looked exceeding well; but the cutaway undress, white ducks, and snowy helmets of the Hibernian Rifles of Worcester were so attractive that they were the observed of all observers.

Judge-Advocate Gen. Roynane read the Declaration of Independence, after which the green flag of the Union, with the sunburst and harp in the centre, and bordered by thirty-two stars was raised in the crisp west wind and golden sunshine, high above the eight thousand eyes that flashed with heart love, as it kissed the apex of the towering flag staff, amid the applause of five thousand spectators.

"Have you hearkened the eagle scream over the sea?
Have you hearkened the breaker beat under yon lee?
A something between the wild waves, in their play,
And the kingly bird's scream, is the Irish Hurrah.

* * * * * * * * * *

What joy for a death-bed your banner above,
And round you the pressure of patriot love,
As you're lifted to gaze on the breaking array
Of the Saxon reserve at the Irish Hurrah!"

It was saluted with thirty-two guns, one for each county in Ireland, because there were men from the Shannon, Suir, Suck, and Slaney, Barrow, Boyne, Bann and Blackwater, Lee and Liffey, Foyle and Feale, Inny and Erne, present, and the sons of those who climbed the Galtees, scaled the Mourne Mountains, roamed over the peaks of Mangerton, and traversed the hills of Wicklow, and who doubtless heard in their early years the rhyme —

"When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three hundred men and three men.*

And there I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A nation once again."

Appropriate addresses were delivered, the afternoon was devoted to company drills, and at seven o'clock the dress parade took place in presence of the loudly expressed admiration of the thousands within the enclosure, whilst some impetuous urchins broke down part of the western fence in their enthusiasm to see this excellent ending of the most patriotic and intelligent observance of our natal day upon the soil of Staten Island.

Sunday morning, July 5th, "A Military Mass," as some people call it, — they mean a solemn high Mass, with military present, — took place. The attendance of strangers was large, but not half as many as expected. We regret to say, New York did not take a very profound interest in this exhibition of Celtic intelligence and soldierly bearing — Brooklyn took less. Financially it was a failure; but it ought to have been a glorious success. Ten per cent. of the natives of Ireland, ten miles from the camp, would have made it a happy visit to those gallant men who came so far to see our city, and contribute a little to our pleasure. A fine exhibition of the ancient game of foot-ball took place between lads from Tipperary and Westmeath. This, with dress parade, closed the day, one of the most delightful that was ever witnessed in this favored spot of the many charming environs of New York City.

The drilling and usual camp duties were resumed on Monday and Tuesday to the great pleasure of those who have had the patriotism to invest twenty-five cents to enter the camping grounds.

There was one serious drawback in calling attention to the encampment of the union. The absence of the 69th New York Volunteers. This was perhaps unavoidable, because the latter regiment held its annual picnic at Jones' Wood, on the 4th of July, and the fact of their being there deprived the union of the presence of thousands who would gladly have gone down to see them handle their muskets in a manner that showed intelligence, careful training, and a love of arms.

There is, however, a terrific drain on our Irish and natives of Irish parents, on holidays — horse-racing and base-ball playing. It seems as if nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand of our young men are crazy about the race course, and all our adolescents are half mad on base-ball.

This union will assemble next year in the out-of-the-way place, Wilkesbarre, Pa. As it has been organized to spend four or more days in camp in each year, why not select the principal cities, and not insignificant inland towns like the above? Such exhibitions do a

*Leonidas and his three hundred; Horatius and companions at Sublician bridge, Rome.

great deal of good; but they do harm if the members are put to unnecessary expense, or jeopardize their means of living. No man or woman with a drop of Irish blood, by race or marriage, in their veins, ought to omit encouraging such fine displays of discipline, drill, and sturdy manhood; but there are too many, who ought to do better because they know better, who would spend half a dollar listening to some vulgar creature, with an Irish name, holding up to the ridicule of thoughtless thousands, the foibles of the illiterate classes of Ireland, but naturally oblivious to the virtues of the educated mechanics, or the high culture of her professionals, because they are mentally incapable of raising themselves over the trough of filth, slander, and caricature, which the traditional enemies of the Irish people have indulged in for five hundred years, to the amusement of the thinkers of the latter; but these vagabonds of the theatre, who have done all they could in this land, as Froude says, "To make the name of Irishmen contemptible all over the world," are dying out unhonored — vanishing fast — like their simulated accent or brogue, and in their stead, upon the active platform of American life, are the sinewy, broad-shouldered, black-eyed, dark-haired sons of the *Gael* and their descendants, clothed in uniforms edged with green and armed with the high intelligence of the peerless Irish-American soldier.

Such grand union encampments should be encouraged, and I trust they will be. They are good for the individual, the family, where it can afford the expense, the city, the state, the country. Every well-drilled man is a better citizen than he who is not. The limbs need attention as well as the brains. A sound mind can only exist in a sound body — *Mens sana in corpore sano.* Hence these excellent pastimes, pleasant studies of our kindred on these shores. It was the fathers and brothers of these men, the bright, young soldiers of the fifties of New England, New York, Charleston, S. C., Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Savannah, who drilled for years that the difficulty of their hereditary enemy might be Ireland's opportunity, and that they might

> "For freedom's right,
> In flushing fight,
> To conquer, if then to fall."

The difficulty came not, yet the moment "The starry flag of Liberation" was assaulted, they came forth by thousands to uphold it, and the visitor to the national cemeteries of Corinth, Arlington, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Murfreesboro, and Fredericksburg, will find thousands of small tombstones bearing the Gaelic and Melisian patronymics of O'Meara, Kelly, O'Brien, O'Keefe, O'Connor, McDonald, McCormick, O'Toole, Donohoe, Dunn, Daly, Dwyer, O'Flynn, O'Regan, Farrell, McKeon, McDermott, McManus, McGlynn, McGrath. They perished in freedom's cause — the flag is grander and more beautiful than ever, the country lives, and so long it will, and so long it may, whilst it has patriots, like those of 1861–65, in the persons of the rank and file of the National Irish-American Military Union of the United States. *Floreat.* R. F. FARRELL.

NEW YORK, July 9th, 1891.

Father Mollinger.

It is a strange and wonderful sight in this age of materialism and skepticism. to see an immense throng of people pressing up the hill-side outside of a busy manufacturing city in the heart of the United States, to visit the shrine of a saint, and to seek the blessing and assistance of a holy priest, whose reputation as a healer of the sick has become world-wide. Yet such was the sight to be witnessed at Troy Hill, Allegheny City, a few weeks ago, on the occasion of the celebration of St. Anthony's Day; and stranger still are the wonderful, if not miraculous, cures which have taken place at that already famous shrine. Father Mollinger disclaims any supernatural power, nor does he profess to practise "faith-cure;" but when questioned as to whether it was medicine or faith which caused the wonderful cures credited to him, he said: "I have studied medicine, and understand it thoroughly; but I think a blessing has a great deal to do with its effect."

Many critics condemn his methods, as too great a mixture of material and spiritual remedies; but it seems to me that it is only an exemplification of what we do in every-day life. We work with all the energies of our nature to accomplish a desired end; but if we have faith, we also pray, and depend upon the blessing of God for the success of our efforts. We sow the seed in the ground, yet we must depend upon an overruling Providence for its fruition. We do everything in our power to relieve the sick; yet we recommend them to the prayers of the faithful. In short, the best Christians among us try to carry out the good old saying: "Work as if all depended upon yourself, and pray as if all depended on God."

The chapel at Troy Hill was built in 1882, was enlarged in 1890, and is to be consecrated this year. It is enriched by an unusually large collection of precious relics, whose authenticity is said to be unquestioned. It is dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua, and is ornamented by many handsome statues, and rich stained-glass windows; and on the Roman arch which spans the centre is a Latin inscription referring to the sacred relics: "*Corpora sanctorum in pace sepulta sunt*," the bodies of the saints are buried in peace. On St. Anthony's Day, and indeed all during the year, the sick and afflicted throng here to pray to the saints, and to ask the prayers and blessing of the priest, which are given cheerfully, accompanied by medical prescriptions, and the concourse of visitors has been steadily increasing. The number of strangers at Troy Hill on St. Anthony's Day, 1891, are variously estimated from eight thousand to twenty-five thousand, the greater number of them arriving early in the week.

The appearance of this vast concourse of suffering humanity beggars description. All sexes and ages, from the palsied old man to the wailing infant in the arms of a weary mother, were there awaiting the chance of receiving the blessing of the venerable priest. Hundreds came from all parts of the United States — the blind, the deaf, the paralyzed, cripples hobbling on crutches, or wheeled along in rolling chairs; and it is said that sufferers from rheumatism and chronic diseases predominated. The church was crowded during every Mass, the church-yard, which is large and shady, was filled with people, and every avenue of approach to the sacred edifice was occupied by an eager, waiting multitude. After the seven o'clock Mass, Father Mollinger came out and sprinkled the people with holy water, laying his hands upon many who pressed forward, clamoring for his blessing. Later, he retired to his office, where he received the patients and prescribed for them. The crowding was terrible outside, the throng having become like a mob, every one struggling for precedence, and so intense was the heat that many were carried out fainting. Of course, it was impossible for all, or even half of them, to reach the priest, but he received as many of them as possible. A large number returned home perfectly cured, many found themselves greatly benefited by their visits; and, doubtless, many derived no advantage whatever from their pilgrimage. We may be sure, however, that all who visited the shrine with devotion, receiving the sacraments, and devoutly venerating the relics of the saints, must have returned home richer in spiritual treasures than they left, even if they were disappointed in the relief of their bodily infirmities.

The scene must have been a very trying one to Father Mollinger. It was, of course, a physical impossibility to speak to each and every one in that surging crowd of afflicted humanity, where there was so much to excite the tenderest sympathy. It is said that his feet were so swollen from walking and standing, that he found it necessary finally to take to his bed from sheer exhaustion.

A gentleman in Washington City, who visited Troy Hill last winter, and was cured of inflammatory rheumatism from which he had

suffered tortures for twelve years, gives a most interesting account of the good priest and his method of treatment. He says that Father Mollinger is about six feet tall, and weighs probably two hundred and twenty-five pounds. The heavy white beard he wears adds to his imposing appearance, and makes him seem quite venerable, although he is only sixty years of age.

He will tell you on your first visit whether he can cure you or not. He makes it obligatory on every Catholic to receive Holy Communion. His rules are very simple, but must be strictly adhered to. The patients are expected to attend Mass every morning for three days; after Mass they proceed down the aisle in single file and he blesses each one, praying most fervently and making the sign of the cross on the forehead with an ostensorium containing a relic, and he then directs them to bless themselves with holy water and return to the opposite side of the church. After all have been blessed, he retires to his office back of the church and receives his visitors who remain in line, each awaiting his turn to enter. After a brief questioning he writes a prescription. The medicines are very powerful and some of them very costly; they are put up under the supervision of the priest by a druggist in the neighborhood, who collects the prescriptions at the boarding-houses and brings back the medicine. There is no charge for advice; but it is customary to make an offering as a contribution towards the building of the new church, the offering amounting to about the price of one visit from an ordinary physician.

Father Mollinger gives to his visitors large medals of Saint Anthony to be worn about the neck; and for nine weeks they must say every day three "Our Fathers" and three "Hail Marys" in honor of the saint; Protestants have also to abstain from meat on Fridays for nine weeks, for it must be remembered that Protestants as well as Catholics flock to St. Anthony's shrine and profit by the ministrations of the priest-physician. Some strange stories are told of relapses suffered by some of the patients who, after being cured, ungratefully neglected the thanksgiving enjoined. At the shrine are to be seen numerous *ex-votos* left by grateful pilgrims; and canes and crutches of all descriptions have been left there by the happy owners who no longer need them. It is said that on one occasion a young lady, who had been cured by the priest, left as an offering a crutch handsomely adorned with jewels; and afterwards, at her father's command, she returned and took away the valuable crutch, upon which her lameness returned, and she has ever since been a hopeless cripple.

Among the cures reported were the following: A little eight-year-old boy, named Kennedy, from Wilkesbarre, who had been paralyzed since he was three years old, returned home able to walk firmly. Mrs. Frances Heintz, of Waterloo, N. Y., who had been a cripple for eleven years, left the Church completely cured. Mrs. McLaughlin, of Baltimore, was cured of partial blindness, and Mrs. Fogarty, of St. Louis, of paralysis. Louis Hagan, of Nashville, Tenn., who had suffered for years from St. Vitus' dance, recovered the use of his limbs, which he had not been able to move for a long time. Mar-

tin Lavin, a fifteen-year-old boy from Niagara County, N. Y., who had never walked since childhood, suddenly recovered the use of his limbs.

These and numberless other cases have been published in newspapers all over the country. It is not known that any of these cases are, strictly speaking, miraculous, and no investigation has been made by the Church. Such things, however, always receive thorough sifting; meanwhile, those interested may draw their own conclusions, being careful to keep in mind the teachings of the Church in regard to miracles, and the invocation of the saints. In this connection, the words of Monsignor Farley are very interesting. After saying that it is one of the teachings of the Church that miracles are performed in these days, and that such things are possible and probable — he proceeds:

"The canonization of saints is a rite of our Church, and arises from evangelical counsel. There are certain duties which we are to perform, and when one does something beyond what is required by duty, renders some marked or peculiarly valuable service, or when his life has been one of marked purity, he may be canonized a saint, and the fact that through his intervention and intercession miracles are performed, as we know they are, it is considered a special evidence of God's approval, and that God is pleased with his life, and desires to stimulate others to follow his example. I do not attribute to the one who is the human instrument in God's hands to work these miracles, any particular personal power, but believe it depends more upon the faith of those who come to be cured and healed.

"Although prayers are said to these saints, they are not deified. They are simply intercessors before God, and it is through their intercession they stand high in God's favor, and through the faith of the suppliant that the good work is accomplished. It is a revelation of God to his people, and the personality of the human instrument does not enter into it."

Although the mere working of miracles does not necessarily imply exalted sanctity in the instrument, it does invest him with extraordinary interest in the eyes of most persons. Father Mollinger was born at Moline, Belgium, May 29, 1831, of a fine family, his father being an officer of distinction in the Belgian army. He enjoyed every educational advantage, having early decided to devote his life to the service of God, in the holy priesthood. He also found time to acquire great skill in the science of medicine, without, however, intending to practise that profession; probably thinking that a priest who can administer to corporal as well as spiritual ailments has a wider opportunity for practising works of mercy. At the age of twenty-four he came to America, and in 1859 he was ordained a priest in the diocese of Erie, Pa. For six years he had charge of missions in that diocese, when he was transferred to Pittsburgh, and given charge of Perrysville and Wexford. When he was first put in charge of Troy Hill, more than twenty years ago, it was a very poor mission, and he set about building it up, succeeding beyond the most sanguine expectations of his parishioners. Having a special devotion to St. Anthony of Padua, he determined to celebrate the feast of his patron with great splendor, and it was upon the first occasion of this kind that his wonderful power as a healer of diseases became generally

known. He is reputed to be immensely wealthy. However this may be, there seems no evidence of it in his personal surroundings, although he has undoubtedly expended large sums of money in the erection and adornment of St. Anthony's shrine.

AGNES HAMPTON.

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

WRITING of the young lady graduates from a college at Washington City, Kate Field, in her periodical, takes the view which follows, of the utility of their studies.

She may be too severe.

We are of opinion, at any rate, that the practical, every-day knowledge which the graduates will need, and the absence of which Miss Field deplores, is not neglected in Catholic institutions. Miss Field wrote:

"I wonder what sort of wives they will make. What do they know of domestic economy? Have they the slightest inkling of physiology and the laws of health? Do they know how to cook? Have they studied the properties of foods? Are they acquainted with the needs of their own stomachs? Can they tell the chemical results of putting milk into a cup of tea? Do they know the consequences of drowning their victuals in ice-water? Can they discourse on the relation of candy to loss of appetite? Can they trace the connection between sick headaches and sitting over furnaces in rocking chairs? Can they do one thing well enough to earn their salt?

Building in America.

NEW YORK, Brooklyn, and Chicago put up a great many structures in 1890, and made alterations to many others. The three cities spent over $158,000,000 in new buildings, and in New York and Brooklyn the cost of alterations amounted to $9,000,000. Permits were given in New York for the erection of 3,537 buildings, at a total cost of $74,900,812, and plans were approved for alterations in 2,417 buildings at a cost of $7,188,250. In Brooklyn 2,577 permits were issued for the erection of 4,800 buildings to cost $24,334,290, and for alterations in 1,275 buildings at a cost of $1,633,290. In Chicago over fifty and one-half miles of frontage of new buildings were erected and $59,000,000 expended. This is the largest amount ever spent on new buildings in one year in that city, and it is expected that preparations for the fair will keep up the boom. New York and Brooklyn together spent nearly twice as much on new buildings as Chicago; but while the western city spent more than in 1889, New York spent $5,000,000 less, and Brooklyn $2,100,000 less.

THE soul which God attracts to Himself through sublime prayer, values being despised more than being held in great esteem, and honor afflicts her more than contempt. — *St. Teresa.*

The Season for Insect Pests.

THE caterpillars, which are making their tents earlier this year than usual, owing to the warm spring weather, should be looked after at once. The simplest, and perhaps, on the whole, the best way of getting rid of them is to brush off the nests from the trees as fast as they appear, with a long-handled, conical-shaped brush. Early morning or evening is the time when the entire family may be found at home, so that is the best time to destroy the nest.

The codling worm, which infests fruit trees throughout the land, should be looked after at once. There are many ways of getting rid of the pests, but none is believed to be better than spraying the trees frequently with a solution of Paris green.

Of the fly species, the horse-fly is the most cruel and bloodthirsty of the entire family. He is armed with a most formidable weapon, which consists of four lancets, so sharp and strong that they will penetrate leather. When not in use they are nicely folded away in a sucker. He makes his appearance in June, and may often be seen in the vicinity of small streams of water. He is said to subsist in part upon an airy diet, and to pass his life harmlessly. Not so the female, for she is armed with six lancets, with which she bleeds both cattle and horses, and even human beings. She lays her eggs in moist places, and, after they are hatched into footless maggots, they make all necessary journeys by stretching and closing the segments of their bodies, their heads being supplied by two hooks, by which they get their food. In process of time this maggot goes down into the moist earth, where it reposes for some weeks, after which it bursts the pupa case, and comes forth a large black fly, armed and equipped like its predecessors.

How the Young People Grow.

THE year of greatest growth in boys is the seventeenth; in girls the fourteenth. While girls reach full height in their fifteenth year, they acquire full weight at the age of twenty. Boys are stronger than girls from birth to the eleventh year; then girls become superior, physically, to the seventeenth year, when the tables are again turned, and remain so. From November to April children grow very little, and gain no weight; from April to July they gain in height, but lose in weight, and from July to November they increase greatly in weight, but not in height. These are the results of over six thousand observations. During the school months children suffer far more from disease, than in vacation, and during school years far more than before or after. Usually, school work is far too hard in the lower classes, and the children do not get sufficient muscular strength. Less school work and more physical training until the twelfth year are necessary to make our coming generation strong; and a child should not undergo any severe mental labor.

Kildoona:

THE STRANGE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD.

From the Original Manuscript of Miss Alice Carroll, of Kildoona, Ireland.
Edited by Victor O'D. Power.
Author of "Bonnie Dunravan," "Duncarrick," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOWNWARD PATH.

My sudden appearance in that lonely spot at such an hour, my violent outburst, and the uncompromising words I had uttered, seemed to stagger both men for the moment.

A sickly pallor deepened over my brother's face, and Randal Darragh recoiled a step or two, and pulled his wide-leafed hat farther down over his baleful eyes.

"Do not think," I hastened to add, "that I have overheard one word of your conversation with each other. No; not one word. I know not what subject you were discussing; nor do I care to know. But the tone of your voice," and I looked straight into Randal Darragh's face, "was not to be mistaken. How dare you speak thus to my father's son? How dare you address him at all after all that has occurred? Richard," I cried, turning again to my brother, "do not suffer this man to befool you — do not, I implore of you! He is a bad man. I dare not speak forth my full reasons for what I suspect; but this much I can say: that I believe, as I believe in Heaven, that Randal Darragh is implicated in our lost sister's extraordinary fate!"

"Folly, Alice! bitter folly," Richard replied at last; but his face was as pale as ashes in the moonlight, and even his lips were colorless. "Don't let me hear you talk such rubbish ever again. True; there was some foolish unpleasantness between this man and myself in the old days — that poaching affair; but that is all past and gone. I have forgotten, and Randal has forgiven. So let your mind rest at ease; and do you likewise forget and forgive."

"Thank you, Master Richard, thank you, sir; and long life to you!" Randal Darragh cut in, in tones very different from those in which I had overheard him address my brother awhile ago. "Sure, I knew you'd not be as black as Miss Alice, and I told her so the last time I was talking to her. I told her you'd be friendly with me agin, when you'd come home; an' you see I was right."

"Friendly with you?" I cried passionately. "And how long, pray, have you both been 'friends'? This, then, is not the first occasion on which you have met, since Master Richard's return to Kildoona?"

"Lord bless you! no, Miss Alice," Randal returned, while Richard moved uneasily from one foot to another. "No, faith; nor the tenth time! Sure, but for me how would Master Richard know the *truth*

about the tenants, and the way they were carrying on for the past ten years?"

"Yes, Alice," my brother said quickly, as though relieved at this turn in the subject of conversation. "Randal has been telling me that my father received not one farthing of the rents for the past ten years from Capparue and Glenconna. It is monstrous! We really must see to it at once."

"Oh, Richard, dear," I cried imploringly, and I turned away from Randal Darragh, with a shiver of aversion, "do not, I beg of you, suffer the designing whispers of this man to urge you on to cruel extremes toward those unfortunate tenants! Why, they are almost starving at Capparue and Glenconna. Poor papa could not find it in his heart to demand the wretched rents from them. Go yourself and see their households, their sunken eyes, and pale faces, their ill-fed, puny children, and *then* ask them for money, if you can!"

"Why, Alice, you talk like a downright idiot!" was my brother's angry reply. "Because those idle scoundrels are too lazy to work and earn something, you would present them with houses and lands gratis, by way of a reward to indolence and cunning. By Jove, it is a pretty state of affairs! But I'll let them see that I'm not to be gulled. They twisted the old gentleman nicely round their fingers; but they have another sort of animal to deal with now. Yes; I will visit these places at once; though not precisely in the spirit that your wise and prudent counsel would suggest. Good-night, Randal. Be over with me at nine, to-morrow morning," he added, defiantly. "You and I shall go and see these vagabonds."

"Good-night, Master Richard. I'm thankful to you, sir. Good-night, Miss Alice, an' I hope you'll come to your good brother's way of thinking before long."

His ill-omened figure shambled away in the moonlight, and Richard and I walked on for a moment or two in silence. Presently my brother spoke, and the biting sarcasm of his voice dismayed me.

"Look here, Alice, and listen attentively, once for all, to what I say. I am rather glad of this opportunity to speak forth at last; for I must say that I have had it in my mind so to speak for the past few weeks. It is evident to me that you and your aunt, and other kind friends around, altogether disapprove of me since my return from abroad. I have changed so much, I can understand, from the ignorant country lout whom you all worshipped, ten years ago. I have actually been guilty of the unpardonable crime of learning a lesson of worldly wisdom, and of availing myself somewhat of the opportunities of travel and change of scene, and of civilized society. This conduct on my part is, I am aware, quite at variance with the beautifully primitive theories which obtain in this forgotten corner of the world. That a man should not always remain a blushing boor is incomprehensible to all of you. Well, I am only sorry for thus outraging your feelings; but I cannot, even to please you all, cast off my slough and resume the former interesting skin! In plain words,"

and now the tone of sarcasm was gone, and a sudden fierceness took its place, "I refuse to be dictated to by you, or anybody else. I am master here, and I shall act in every way just as it suits me. You will be kind enough to remember this, for the future, and tell your friends the same. Henceforth I follow my own inclinations absolutely, thoroughly, be they good or evil! Understand me fully; because I do not intend to repeat my words. For good or evil, I say, I intend from this night forward to do in all ways precisely as I feel inclined; and I warn you, and all of you, not to dare to question my acts by so much as a disapproving glance, not to talk of a word of presuming interference!"

As these words passed his lips he strode ahead of me, and was presently lost to sight. I could not have replied, even had I wished to do so. A lump seemed to rise in my throat, and a shiver passed through me from head to foot. Not until I had reached Kildoona, and stolen upstairs to my own room, could my pent-up feelings find relief in tears. Then I broke down utterly, and enjoyed the questionable luxury of an uninterrupted outburst of emotion.

And from that night forward, Richard, true to his stern declaration, seemed to cast off every restraining influence of the past, and to step forth defiantly upon the fatal downward path.

Ah, I cannot bring myself to dwell in detail on this time of shame and sorrow, the very memory of which fills my heart with agony, and dyes cheek and brow with the burning flush of humiliation and distress!

I have told you that Richard fulfilled his uncompromising decree — fulfilled it unto the bitter end. He acted, in truth, precisely as his inclinations dictated; and his movements henceforward appeared to me, and to all who had ever known and loved him of old, to be prompted by the very spirit of evil.

He visited Capparue and Glenconna, Randal Darragh acting as his pioneer through these remote recesses of the hills, and, as I was afterwards informed, treated the starving inhabitants of these wretched districts as no Carroll of Kildoona had ever treated them before. The full arrears of rent should be paid up by a given date, he said; and when the fatal day came and the money was not forth-coming, Richard and his faithful henchman again rode forth — this time on an errand of brutal cruelty.

Richard had decided to evict wholesale the wretched families whom my poor father had treated with such kindly forbearance; and, notwithstanding Father William O'Brien's urgent appeal for mercy — for some further extension of time — my brother actually carried out his fell decision.

To our grief and horror, thirteen families were cast helplessly on the roadside. Oh, dreadful, dreadful remembrance!

This occurred towards the end of May, and was but the forerunner of still darker days for Aunt Anne and for me.

Randal Darragh was almost an inmate of Kildoona now. He and Richard were constantly together. I remember starting up from broken slumber many and many a night, and hearing Randal's jarring

voice below-stairs, his harsh laugh and tipsy yell; for Richard had begun drinking in the early spring, and the Kildoona kitchen was oftentimes the scene of drunken and riotous orgies.

Nor did he confine himself to losing all self-respect at home. In the rural tavern, or *shebeen*, about a mile from Kildoona, my brother was frequently to be found, in the company of the very lowest roughs of the country-side. Here card-playing was carried on all night long, as a rule; and it became a customary thing for Richard and Randal Darragh to be seen in the early mornings tottering back to Kildoona together, shouting aloud some ribald song, or, perhaps, falling helplessly by the roadside and there remaining until picked up by the next passerby.

Sometimes my brother would disappear suddenly from his home and not return for perhaps a week or two at a time. These periods of absence, as I afterwards learned, were spent in Cork, or Dublin, and the visits were undertaken for the purposes of gambling, betting on horses, or indulging in still wilder license in the city than the limited resources of the country could supply.

Randal Darragh nearly always accompanied Richard in these disgraceful journeys to town, and seemed, in truth, to take the part of a counsellor of evil — ever at my brother's ear, ever pointing downward to still darker depths of profligacy.

Randal and his mother had abandoned their wretched cabin and now occupied a very comfortable house nearer to Kildoona. They kept a cow and a pig or two, and showed every outward sign of prospering in life.

Randal himself had long since discarded his ragged velveteen shooting-coat, and was now smartly got up in a suit of Richard's clothes. But, to my eyes at least, his appearance was still more repulsive than in former days. He had adopted a confident swagger and an insolent assurance of looks and words which were intolerable; and that hateful leer of his now became a fixture, and was the customary expression of his evil face.

And, in the meantime, while this sorrow and humiliation darkened above our heads, the world had wakened up to life and beauty once again, and the hills and glens about Kildoona were smiling in the summer sunshine, the old trees were budding forth in the sweet May zephyr, the blue Atlantic murmured musically on the glistening shingle of the shore.

Oh, the hills, the hills! How beautiful they were in the changeful play of light and shadow. Here deep purple stains rested upon their breezy shoulders; there bright patches of silver and amber quivered and danced upon the green bracken and heath. All our country-side blazed with the red-gold of the flowering furze; and where else does that fragrant blossom thrive so royally as amid the hills and glens of our sunny South? The winding white roads, the rugged *boreens* were bordered with that golden loveliness; the air was freighted with the perfume of the furze. Up along the smiling hill-sides, your eye caught the vivid gleam of yellow amid the green of the grass, ferns, and

young heather; and when the purple-gray rock jutted forth from that golden bloom, and the vivid blue sky formed a background to these furzy spurs and overhanging crags — what a contrast of color charmed the artistic eye!

And so the summer deepened and the woods of Kildoona were quivering with tender green leafage, and the birds sang joyously all day long, and the sky-larks poured forth their pæans in the blinding blue above, and the world became transformed; a fairy scene of light and loveliness, a vast picture gallery, hung round with the master-pieces of nature's own unrivalled pencil and brush.

My only happiness during this time of domestic trouble was to roam away for miles and miles over the hills, and to cast myself down at last amid the heather, now beginning to bud forth in the sunshine, and soon to clothe these long slopes and ridges in a royal mantle of tremulous purple. Here as I lay in a kind of trance, all alone amid the charmed solitude of the hills, my eye roamed over mountain, ravine, woods, and glens, to the vivid azure of the Atlantic — a vast plain of restful loveliness, canopied by a sky of cobalt, and bounded by an horizon of silver and pearl. Here, for hours, for days, I watched the ships go by like dream-ships on an ocean of dreamland. Here I gazed upon the distant mountains, lifting their conical gray and purple summits into the fleecy silver and azure of the skies. Then my eyes travelled to the deep-massed woods of Glengariffe in the nearer foreground — a quivering foliage sea of oak, beech, arbutus, murmuring in the light breeze — and away beyond them the sunny, sparkling bay, with the wooded islets rising from its radiant bosom, and the white-breasted sea-gulls hovering and crying dreamily all around.

And as I drank in this changeful scene of light, color, and loveliness, I almost forgot my sorrows for the time, and in my heart of hearts I found no room for any other sentiment save an all-absorbing thankfulness to God for this matchless gift of beauty scattered so lavishly around. Sometimes I prayed aloud in almost a frenzy of enthusiasm, kneeling on the fragrant heather, and lifting my eyes to the blue dome above.

One July day, as I thus knelt in an ecstacy of thanksgiving, while the mist which dimmed my eyes shut out for the moment the magic loveliness of the scene before me, I was aroused by a foot-step upon the hill-side close behind, and, starting round in some confusion, I found myself face to face with Launce Ronayne.

CHAPTER XVII.

LAUNCE RONAYNE'S TIDINGS.

For nearly a month I had not seen Launce, and his sudden appearance filled my heart with conflicting feelings of pain and pleasure. While I welcomed cordially this true old friend's kindly face and greeting, his coming now re-awakened all the old shame and

sorrow; I was instantly called back to the reality of things from my trance of joyful thanksgiving. My soaring thoughts dropped earthward, like a shot bird; and as I placed my hand in Launce's honest palm I was unable to speak for a moment as my eyes fell from his.

"I saw you from the glen below, Alice," he said, in low, grave tones. "I was just going over to Kildoona; and I am very glad we have met here instead."

In truth, for the past four months Launce Ronayne had not darkened the doors of Kildoona four times, and Nora had visited the place even less often. Father William also kept away from us. Since his ineffectual effort to induce Richard to treat the poor tenants of Capparue and Glenconna with some leniency and mercy, the good old clergyman had shunned my brother, with a very natural dislike to meeting him again.

Aunt Anne and I occasionally paid Father William a visit at his comfortable little cottage; and we also looked in at Rathronayne now and then.

But Kildoona — once the home of old-world hospitality and domestic peace — now lay, as it seemed, beneath a ban. To me, the home I had loved so well became like unto a tomb. Since the weather had grown fine and warm I almost lived out of doors.

So that I fully echoed Launce Ronayne's words now, and also felt gratified that we had met here instead of beneath that dishonored roof.

For answer I sighed heavily; then, as Launce remained silent, I glanced up again, and was shocked at the pallor of his worn face, the haggard look of his great, dark-brown, compassionate eyes.

"Oh, Launce, something is wrong! you have something to tell me. I see it in your face."

"Yes, Alice, dear; I regret to say that I am the bearer of unpleasant tidings. God help you and your kindly, noble-hearted Aunt Anne! your brother, Alice, has not been satisfied, it appears, with disgracing himself and sinking to the lowest social depths. He has taken steps quite recently, I understand, which must inevitably, if not checked, cast him adrift, a homeless outcast, upon the world. He has actually mortgaged Kildoona for a large amount; he has received the money into his hands; and he has this day started on one of his reckless visits to the city, accompanied by his friend and familiar, Randal Darragh!"

"Mortgaged Kildoona!" I gasped incredulously. "Oh, Launce, are you certain of this?"

"I regret to say, Alice, that it is but too true. My informant is a Cork gentleman, a Mr. Penrose, who has come to Rathronayne to-day, to spend a week with my father. The mortgagee is a notorious money-lender living in Cork, a merciless scoundrel who has ruined dozens of families and is thriving at his villainous trade. During your brother's visit to the city last month he concluded arrangements with this Christopher Jacobs, — such is the usurer's name, — and on Monday last he received the money. The title-deeds of Kildoona are now in Jacobs' possession. The amount I know not; but from what Penrose

tells me, I conclude that your old home is mortgaged to the very chimneys!"

"And how is this to be repaid?" I cried bewildered. "Are we, then, to see Kildoona slip away from us, and occupied by a stranger?"

"I fear, Alice, such may eventually be the case, unless steps are taken as soon as possible to avert the impending blow. My father has gone over to Father William O'Brien to-day, to talk with him on the matter. What they purpose doing, I know not; but I am as sure as I live, that, if Richard is allowed to carry out his own way in this matter, this money will be all squandered in drink, gambling, dissipation of every kind, and ere you realize the situation, Jacobs will foreclose, the Court of Chancery will grant a decree for the sale of Kildoona; and then how is the old place to be redeemed?"

I could not reply for a moment. The prospect hinted at in Launce Ronayne's dark sentences filled my soul with dismay and sorrow.

Dear old Kildoona! Fondly loved home of my childhood, whose very walls I loved, as though they were possessed of human sympathies, and could recognize and reciprocate all my feelings. Ah, I failed to grasp the thought just yet that Richard could be guilty of this crowning cruelty and madness!

"Do you know, Alice, it often occurs to me," Launce resumed after a long pause, "that Richard cannot be all right *here*," and he tapped his forehead with a finger which shook a little. "In no other way can I account for his extraordinary conduct. His name is the byword of the countryside; and but for the old feelings of love and reverence which filled the people's hearts for your poor father, and for all of your family, up to the present heir, I honestly believe that Richard would have found this part of the country much too hot for him long since!"

"Too well I recognize that fact, Launce," I said, with a heavy sigh; "but even that old feeling of Celtic loyalty must wear away some day; and Father William's kindly forbearance cannot always last. My unfortunate brother is a disgrace to us all, to his own immediate family, to our friends around, to the religion which he *once* respected, and to his clergyman. Those evictions at Capparue and Glenconna have made Richard hateful to the people. Randal Darragh and himself are shunned darkly by all. And now this fresh piece of news of yours, Launce, casts a still gloomier shadow over our future. I suppose there is nothing for it but one course alone; Aunt Anne and I must leave Kildoona, and go elsewhere."

I spoke quite bravely now, or seemingly so; although, in truth, my heart was breaking.

"Leave Kildoona, Alice? You cannot mean that!"

"And why not, Launce? Does not everything urge me to this step? Why should we remain there? Thank Heaven, my poor father's will provided sufficiently for Aunt and for me! We can take a small house, or a cottage somewhere, and live out quietly together the remnant of our broken lives."

"Alice, dear, don't talk like that!" he cried, seizing both my hands in his, and the blaze of his dark eyes was dimmed with a sudden mist of tears. "You, with all the world before you, in the first flush of youth, you to speak of the 'remnant' of your 'broken life'! Hush! hush! I cannot listen to such words as these."

"I do not wish to pain you, Launce," I made answer, after a brief silence; "but, in truth, what have I to live for now? Oh, Launce!" and I clung to his honest hands, in a sudden paroxysm of despair and anguish, "all the love of my heart was given to Marion and Richard — and both, both are gone from me! Where is Marion, Launce? Where is my friend, my confidante, my companion of the past? Gone, gone forever. And my brother whom I loved so dearly — he is worse than dead. Life is colorless to me, Launce, forever more. I know I am young, if you go by years; but my heart is old, old. *There* I feel that I am sixty!"

I broke away from him as the words poured hotly from my lips. I could not bear to linger. The sight of his haggard face, which the very mention of Marion's name had blanched and wellnigh distorted, heightened my own distress.

I fled homeward with a quaking heart; and from that day forward the clouds gathered more densely around me, and Kildoona became still more like unto a house of doom.

Ah, do not ask me to linger over these months of humiliation and sorrow! You can imagine for yourselves how we were circumstanced during that ill-fated time.

Downward, ever downward, Richard daily sank. He seemed to hasten to the lowest social degradation. It was in vain that Father William and Brian Ronayne came again and again to Kildoona, in the hope of bringing my brother round by words of counsel and earnest warning. Richard refused to listen to reason. After that latest visit of his to the city, we all saw a change for the worse in his acts, words, and even appearance. I concluded that having so large a sum of money in his possession during that fortnight's absence, he must have broken away into wilder dissipation than ever before.

And was it thus that Kildoona was to pass away from our family? What hope could there be of redeeming the property now? Alas! none. Richard was a hopeless profligate. His future was not hard to foretell.

Father William and Brian Ronayne, as I tell you, did all in their power to arrest my brother's downward progress, and to convince him, moreover, of the fatal madness of his dealings with the notorious Christopher Jacobs.

"It means ruin, absolute ruin for you, Richard!" I heard Father William say for the twentieth time at least, one stormy December evening; for December had come round again, and Christmas was drawing near. "How are you to pay off this mortgage? What steps are you taking to clear the property of the charge? Why, every day, every hour, you are running your own neck still further into Jacobs' accursed noose! You are acting like a madman, Richard.

For God's sake, boy, be advised by your best friends, and turn over a new leaf at the eleventh hour!"

Then, for the first time in his life, Richard insulted our oldest and best friend, to his very face. Ah, I cannot repeat his words — coarse, brutal words which brought the hot blood into the old clergyman's earnest, kindly face, and bowed his silver head upon his breast.

"Enough, Richard; enough," he said, as he moved slowly to the door. "May God forgive you as readily as I do!"

Then he went away from Kildoona, never again, as my heart told me full bitterly, to cross its threshold while Richard ruled as master within.

"Oh, we cannot remain here any longer," I cried to poor Aunt Anne that evening. "Let us go while we have our senses left! Our truest friend on earth has been driven forth this day from the house which, for the past forty years or more, was like a home to him — driven forth by our own flesh and blood! Ah, Aunt Anne, I am bowed to the very earth beneath the shame and grief of this occurrence! Come from this hateful spot. Let us go for the present to Rathronayne, and then look out for a new home. Nell Connor will come with us and share our fortunes, whatever they may be."

"I am satisfied, my dear child," Aunt Anne said, and all the light seemed to have died out of her once merry blue eyes, and her plump figure was now sadly altered. "I see no prospect of further happiness at Kildoona, Alice. But then, on the other hand," she added with a shiver in her low, troubled voice, "how can we abandon your unhappy brother to his fate? How can we desert him thus?"

"Of what use is it to remain?" I urged passionately. "Richard follows his own course, utterly regardless of you or me. Once we go, Randal Darragh's mother will be brought in here, as housekeeper; and her son and Richard will occupy Kildoona until Christopher Jacobs turns them out and seizes the place for himself! I am quite sure of this. Everything indicates it. Our remaining, or our going, can alter nothing — so far as Richard's welfare is concerned. But if we remain," I cried, clasping my hands wildly across my heart, "I cannot answer for my reason! I feel that this strain upon my mind is driving me mad! Come away, oh! come away from here, Aunt Anne. Come where we we can breathe freely once again!"

So I conquered. Aunt Anne made no further resistance.

That evening I wrote a note to Brian Ronayne, requesting him to come over to Kildoona, on a matter of importance. He came at once, and we discussed our new plans.

"I thoroughly approve of this step," my poor father's old friend said cordially; "and I need not say that I shall be delighted to welcome you both, and poor Nell, too, to Rathronayne. Don't offend me, Alice, by talking of that 'new home,' or that 'cottage' or whatever your craze may be! Rathronayne is big enough, and to spare for us all."

"My dear old friend," Aunt Anne said, and the tears were heavy

in her eyes, "your heart was always true and warm; but you must not talk unreasonably, you know; you must not rave! However, we promise to remain with you for Christmas. There now! Let that end the discussion."

There was something of my aunt's old vivacity, briskness, and decision, in these words, and Brian Ronayne did not press the point just then.

He took his leave shortly afterwards promising to drive over on the following evening to fetch us both to Rathronayne.

But I, at least, was not destined, as it turned out, to make my escape quite so soon, or so easily, as I had hoped. An unexpected obstacle was placed in my way just when all my preparations were made.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DARK PRESENTIMENT.

AUNT ANNE and I were busily occupied that night in packing a huge trunk for the morrow's "flitting." It was very late, close on twelve o'clock; and we were under the impression that save for ourselves the household was asleep.

The December winds moaned at the window, and for the past hour a light snow had been falling, our first snow-shower this winter.

I had not seen Aunt Anne look so animated for many a day, as she appeared now. The prospect of getting away from this house of shadows must have been a relief to her sensitive heart, as it certainly was to mine. Moreover she had always loved Rathronayne, having known the old place since her childhood.

Indeed, I had heard that Brian Ronayne and my aunt had been sweethearts in the long ago, and it often occurred to me that notwithstanding the changes of time and circumstances something of the glamour of the past still lingered about these good old friends.

We were just about to suspend our task for the night when, somewhat to our surprise, we heard a footstep on the lobby without, and presently Nell Connor stole on tip-toe into the room. The old woman's furrowed face was pale; her dark eyes were full of anxious concern. I knew at once that she had some unpleasant news of Richard. Since dinner-time yesterday, my brother had not put in an appearance at Kildoona.

"What is it, Nell, dear?" I asked. "Master Richard has come home, I suppose?"

"Aye, that he have, Miss Alice, an' God help us! he's in a bad way. Randal Darragh an' another fellow, Thade Sullivan, had to carry him home between 'em. I s'pose he's drinkin' all through, since yesterday. He's spaychless and senseless too, Miss Alice. Glory be to God! but the sight of him put the heart across in me. Sure I thought he was dead!"

"Better for him and for all belonging to him that he was," Aunt Anne returned bitterly. "Where is he now, Nell?"

"They brought him to his own room, and got him into bed, Miss Anne. I wanted to make a drink of some kind for him, but they wouldn't lave me. They said it was no use to get it ready; he couldn't eat or drink anything to-night."

"And, I suppose, those two kind-hearted gentlemen intend to remain here until morning, Nell?"

"Och, sure you know they will, Miss Anne! They couldn't lave him in that state."

"Well, Nell, we can do nothing at all events. We must only be resigned, I suppose, to the very worst," Aunt Anne said with a heavy sigh. "Thank Heaven, his poor father did not live to see these times! God was very merciful to my poor brother; although at the time I thought it a sad, cruel thing that his death should take place in the very moment that his fond hopes were fulfilled. But you see what a merciful dispensation of Providence that death truly was!"

"Hush, Aunt Anne, hush. Never mind about it now," I hastily interposed, for the tears were heavy in my aunt's eyes, and she was trembling from head to foot in the effort to suppress her emotion. "Go away to bed, Nell. Things may look brighter on to-morrow."

When I drew aside my window curtains on the following morning, lo! a whitened world met my eyes. Fields, roads, cliffs, hills, trees, distant mountains, were all transformed since the previous day, all adorned with a fairy-like drapery of blinding white. The sky above was darkened with livid clouds, and the wind raved menacingly across the snowy wastes, and piped shrilly at my casements.

Just at present there was a cessation of the snow-fall; but I knew from the appearance of that gloomy sky which mirrored itself in the livid, moaning sea, that the storm was only brewing, and that the full outbreak of its rigor could not be much longer deferred.

I hastened down stairs to inquire for Richard, and as I was crossing the passage leading to the kitchen, I came face to face with Randal Darragh.

He started a little, and looked at first as though he was about to retreat hastily, without speaking. Then, appearing to brace up his faltering nerves, he doffed his wide-leafed hat with an almost insolent exaggeration of courtesy, and treated me to his repulsive leer.

"Wisha, good morning, Miss Alice. You didn't expect to see *me* in the house so early, I s'pose?"

"Yes; I knew you were here all night," was my hurried reply. "Tell me, how is Master Richard? Is he anything better?"

"Why, thin, who was telling you stories, Miss Alice?"

"Kindly answer my questions," was my stern rejoinder. "How is my brother? Has he eaten anything since? Is he fully conscious?"

"Well, he's comin' on, Miss, I suppose," was the unsatisfactory reply. "He was mortal bad, though, this time; worse than ever I seen him before."

"Indeed! And, of course, he may thank you for it, you and Thade Sullivan," I said bitterly. "I suppose you kept him well supplied with drink at the tavern for the past couple of days?"

"Oh, thin, the Lord knows it wasn't *our* fault this time, whatever, Miss Alice! Indeed, to tell you the truth, I advised him to have sinse, and to keep his money while he had hould of it. But it was no use for me to say a word. He drank an' drank, an' it was brandy all the time. Then he took to ravin' at last, an' then Thade Sullivan an' myself said we'd fetch him home."

"Raving?" I cried, startled. "Was it so bad as that?"

"Why, then, it was and it *is*, God forgive you, Randal Darragh!" the voice of Nell Connor interrupted at this juncture, and the old woman shuffled forward from one of the out-houses and joined us, with a pale face and shocked, stern black eyes. "You're a nice adviser for Master Richard, aren't you? Well. you've brought him to his last legs now, whatever, and you can't do much further mischief. Hardly if he'll ever get over this attack. Sure the poor young gintleman is in the horrors o' drink, God betune us and harm!"

"Oh, no, Nell! It cannot be that. Don't say so," I shivered, clinging to the old woman, in a sudden terror.

"Wisha, then, I'm afeared it is, dearie; but I'll do what I can for him," Nell hastily added. "I'm just after killin' two of the best cocks in the fowl-house, an' I'll bile 'em down to broth. There's nothing like it; and the sooner you and Thade Sullivan go about your business, the better for all of us!" Nell added wrathfully, her piercing, dark eyes fixed on Randal Darragh's face. "Do you hear what I say? Be off with yous both! Yous done enough of mischief for this time, whatever."

Black Randal muttered something or other — not a blessing — and sidled away from us.

I seized Nell Connor by the arm.

"Nell, don't tell Aunt Anne anything of this. Poor dear! She has enough of trouble; and if she thought Master Richard was knocked up she would not stir one inch from Kildoona to-day. Now I am determined that she must go to Rathronayne, even if you and I remain for a day or two longer, until my brother is well again."

So Nell and I entered into a conspiracy there and then, and Aunt Anne was told nothing of my brother's true condition. Randal Darragh took Nell's hint, and he and Thade Sullivan left the house about nine o'clock.

At breakfast Aunt Anne made inquiries concerning Richard, and I passed the matter off as well as I could. He was not very well yet, I said; wanted rest and nourishment. At present he was asleep, I added, and she had better not wake him. Nell and I would see after him to-day; and to-night too, if we found it advisable to postpone our departure from Kildoona.

"But in that case, my dear, I will not go to Rathronayne this evening," Aunt Anne said at once; "I certainly will not leave you alone here."

"Oh, nonsense, Aunt Anne," was my reply. "It would be too bad to disappoint Brian Ronayne; and, perhaps, after all, I may be able to accompany you this evening; but, if not, I hope to join you on to-morrow at Rathronayne."

Somewhat to our surprise, Brian Ronayne drove up over the snowy avenue shortly after breakfast. He was muffled up in an immense overcoat, and stamped his feet and rubbed his hands as he entered the hall.

"What a bitterly cold day! I thought it better to fetch you at once," he said, as Aunt Anne and I greeted him and we three entered the Elm Parlor. "We are in for a snow-storm some time to-day, and the sooner we get safely under the roof of Rathronayne the better. Launce and Nora are delighted at the prospect of having you both, and old Nell too, to brighten up our loneliness at Rathronayne. When can you be ready to come?"

"Aunt Anne is ready this moment," I hastened to reply. "We finished our packing half an hour ago. Her only delay is to put on her cloak and bonnet. As for Nell and me, we cannot go just now, Mr. Ronayne. Richard is not very well; a passing indisposition; but I do not like to leave him until to-morrow."

Aunt Anne again protested; but Brian Ronayne sided with me and we conquered. Half an hour later I stood at the front door of Kildoona watching my old kinswoman and her admirer of the long ago, as they drove away over the snow.

"Brian Ronayne was right in his calculations," I thought, as I glanced at the angry clouds which extended like ragged arms across the darkened heavens. "The snow-storm is approaching fast. They will have enough to do to reach Rathronayne before it overtakes them."

As I returned to the house, closing out the great front door, a strange feeling of loneliness, or terror, I know not which, seized upon me. It was like a presentiment of some kind; and I stood for a moment or two in the hall, my hands clasped nervously together, my heart sinking fast.

Then in a kind of panic I fled to the kitchen, where Nell was stooping over a saucepan, as she prepared the chicken-broth for my brother. The old woman glanced round with a scared, stern face, as I entered.

"God save us, Miss Alice! You frightened me. What's wrong now, *eroo?*"

"I do not know, Nell, dear; but I am frightened. I'm sorry I allowed Aunt Anne to go. The house feels so empty, so dark and dismal and ghastly! Oh, Nell, there is something preying on my mind! There is some fresh sorrow before us. Master Richard is going to die!"

"Whist, whist, *ullai!* Don't you be talking like that. Sure he's very quiet since morning; and now, when he drinks this iligant strong broth, he'll be no time getting all right again. Wait till you see, why!"

But her words failed to reassure me. I sat shivering beside the

big turf fire, and the fitful sobbing of the wind without chimed in weirdly with my own dark forebodings.

Ere long the livid clouds began to discharge their burden, at first in feathery flakes, light as thistle-down, then in a more rapid and denser shower, until at last the outer world was hidden behind an unbroken curtain of driving snow, each flake the size of a lady's hand, or so it appeared to me, as I watched, still shivering, from my low chair by the fire. Then, by degrees, the fitful gusts swelled to a sustained gale, the gale heightened to storm, and now the immense flakes of snow whirled and rushed and drove onward before the furious drive of the screaming wind.

It was such a snow storm as I had never before witnessed, and it is spoken of to this day by the "oldest inhabitants" of our sequestered hills and glens.

The snow drifted fifteen and twenty feet in parts of the hills. Sheep and cows were covered over and lost for days. Small hillside cabins were likewise altogether covered with the drifted snow, and the lofty crags above sustained huge ramparts, towers, and bastions of marble whiteness, which, seen from the valleys, looked like the battlements of some wizard's fortress in the clouds.

All through that never-to-be-forgotten day I was unable to conquer that chilling presentiment. Oh! what did it portend? Was it Richard's death? And despite my brother's extraordinary treatment of us all, despite the sorrow and disgrace into which he had plunged us, my heart sank at the thought of such an ending to his young, ruined life.

I dared not enter his room. I dared not listen to his muttered, broken ravings. Nell Connor was in and out all day, while I crouched on the lobby near the door, afraid to await her return below stairs, and still more afraid to follow her into the darkened room.

So the day passed, and the shadows of evening gathered about Kildoona, and still the storm raged without.

I was seated in the firelight, in the kitchen; just as I had been seated with Marion on that night gone by, when Randal Darragh had so noiselessly appeared at the door. Nell and Curly Rue had gone out to the farm-yard, and it was by a strong effort of will that I controlled my nerves sufficiently to await their return in the silent house.

I sat with clasped hands thinking over a thousand things; my poor sister's mysterious fate, our happy days together in the dim long ago, my brother as he had been, and as he afterwards became, the darkened future that lay before me — a colorless, loveless prospect.

Suddenly, as I thus pondered, I felt that there was another presence in the fire-lit room. I glanced up sharply: and Randal Darragh's ill-omened figure stood at the open door.

To be continued.

If we courageously face suffering, difficulties vanish and even pain becomes delightful. — *St. Teresa.*

The Battle of Monmouth: An Heroic Irish Wife.

THE one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the battle of Monmouth was celebrated recently at the battlefield at Tennent, and at Freehold by the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and the Monmouth Battle Monument Association. The so-called battle of Monmouth (June 28, 1778), really took place at Freehold, which is in Monmouth county. A first attack on the British position by a portion of the American forces under General Lee was repulsed, the Americans falling back on the main body, which was commanded by Washington in person. Washington, although a man who rarely lost his temper, became enraged at seeing the disorderly retreat, and upbraided Lee in no measured terms. He then assumed command himself, and renewed the attack on the British with such good results as to drive the enemy from the field. For the cowardice or incapacity on the part of Lee, that led to the failure of the first American attack, he was court-martialed, and his command taken away from him for a year.

At the banquet, Josiah C. Pumpelly, of Morristown, had as his theme, "Molly Pitcher and the Daughters of the Revolution." Molly Pitcher was an Irish-American heroine, whose bravery at the battle of Monmouth has been celebrated in song and story. It was made the subject of a stirring ballad by the late William Collins, whose account of the battle we subjoin. The battle of Monmouth was one of the bloodiest fought during the Revolution. Twenty thousand men were engaged; Washington, Lafayette, Wayne, Greene, Morgan, Lee, and other distinguished American officers were present. The English were commanded by Sir Henry Clinton. The battle commenced before dawn, and continued all day, ending in the defeat of the English. About two o'clock, P. M., a desperate struggle ensued between Greene's brigade and the Hessians and grenadiers commanded by Col. Moncton. It was at this juncture that an Irish girl, seeing her husband fall, rushed up to the gun, snatched the ramrod from his dying grasp, charged and fired the piece right into the faces of the advancing English, and continued to do so until the battle was won. Lossing thus describes the occurrence in his Pictorial Field-book of the Revolution, Vol. II., page 361:

"It was during this part of the action that Molly, the wife of a cannoneer, displayed great courage and presence of mind. We have already noticed her bravery in firing the last gun at Fort Clinton. She was a sturdy young camp-follower, only twenty-two years old, and in devotion to her husband she illustrated the character of her countrywomen of the Emerald Isle. In the action in question, while her husband was managing one of the field-pieces, she constantly brought him water from a spring near by. A shot from the enemy killed him at his post; and the officer in command, having no one competent to

fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. Molly saw her husband fall as she came from the spring, and also heard the order. She dropped her bucket, seized the ramrod, and vowed she would fill the place of her husband at the gun, and avenge his death. She performed the duty with a skill and courage which attracted the attention of all who saw her. On the following morning, covered with blood, General Greene, presented her to Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of sergeant. By his recommendation her name was placed on the list of half-pay officers for life. After leaving the army she retired to Fort Montgomery, among the Hudson highlands, where she died. She usually went by the name of 'Captain Molly.' The venerable widow of General Hamilton, yet living (1852), told me that she had often seen Captain Molly. She described her as a tall, fair-haired, young Irishwoman, with a handsome, piercing eye. The French officers, charmed with the story of her bravery, made her many presents.'"

On the bloody field of Monmouth
Flashed the guns of Greene and Wayne,
Fiercely roared the tide of battle,
Thick the sward was heaped with slain,
Foremost facing death and danger,
Hessian, horse, and grenadier,
In the vanguard fiercely fighting,
Stood an Irish cannoneer.

Loudly roared his iron cannon,
Mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring,
Stood his faithful Irish wife.
Of her bold contempt of danger
Greene and Lee's brigades could tell;
Every one knew "Captain Molly,"
And the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round them,
Swiftly flew the iron hail,
Forward dashed a thousand bayonets,
That lone battery to assail.
From the foeman's foremost columns
Swept a furious fusilade,
Mowing down the massed battalions
In the ranks of Greene's brigade.

Fast and faster worked the gunner,
Soiled with powder, blood, and dust,
English bayonets shone before him,
Shot and shell around him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring,
Stood and manned her long and well,
Till at last the gallant fellow
Dead beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow,
And a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots
At their gunner stricken down.
"Fall back, comrades; it is folly
Thus to strive against the foe."
"No! not so," cried Irish Molly;
"We can strike another blow.

"In the bloody breach of Limerick,
I have heard my mother tell,
How the fairest maids of Ireland
Fought and for their country fell,
And within that breach of danger,
Feared not gun nor cannon's crack,
And at last in blood and terror,
Drove the tyrant William back.

"We fight against the same red banner,
And the same red hireling band;
George or William, 'tis no matter—
Both hail from the same false land.
Down with tyrants! No surrender!
Here I'll stand beside this gun
Till we beat them and defeat them;
Come, I'll show you how 'tis done."

Quickly leaped she to the cannon,
In her fallen husband's place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady,
Fired it in the foeman's face.
Flashed another ringing volley,
Roared another from the gun:
"Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly,
"For the flag of Washington."

Greene's brigade, though torn and shattered,
Slain and bleeding half their men,
When they hear that Irish slogan,
Turn and charge the foe again.
Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally,
To the front they forward wheel,
And before their rushing onset
Clinton's English columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger
Rolled and rattled o'er the plain,
Till there lay in swarms around it
Mangled heaps of Hessian slain.
"Forward! Charge them with the bayonet!"
'Twas the voice of Washington;
And there burst a fiery greeting
From the Irishwoman's gun.

Moncton falls; against his columns
Leap the troops of Wayne and Lee,
And before their reeking bayonets
Clinton's red battalions flee.
Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing,
Thin the foe's retreating ranks,
And behind them onward dashing,
Ogden hovers on their flanks.

Fast they fly, these boasting Britons,
Who in all their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hirelings,
To wipe out our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner,
Monmouth's glorious field is won,
And in triumph Irish Molly
Stands beside her smoking gun.

A Legend of Loughine.

From the Irish.

In a low, thatched cabin at the mountain's foot
The cottier's children sat
Around the hearth arranged on seats of turf,
With one left for the cat.

No lighted taper lit the dreary night,
The fir alone and peat
Revealed the rosy faces of the row,
And mocked the wind and sleet.

A begging traveller, weary, old and bent,
Well knows the beaten way
And seeks the friendly haven, as a ship,
To wait the calm of day.

A thousand welcomes on the threshold meet
The haggard, long-haired guest,
An hundred thousand blessings he invokes
Upon this home of rest.

The queen quickly at the host's command
Yields him an evening meal,
While creamy liquid from the mountain flock
Uncovered crocks reveal.

With faithful prayer he ends the loved repast,
His blessings all repeat,
His long beard strokes as bending low he takes
His old accustomed seat.

"Tell us some tale," a little maiden says,
"Of days long, long ago;
Do, do, kind sir, relate the briefest of
The endless ones you know."

The glimmering fire fantastic figures casts
Upon the dresser plates,
And while he rakes the ashes with his staff,
The stranger thus relates.

"In yonder isle, within that lonely lake,
E'er daylight passed away,
You've often scanned those great majestic walls
Now desolate and gray.

In olden times when Eire's sons were free,
When great Mac Art and Counn,
And all the mighty Fionna Fail prepared
To battle Dara Doun,

The monarch of that castle led a host
Of bravest men away,
From Desmond valleys to the din of war
That broke o'er Dingle Bay.

His name was Lawra, and a braver chief
Ne'er measured lance with Finn;
Within those halls no kingly step was heard
Or minstrel's note since then.

Upon the hill that crowns the farther side
There stood a cromlech old,
And long the Druid loved the chieftain's bride
And sought the chieftain's gold.

And she was Cleena, of the golden hair,
Brought from a foreign shore,
For such her beauty that the mermaids climbed
The Island — to adore.

In vain the sage and crafty Druid tried,
In vain his magic art, —
No power could gain the love she gave her lord
Or taint her royal heart.

Enraged, the priest, with demon-wand, at last
Profaned her ringlets proud,
And lo! the fair bride of the Munster king
Was wrapt in mystic shroud.

He led her from those regal halls away
Upon the moonlit sea,
And boatmen told for ages how they wept —
Her thousand maids and she.

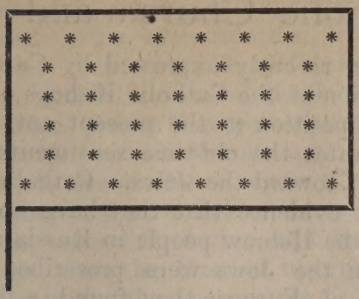
Bound by the Druid's spell they still live on
In Carrig Cleena's cave,
And chant a dirge o'er each of Lawra's clan
Up through the ocean wave.

Gone is the Druid long, and lost the wand
In yonder castle hold:
Who finds may yet restore the chieftain's bride,
And gain the chieftain's gold."

DENIS B. COLLINS.

THE Most Rev. Dr. M'Goldrick, Bishop of Duluth, Minn., belongs to a very ancient family of North Fermanagh. The Bishop's great-grandfather, Edward M'Goldrick, was agent on the Castle Coldwell Estate at a time when there were few good or even middling appointments for a Catholic in Orange Fermanagh; and his grandfather, Mr. James M'Goldrick, was an eminent classical teacher, who for over thirty years was the principal of the diocesan seminary at Letterkenny.

The Star-Spangled Banner.



In Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812, it is recorded that the "Star-Spangled Banner was first sung in a restaurant in Baltimore, next door to the Holiday-street theatre, by Charles Durang, to an assemblage of the patriotic defenders of the city, and after that, nightly at the theatre."

This statement is slightly inaccurate; and though it is one of no great historical importance, it involves a matter of sufficient interest to justify a correction, says a writer in Kate Field's Washington. The first person to sing that spirited song — which, though given a foreign air, and commemorating a single episode in our country's history, has filled millions of American hearts with patriotic emotion — was a lad twelve years of age, the scene of his childish effort being neither a restaurant nor a theatre, but the open street in front of Capt. Benjamin Edes' printing-office in Baltimore, on the second day after the bombardment of Fort McHenry. It is worthy of record, too, that the person who first "set up" the song, printed it and distributed it to the citizens of Baltimore, was also a boy — an apprentice of Captain Edes — the whole thing being done while the gallant captain was still out of the city with his regiment, the Twenty-Seventh Maryland Infantry, which three days before had acted with conspicuous bravery at the battle of North Point.

The name of the apprentice boy, then seventeen or eighteen years old, was Samuel Sands; he lived, a much-respected citizen of Baltimore, to a very old age. The little singer was James Lawrenson, who afterward, for nearly seventy years, was connected with the post-office department, and was also employed for probably half that time as a writer for the national Intelligencer, the Philadelphia Ledger, and the Baltimore Sun. He died last year, nearly ninety years old, at his home in Baltimore, universally loved and honored.

The Boston Daily Herald says: The above is the arrangement of the forty-four stars in the new flag as it floats to the breeze. The new star stands for Wyoming, which was admitted into the Union just in time to be too late for the rearrangement of the stars which was ordered for a year ago. Every flag floating as the sign of authority of the national government will henceforth conform to this order. The old flags will not all be condemned, but, as the new emblems are called for, the new arrangement will be observed. 'Rah for the old flag and its new setting.

The Catholic Church and the Jews.

THE sentiments recently expressed by Cardinals Manning and Gibbons, and the action of the Catholic Bishops of Austria in addressing their flocks in opposition to the present anti-Semitic agitation in Europe, again illustrates the old-time sentiments of friendliness entertained by Catholics toward the Jews. Catholics, in every country, have given abundant evidence that they have no sympathy with the cruel persecution of the Hebrew people in Russia or elsewhere.

At a time when the Jews were proscribed and persecuted in almost every section of Europe, they found a hospitable refuge in Rome, where even synagogues were erected for them, and the protecting hands of the Popes were extended over them throughout the nations of Europe.

I.

The present fierce anti-Jewish Crusade in Russia is the most gigantic proscription directed against that people by any government since the Middle Ages. The Russian authorities assert that the Jews in Russia while outwardly peaceable and harmless, nay, timid to cowardice, and submissive to servility, are yet unceasingly and systematically undermining the well-being of the country; that while enjoying the fullest religious toleration and liberty of public worship, they scrupulously perform every year a public religious ceremony releasing them from the obligation of keeping any oath or promise made to the government or to individuals of the State religion; th while sheltered by the laws equally with all their fellow subjects, and, like them, entitled to sit in courts of justice, they are bound under the direst penalties of excommunication to decide cases brought before them only according to instructions received from a secret tribunal of their own, that they are authorized and taught by their law to consider the person and property of their fellow-subjects, if belonging to a different race and religion from theirs, as their natural patrimony, lawful for them to secure by any means; that their secret tribunal — the *Kahal* — collects money by levying a tax on all its members, who are compelled to obey, which money is employed to bribe the government officials to carry out the designs of the Jews in their robbery and plunder of the Russian peasantry.

The Jews, on the other hand, give a general and unequivocal denial to all these charges. They declare that they are made the scapegoats of Russian discontent; and that they are persecuted to divert the attention of the Russian people from their own miseries, which is a less dangerous method of procedure than engaging in a foreign war.

II.

The Jews make but a small figure in the early annals of Russia. They appear in the eleventh century for the first time; we hear of their being massacred at Kieff in the twelfth century, and of a subsequent expulsion from the Russian territory; and then there is a

long silence concerning them. Not until the empire had been fully launched on its career of aggression and aggrandisement by Peter the Great, did they appear. This keen reformer was well aware of their value to the state, and their possible usefulness in opening up its commercial resources, and he rescinded the ban of exclusion. That the ban existed, however, proves that persecution of the Jew was not unknown in Russia, in that semi-barbarous age.

They were soon to leave Russia again; in 1743, the Empress Elizabeth expelled them, to the number of thirty-five thousand. They were readmitted by the second Catherine, and have ever since enjoyed more or less toleration, after the Russian interpretation of that word, which comprehends little else than permission to live in an atmosphere of disabilities and restrictions. Alexander I., who became Czar in 1801, seems to have taken a great interest in the Jews, and to have pursued a very decided policy toward them. He endeavored to subvert the Rabbinical authority, which had become an *imperium in imperio*, and substitute for it an internal government by elders. He undertook also a task much more difficult — that of coercing the Jews to abandon the financial and commercial pursuits in which they were so successful, and to settle down as agriculturists in the remoter districts of the empire. With this view they were forbidden to follow many trades, and were offered free land and other advantages, such as fiscal exemptions, in the event of their acceding to his wishes. Upon the whole, he may be said to have ameliorated their condition; and though he treated them after a very high-handed fashion, his intentions were probably benevolent. On the accession of Nicholas, in 1825, the iron hand pressed as heavily on the Jews as on the rest of the Russian people. Many of the concessions of his predecessor were revoked, and burdens still heavier were imposed. The Jews were prohibited from carrying on the smaller trades; but were allowed to be bill-brokers, contractors, etc., on paying a very heavy impost for the privilege. This and many other heavy enactments seem never to have been effectually carried out, since a rigorous enforcement of them would have largely disorganized the social machinery of the country. Although treated as aliens in other respects, the Jews were subjected by Nicholas to the conscription, and that, too, without the ordinary exemptions. In fact, if a Jew escaped the conscription, a Jewish child was taken, and after being brought up in the orthodox faith in some distant province, was enrolled as a substitute. Many of these Jews were amongst the host that was rolled back from the heights of Inkerman.

In 1846, it was decreed that the long beard, caftan, girdle, and cap of sable, which had been made obligatory, should only be worn by those who took out a license costing fifty roubles. A few years after, it was enacted that the Jewish women should not cut their hair upon their marriage, and wear a head-covering, as had heretofore been their custom. In 1851, the yoke was a little lightened by the repeal of regulations which exacted a large sum as a sort of safe conduct on leaving the empire. But still, until after the death of Nicholas, amid

the closing scenes of the Crimean war, no Jew could possess land in Russia, nor was his evidence received in a court of justice. The Rabbies did not enjoy the immunity from flagellation accorded to other religious teachers. One child of each Jewish family had to be brought up a member of the orthodox church, and residence in the holy cities of Kieff and Moscow was interdicted to Israelites. It is very probable that these vexatious laws, like those already mentioned, were made occasional pretexts of oppression and extortion, and not literally and consistently put into execution.

For many centuries Poland was a haven where the oppressed and persecuted Hebrews could find peace. The last of the Piasts, Casimir the Great, became enamored of a fair Jewess named Esther, and she seems to have used her influence in favor of her people, as effectually as did her namesake of old. The Jews in Poland formed the middle class between the masters and the serfs, and though occasionally ill-treated, would appear to have prospered, and to have attained a considerable ascendancy. The fact that the Christian Sunday was in some districts made to coincide with the Jewish Sabbath, seems to be a strong evidence of this. But after the partition of the kingdom, those who fell under the rule of Russia cannot have welcomed the change. A Jewish contingent fought under Kosciusko, with the usual valor of their race, and this was, no doubt, remembered in the day of triumph. The laws that militated against them were rigorously enforced, while those in their favor were neglected. The statistics of the acquitals amongst the Jews brought before the various tribunals bear remarkable testimony to the carelessness and rancor of their accusers. The policy which had attempted the dispersion of their Russian brethren was extended to Poland. In 1825, such of them as were not engaged in "solid" mercantile pursuits were ordered to leave the country. A fair sample of the local restraints put upon them was afforded by a regulation promulgated at Warsaw in 1853, and reaffirmed in 1857, which ordained that no Christian nurse should suckle a Jewish child.

The Karaites, another interesting branch of the great family of Israel, is located in the Crimea, and claims to have settled there considerably before the Christian era. Some of their tombs at Chufut Kalé bear inscriptions of so early a date as the sixth century. In a petition which they presented to the Empress Catherine, they submitted the fact that their forefathers could have had no part in the crucifixion of Christ, and asked for consideration on that ground. They form a sect which has representatives in other parts of Russia, and which repudiates the accretions of the Rabbinical writers, and accepts the law only as a religious basis.

The lot of the Russian Jew was ameliorated under Alexander II., who was hailed by them as a possible benefactor, and who did not disappoint their expectations. Their liberties grew with the liberties of Russia, limited indeed, but have again been crushed out under the present reign.

In civilized countries the persecution of the Hebrews has practi-

cally ceased. In Germany and Austria the anti-Hebrew movement of late years did not go much beyond social ostracism and insult, and the Jews there may count upon a security, marred only by vituperation.

It is a remarkable fact that of the seven millions of Jews nearly five millions are found in the Russian dominions. They are spread all over the empire. A great part of the commerce of Russia is conducted by them. In Southern Russia two thirds of all trade is said to be in their hands, and in Northern Russia at least one third. This fact will suggest another motive for the present oppressive laws.

III.

Pope Pius IV. wrote in defence of the Jews in 1247: "It is a great pity that they should be more miserable under Christian princes than their ancestors were under Pharaoh." But Pius IV. was not alone in denouncing the fanaticism that singled out the Jew for persecution.

Neander, the German Protestant historian of the Church, after describing the persecution which the Jews suffered in the middle of the thirteenth century, says that: "The most influential men of the Church protested against such un-Christian fanaticism." When the Abbot Bernard of Clairvaux was rousing up the spirit of the nations to embark in the second Crusade, and issued for this purpose, in the year 1146, his letters to the Germans (East Franks), he, at the same time, warned them against the influence of those enthusiasts who strove to inflame the fanaticism of the people. He declaimed against the false zeal, without knowledge, which impelled them to murder the Jews, a people who ought not even to be banished from the country.

In particular, it was a ruling principle with the Popes, after the the example of their great predecessor, Gregory the Great, to protect the Jews in the rights which had been conceded to them. When the banished Popes of the twelfth century returned to Rome, the Jews in their holiday garments went forth with the rest in procession, to meet them, bearing before them the *Thora*, and Innocent II., on an occasion of this sort, prayed for them that God would remove the veil from their hearts.

Pope Innocent III., in the year 1199, published an ordinance taking the Jews *under his own protection*, against oppression. "Much as the unbelief of the Jews is to be censured," he wrote, "yet inasmuch as the Christian faith is really confirmed by them, they must suffer no hard oppression from the faithful."

He appeals here to the example of his predecessors which is followed: "No one should compel them by force to submit to baptism; but in case a Jew makes it known that of his own free-will he has become a Christian, then no hindrances whatsoever shall be thrown in his way to prevent him from receiving baptism; for he who comes to the ordinance of Christian Baptism through constraint, cannot be a true believer. No one shall molest them in possession of their property, or in the observance of their customs. In the celebration of their festivals they should not be disturbed by tumultuary proceedings." (Epist. Lib. II. Ep. 302.)

When the Jews in France, in the year 1236, saw themselves abandoned to the ferocious cruelty of the Crusaders, they again applied for help to the Pope, then Gregory the Ninth. His Holiness, in consequence, sent a letter to France, expressing in the most emphatic language his indignation at such barbarity. "They did not consider," writes the Pope, "that while Christ excludes no nation and no race from the salvation which He came to bring to all mankind; still, as everything depends on the inward operation of Divine grace, no man should be forced to receive baptism; for, as man fell by his own free-will, yielding to the temptation to sin, so with his own free-will, he must follow the call of Divine grace in order to be recovered from his fall." (Raynaldi, *Annales adnn.* 1236, §48.)

Pope Innocent the Fourth, to whom the Jews of Germany complained, on account of the oppressions and persecutions which they had to suffer from secular and spiritual lords, issued a Brief in the year 1248 for their protection, etc. (History of the Church, Bohn's Ed., Vol. VII., pp. 99-104.)

To this testimony of the German Protestant may be added that of the Anglican Dean Milman. He says: "Of all European sovereigns, the Popes, with some exceptions, have pursued the most humane policy toward the Jews. In Italy, and even in Rome, they have been more rarely molested than in other countries. They have long inhabited in Rome a separate quarter of the city; but this might have been originally a measure, at least as much of kindness as contempt — a remedy against insult, rather than an exclusion from society. (History of the Jews, Vol. III., p. 300: London, 1829.)

And the not less impartial and more philosophic historian, Hallam, says that the Jews were "protected by the laws of the Church, as well as, in general, by temporal princes." (Middle Ages, Vol. II., p. 452.)

The judgment of these writers is interesting and important at the present time, when the Jews are again subjected to a persecution which is little in harmony with the boasted civilization and liberality of the nineteenth century. It is, indeed, the more interesting as the Jews have of late years been at the bottom of almost every attack made on the Catholic Church in European countries. Whether in France, Italy, Germany, or Austria, the Jewish "reptile press" has been the most vehement in its hostility to the Church, and the most ardent of her persecutors. Notwithstanding this, however, Catholics are all of one mind in their hatred of persecution, whether the victim be Jew or Gentile.

Yet to the reader of history, this is not new or surprising. As with the Jew, so with all other races and creeds and colors; since the Church began her divine mission, her course has been the same. From St. Paul to Cardinal Lavigèrie, she has struggled from age to age for the freedom of the slave, and for the amelioration of mankind, though her mission is not of this world.

The franchised trader, the liberated seaman, the free artist, the uncollared land-tiller, all are her peculiar freedmen. Egypt, Greece, and Rome knew them not, nor could modern nations know them now

but for her. At her maternal breasts, the founders of all free classes of modern society were nursed; at her knee they were taught, and her arm protected them in all their early struggles against despotism and injustice.

IV.

But it has been time and again asserted that Catholic governments have persecuted the Jews. This is historically false; Catholic governments never persecuted the Jewish race. The governments of Catholic countries have, to be sure, done so, but such governments cannot be called Catholic. France, to-day, is a Catholic nation, but the government of the French republic is infidel. The Church must not be identified with the governments of Catholic countries. Catholic governments, so-called, have always been very docile when the Church had anything to give; when it ceased to give, or when their particular interests clashed with its general interests, they rebelled, protested, resisted, as pertinaciously as any Protestant or Mahomedan power.

The state, Protestant or Catholic, represents the world, is ruled by worldly men, according to the maxims of worldly wisdom, and therefore, not according to the wisdom or rule of the Church. To expect from any government a disinterested and continuous obedience to the spiritual order is to expect what has never been, and from the nature of governments can hardly be.

No families in Europe owed more to the Church than the houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg, and none others were so systematically ungrateful. Before Luther had appeared, Louis XII., of France, had struck a medal against Rome, with a motto threatening with destruction *Babylonis nomen*. His contemporary, Maximilian of Austria, had publicly declared his hope that Pope Leo X. "might be the last of them" — the Popes. "He (Maximilian), may be reckoned," says D'Aubigne, "among those who contributed to prepare the way for the Reformation." Gallicanism and "Josephism" were not the first nor the last acts of ingratitude of the "Catholic" governments of France and Austria to Rome. The Plantagenet Kings of England were no better. Henry II. and Edward III. went nearly as far towards heresy as did Henry VIII. himself. Nor was the un-Catholic character of the governments of Catholic countries confined to monarchies, even in those Catholic ages. Venice and the Hanse Towns, which owed everything to the Holy See, denied everything to it in their maturity. It was the father of a Pope who invented "the balance of power," or "system of equilibrium," which was to take the arbitration of European quarrels out of the hands of the Popes. An Italian statesman advanced the atrocious dogma that the end justified the means. That the prince was justified in recognizing no higher law or power than his own will. And so it has been always and everywhere. Governments "cannot serve God and Mammon," in Catholic countries any more than in Protestant or Pagan ones. It is, therefore, manifestly absurd to hold the Church responsible for the policy or acts of the governments of

Catholic countries, in working out their own worldly interests and selfish ends. But in those very countries where the Church had the most power, and acted most directly on the governments, we find the Jews best protected. Even so biassed an authority, where the Church or the Popes are concerned, as Chambers' Cyclopædia, says: "In Italy their position was made tolerable by considerable pecuniary sacrifices. Here and there, at intervals, a spirit of Christian intolerance might break out; but they enjoyed, for the most part, the protection of the Popes. Luther in the earlier part of his career, at least, looked with no unfavorable eye on the adoption of violent means for their conversion; and, on the other hand, we find at least one Roman Catholic Pope, Sextus V., animated by a more wise and kindly spirit towards them, than any Protestant of his time. He allowed them to settle and trade in every city of his dominions, to enjoy the free exercise of their religion, and in respect to the administration of justice and taxation, placed them on a footing with the rest of his subjects." The kindly action of the Popes in their favor has been freely admitted by Jewish writers and historians. Hence, the abundant evidence afforded by Catholic dignitaries, and the Catholic press and people to-day, that they have no sympathy with the present-day persecution or proscription of the Jews, but look on it with abhorrence, would not have evoked such surprise from our non-Catholic contemporaries, if they had been more intimately acquainted with the historic relations of the Popes and the Church with that ancient and much-suffering race.

J. C. CURTIN.

Sanitary Qualities of Water-Cress and Onions.

THE water-cress is a plant containing very sanitary qualities. A curious characteristic of it is that, if grown in a ferruginous stream, it absorbs into itself five times the amount of iron that any other plant does. For all anæmic constitutions it is, therefore, specially of value. But it also contains proportions of garlic and sulphur, of iodine and phosphates, and is a blood purifier, while abroad it is thought a most wholesome condiment with meat, roast or grilled. The cultivated plant is rather more easy of digestion than the wild one. Botanically the onion belongs to the lily family. The odor of the vegetable, which is what makes it so unpleasant, is due to a volatile oil, which is the same as that in garlic, though in the onion it is milder, and naturally does not last so long. There are, besides, easy ways of removing at once all unpleasantness from the breath. A little parsley or a few grains of coffee, or even a swallow or two of milk, if taken after eating, proves an effective remedy. Boiled onions are the least objectionable in regard to odor, and are as easily digested as any. The oil in the onion passes off in the water in which the vegetables are boiled, and if the kettle be kept closely covered and the water changed after they have boiled five minutes, and then again ten minutes later, there will be no odor through the house, and the onions will be white instead of gray, as they so often are.

Shall Immigration be Restricted?

In view of the present unsettled state of public opinion on the subject of restricting immigration, a little consideration of the matter will not, perhaps, be ill-timed; especially now when certain party leaders are assuming the rôle of alarmists for the sole purpose of creating political capital.

Three hundred years ago immigration from Europe for the purpose of settlement first began, and, at that time, this half of the continent was a barren solitude; now we number sixty-five millions of people scattered over the face of a land smiling with plenty. What caused the change? Immigration. From the beginning of colonization in North America until now, we have come over and settled, and then called on those we left behind to follow and help us to people this other and fairer half of the earth, which, for some inscrutable reason, the Creator had hitherto kept hidden from us. And for three hundred years this immigration has continued, until, at length, we are a mighty people, rich in intelligence and material wealth, and far in the vanguard in all that tends to progress and perfect civilization. And there was never, so far, any general call for restriction of immigration; but, on the contrary, the feeling was diametrically opposite. The natural gains from immigration were paraded in terms of self-glorification, and these material arguments were reinforced by the more sentimental influence of our country's unique position as the refuge of the poor and the oppressed from every clime; and the occasional outbursts of Know-Nothingism served only to accentuate the fixed and popular aversion to any restriction of immigration.

But some of the moulders of public opinion, confronted with the labor problem and seeing no natural solution, seek to solve it artificially by limiting the labor market. Hence they appeal to our selfishness, and try to reconcile it to our consciences that the emigration which has hitherto been a thing to be desired, and which has made us a great and glorious nation, should now cease. They urge us to constitute ourselves the arbiters of destiny, and, standing on the shores of the great sea, to send forth across the waters the fiat of restriction.

It may be laid down as an axiom that what is artificial is never permanent, and this truth will have to be kept in view whenever any attempt is made to settle the labor question. That problem will have to be settled on natural principles alone, and all artificial shifts, such as this restriction theory, only serve to defer the solution.

Now right here let us consider the main question in its ethical application. Have we the right to restrict immigration? The answer is clear and undeniable that we have the same right as a nation that we have as individuals, namely, the right of self-preservation; and whenever immigration tends to sap the vitality of our national life, then we not only have that right, but we are bound to protect it to the very utmost. Hence we exercise a just right when we prevent the entrance into this country of men whose aims and objects are opposed

to our national spirit, — be they Anarchists, Socialists, or Communists; and no matter what their preconceived ideas of freedom and liberty may be, we are not obliged to submit to national annihilation. As it is in the political, so also is it in the social order, and we rightly exclude the criminal, the pauper, and the insane, because these are a menace to our national well-being. Thus far our action as a nation is based on sound natural principles, whose justice and equity will be acknowledged by every reasonable man.

But some of our legislators, as we have already hinted, wish to go further, and exclude from our country all immigrants who are not well endowed with worldly goods; all who are unable to read and write; all who have no trade or profession; and some even go so far as to desire to shut out all who do not speak our language. Now, this is going too far, and we are exceeding our rights. Why? It is always to be remembered that the great mass of immigrants come here to better their condition by the labor of their hands. This stamps them as producers, and as such, they subsist on the results of their own industry. But they are also consumers, using of our surplus products, enlarging our home market to that extent, and thus adding to the aggregate wealth of the nation. Now, as no man's right is encroached upon by their coming here, since they are self-supporting, and in full accord with our constitution, which guarantees to all men the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, so we are not justified in shutting them out from this country, in order that the labor market may be improved by the scarcity of workmen, and wages enhanced as a consequence. This would be bringing about an artificial state of affairs, which experience teaches us can never be permanent.

Worldly possessions should not be prerequisites for admission, providing they have sufficient to keep themselves until they can reap the fruits of their own industry. Their labor is potential capital. In the same way illiteracy alone should be no barrier, for we are large enough to absorb it, and our past history shows us that the children of such immigrants are fully as well educated and intelligent as are the children of more fortunate parents. As for the matter of language, this is merely a temporary objection, for the first thing a foreigner does is to learn our language and adopt our customs.

Of course, the absorption of this flood of new material into our body politic furnishes us with plenty of food for reflection. Immigration may make our population heterogeneous, ill-balanced, and overweighted with elements alien to itself; but the leaven which we set to work in it will digest and assimilate it until it becomes part and parcel of ourselves. Some pessimists fear that, like carelessly mixed chemicals, this conglomeration may explode; but the sturdy character and industrious habits of most of those coming hither, together with the nature of our institutions and our past history obviate all just reasons for fear. As for the visionaries who demand that our future American be formed by synthesis, as for instance so many parts Saxon, so many parts Celt, and so many parts Teuton, their schemes are too utopian to merit serious consideration.

In conclusion, let it be ever borne in mind that neither immigration nor the tariff ever affects the solution of the labor problem, for in the countries of Europe, where there is neither tariff nor immigration, the labor question is the one burning problem which is still to be solved. It is not for us alone to work it out, but it is for the whole world; and only when a congress of the nations shall sit down calmly to consider this vexed question, ever keeping in view the universal principle of justice to all mankind, shall it be settled, rightly settled, and settled once for all.

Lynn, Mass. J. J. MANGAN, M. D.

The Œuvre Expiatoire at La Chapelle — Montligeon, Orne, France.

IN 1884, M. L 'Abbé Buguet, Curé of La Chapelle — Montligeon in the diocese of Siez, presented himself before his bishop to submit to the judgment and approval of this philanthropic prelate, a project to found in his parish an association in favor of *the forsaken souls in Purgatory*. The bishop, whose noble and sympathetic heart appreciated the true charity which animated the suppliant, and the sublimity of the work that he proposed to inaugurate, at once granted his petition. Oct. 5th, 1884, with the benediction of Mgr. Crégaro, M. L 'Abbé Buguet received the approbation of the "Statutes of the Œuvre Expiatoire."

From that date, the little village of Montligeon became a source from whence each day prayers and oblations have flowed to go and refresh the burning atmosphere of purgatory.

Since 1884, the Œuvre Expiatoire has taken a prodigious extension; the princes of the Church have placed themselves under the banner of "Our Lady of Purgatory," with a crown of *two millions* of faithful of all countries and conditions.

The Old and New World, with the Islands of Oceanica, have joined this holy crusade. But, although so far extended, this magnificent work is still ignored by many Christians; therefore, as through prejudice needless obstacles are placed in the way of rising works, to prevent any misconception, it is necessary to explain the aim of the Œuvre Expiatoire.

Placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, the purpose of the work is to relieve the greatest number of souls and deliver them from the fires of Purgatory; but its prayers and oblations are more especially raised to God for the *most abandoned there*, for those of whom no one thinks, for whom no one prays, and to whom no hope remains except to satisfy divine justice. Every month, the Œuvre celebrates more than *three thousand Masses* by means of the subscriptions of the associates (the total last year was *forty-five thousand Masses*.) The modest sum of *one half-penny yearly* is all that is required to become a member and participate in the merits of all these Masses, and the number will be increased as the resources permit. A bulletin (in English) appears every *two months* and an interesting monthly journal (in French) carries to all parts of the world news of the association.

Christians, listen to its plaintive cry: "Have pity on us! Have pity on us! You at least who were our friends, for the hand of God has touched us! Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of iniquity, that when you shall fail they may receive you into everlasting dwellings." The spiritual benefits of this Association are great, the means required to share in them very *small*, but we cannot enumerate all its advantages in this notice; to know them we must refer our readers to its "Summary of Indulgences" which can be obtained *gratis* by applying to "The Rev. Paul Buguet, Director-General of the Œuvre Expiatoire, La Chapelle Montligeon, Orne, France," to whom all enquiries should be addressed and P. O. O. made payable upon the post-office there.

(No. II. next month.)

M. S. L.

In Memory of General Cleburne.

THE ladies of the Phillips County Memorial Association have undertaken to erect a fine monument to the memory of the Confederate dead who sleep in Evergreen Cemetery. Generals Patrick R. Cleburne and Thomas C. Hindman and Col. Paul F. Anderson, with a host of more humble Confederate soldiers, are interred at Confederate Hill, and to each of the more distinguished dead will be erected a separate marble shaft, while the great Confederate monument, dedicated alike to the memory of all, will complete the work.

The first of these shafts, that to the memory of General Cleburne, was unveiled on the 30th of May. The monument was designated "Cleburne Shaft," that it might not be confused with the Confederate monument, which is to be unveiled next Decoration Day. With the exception of the lowest portion of the base, it is built of the finest Carrara marble. The base is in three sections, the lowest being of limestone, three feet seven inches long, two feet in width, and two feet nine inches high. The height of the whole is fifteen feet. A funeral urn crowns the shaft, with a wreath of roses festooned beneath it. Fitting inscriptions are on the four sides of the monument.

There was a great throng present, including many visitors from other states. The Rosa Lee from Memphis arrived at 7 o'clock, bringing the famous Chickasaw Guards, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen, including Gen. George W. Gordon, the orator of the day. The ceremonies began at 2 o'clock in the Opera House. There was a procession to the cemetery, where the shaft was unveiled by Misses Saunders, Fannie Mitchell, Etta Govan, Ophelia Polk Moore, and Minnie Clopton, daughters of distinguished Confederate soldiers. Then General Gordon delivered an eloquent oration on the life of Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne.

The Oration.

The monument which has thus been raised in honor of Gen. Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, at Helena, Arkansas, bears witness to the fact that the memory of this gallant Irish soldier is still cherished in the South, although more than a quarter of a century has passed since

his death on the battle field of Franklin. Cleburne has often been called "the Stonewall of the West;" but while that epithet is in several ways not felicitous, there is no doubt that he was a remarkable soldier, whose aptitude for the profession of arms became more apparent with his rise in command. "I think," said General Gordon, who delivered the address at the unveiling of the Cleburne monument at Helena, "that we do no injustice to any one living or dead, when we say that he was the most distinguished and efficient soldier of his rank that fought in our Western armies; the most illustrious exponent of Irish valor and prowess that has yet appeared on American fields." Remembering the many famous Irish-born soldiers who fought in our country, we need not institute comparisons among them; but Cleburne was unquestionably an illustrious figure among the Confederate Major-Generals at the West.

It is interesting to note that Cleburne, who was born in the county Cork, Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day of 1828, was a descendant of the William Cleyborne who had been Colonial Secretary of Virginia a century before. His father was Dr. Joseph Cleburne, and his mother a daughter of Patrick Ronayne, of Annebrook, county Cork, whose ancestor was that Maurice Ronayne who obtained from Henry IV. "a grant of the rights of Englishmen." His father intended him for the medical profession; but, tiring of study, he ran away from college, and enlisted in the Forty-First Regiment of Foot in the British army. After serving three years he drifted to the United States, and is remembered as aiding the sick in a yellow-fever epidemic. At the outbreak of the civil war Cleburne had begun the practice of law at Helena. He enlisted as a private on the Confederate side; but, naturally with his military experience, was soon made a captain, and then promoted to higher grades, so that early in 1862, he had risen to be brigadier-general. At the battle of Shiloh he commanded a brigade of six regiments and two batteries in Hardee's corps, and it seems to have been the largest brigade in Johnson's army, having two thousand seven hundred and fifty effectives. General Cleburne attacked most vigorously, especially in the boggy valley of Oak Creek, and more than one-third of his command, according to General Force, were killed or wounded. Later on, in the same year, when Bragg advanced into Kentucky, Cleburne took part in the battle of Perryville, where he was wounded. Then he received the command of a division in Hardee's corps, and performed most effective service. It was Cleburne who, in the effort to turn McCook's right flank at Murfreesboro, threw his division into the gap which McCown's had unfortunately made in the Confederate line, and, with a splendid rush, aided by McCown, overcame Johnson's division and involved Rosecrans' right in disaster at the very outset of the battle. Throughout the engagement he showed great vigor, and at its close a care and discretion also noteworthy.

At Chickamauga Cleburne performed admirable service, and it is with good reason that the name of that battle is placed in raised lettering under a representation of the seal of the Confederacy upon one face of the memorial shaft raised to his memory at Helena. There he com-

manded a division of Hill's corps, and, at the extreme right, supported by Cheatham, made a tremendous attack upon Johnson and Baird. At Missionary Ridge his division, under Hardee, was one of those which held Sherman in check all day until Thomas carried the Ridge; and then it performed the hard and important duty of the rear-guard. His troops there were from Arkansas, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas. The words "Missionary Ridge" under a figure of Erin's harp, wreathed in shamrocks, is on another face of the memorial shaft.

In the Atlanta campaign of 1864, under Johnston and Hood, Cleburne continued to win laurels. His division, under Hardee, comprised Polk's, Loring's, Govan's, and Smith's brigades. He received the thanks of the Confederate Congress for the defence of Ringold Gap, greatly distinguished himself at New Hope Church and elsewhere, and covered Hood's retreat at Jonesboro. It was in Cleburne's skirmish line that General McPherson was killed. At the latter part of this campaign he was for a time in command of Hardee's corps, and General Cox says of him, in noting the transfer of command, that "no officer of the Confederate army had a better established reputation for courage and energy." When Hood moved north to Tennessee, Cleburne's division of Cheatham's corps formed his head of column in crossing Duck River. In the battle of Franklin which cost Hood so heavily in officers and men, Cleburne, who at the preceding council of war had strongly protested against Hood's plan of attack, led his command with an energy amounting almost to desperation, and fell in the front, at the close of the day, so that the emblem of the setting sun which surmounts the word "Franklin" on his monument is most appropriate.

The name of "Old Pat" Cleburne will long be remembered by the Confederate veterans of the West, with whom he was a favorite. He instituted the Order of the Southern Cross, and in many ways signalized his devotion to the cause in which he gave up his life. To place him in a very conspicuous place among the Confederate officers of his grade who served at the West is an act of justice which neither his comrades nor his opponents will question.

Sustaining Capacity of the Great Republic.

ACCORDING to the recent census bulletin, the ratio of land and water surface is 98.16 and 1.84 per cent. respectively. This bulletin also gives the area of the states and territories by counties, and the classification of the latter by sizes. The average number of persons to each square mile of the land surface of the Union is 21.08.

As illustrative of the sustaining capacity of the United States, the bulletin says that if Texas, the largest state in the Union, was as thickly populated as the state of Rhode Island, it would have 83,523,628 inhabitants, while if the United States had a density of population equal to that of Rhode Island, the population of the Union, instead of being 62,622,250, would reach the enormous sum of 945,766,300, or nearly two-thirds of the present population of the world.

The Compensations of Poverty.

"It is no sin to be poor, though often it is very inconvenient," is a common phrase. The poor always have been, and probably always will be, in the majority, for there is no process yet known by which they can be made rich. Lord Palmerston truly said, "No law can be framed that will make the poor rich; all that law can do is to give them political equality and a fair field for the exercise of their talents. This had been his aim through life." Christ looking down along the lines of time said, "Ye have the poor always with you." Man is naturally a lazy animal, and were it not for poverty to stimulate him his progress in civilization would be very slow and uncertain. This is illustrated in tropical countries where nature provides everything with perpetual summer. The islands of the Malayan archipelago abound with bread-fruit, bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, yams, while the forests are alive with game and the waters swarming with fish. All that man has done and probably will do for ages to come, is to put forth his hand and eat. And yet he is not contented. The ambitious have assumed lordship over the masses and use them as slaves. War is everywhere to curse the race. Having nothing to do, the tribes make war upon one another; and all are pirates ready at all times to prey upon unprotected shipping that may be passing through their waters. Boundless wealth has not raised them out of barbarism.

By way of contrast, look at civilized nations, particularly at the United States, and it will be seen at a glance, that it is poverty which has made them what they are, and keeps them in the line of progress. It is true that the condition of the masses is rapidly improving; but only dreamers imagine a time when they will be comparatively independent. The universal rule is "work or starve." The rich are kept independent by the labor of the poor in all civilized lands. Riches, though very desirable, have their drawbacks. There is a Persian proverb, which says: "You may take for your friend the man who has stood the test of adversity; but give me for my friend the man who has stood the test of prosperity." A young man in this vicinity, inherited a small but prosperous business from his father (who had led a life of patient industry, and sank into an honored grave), unwilling to follow his example, converted his business into cash and then set to work to make a fortune by speculation. He consulted a smart business man to advise him. His friend, for such he was, blamed him for what he had done, and pointed out the risks of speculation. "Never mind," was the reply, "I am prepared to lose all, and shall not blame you if I fail; all that I want is the use of your brains, and I shall pay you, fail or no fail." By following the advice of his friend, for he would not make a move without consulting him, in two years he found himself worth over five hundred thousand dollars. His friend perceiving a financial crisis at hand, urgently advised him to secure what he had and leave the stock-market forever. The possession of wealth had the poor weak creature's brain, and he replied imperiously

"Sir, have I not paid you liberally for all your services? Hereafter when I want your advice, I will call on you." The day his friend told this incident, he gave him a dollar to procure something to eat. He could not stand the test of prosperity. It is said that there is only one in a million who knows what to do with money; and also that there never yet was a man, who had saved one thousand dollars by his industry, who had not been cheated.

What are the compensations of poverty? First, in a natural point of view, our civilization; it is the product of poverty and labor; and second, in a personal point of view, sleep, the greatest blessing of humanity, next to death. A young Englishman, who had squandered a fortune, put on a laborer's dress and obtained employment breaking stone on a road. He was recognized by one of his boon companions when he was spending his money freely. He offered to help him. "No, no!" was his emphatic reply. "I never knew the blessing of sleep until I broke stones. Those glorious sleeps, those glorious sleeps are of more value to me than all the money in the world." Poverty means work, and work means health, patience, and hope. Rev. Father Cassin puts the condition of the world in this form in addressing his people: "My dearly beloved, I find myself your minister; you find yourselves laborers in various conditions; some breaking stones, carrying hods or digging mud; and you, my dear sisters, find yourselves domestic servants, washing clothes, cooking, scrubbing floors, always at the beck and call of others. None of us placed ourselves in these positions. God, who does all things well and wisely, has placed us just where we are, and it is our duty to do our work faithfully, and by and by God and all the holy angels will delight to honor us. 'What?' I hear a poor laboring man ask, 'me, a poor mud-digger, me, a poor washer-woman, does God take any interest in me?' Yes, when you lay your worn-out bodies down, Christ whom you loved and obeyed will descend from His throne, and crown you with glory and honor, and all heaven will echo your praises, because you dug mud faithfully, because you washed clothes cleanly." No doubt all who heard the Reverend Father believed him to conviction, and felt stronger to take up anew the duties of life. Could the mere possession of riches impart this hope? On the contrary, many who have inherited wealth dread the idea of being taken away from it. Death to them, is indeed the "King of Terrors," while to the faithful poor he is the king of glory. Who can say that poverty is without compensation? As the whole of a soldier's life is a preparation for the day of battle, so ought every man's life be a preparation for the hour of death. Much of the suffering in this blessed land is the result of vice. God created man with power to stand, yet free to fall, and has not left him like a brute, a mere creature of instinct, without the power of choice. In a mere worldly point of view the Scotch wise saw, if acted upon, would raise the laboring poor to higher altitudes than they have ever yet attained, and keep them ever on the ascending march. It is this: "Not what you want but what you can do without." Our "wants" or desires are often extravagant, while our

"needs" are few. We know an aged friend who has seen and suffered much, and who, through circumstances over which he could have no control, sees a pauper's grave staring him in the face, yet his faith in God was never firmer; and his hope claims heaven as a heritage. He says, but for poverty his faith would, perhaps, be less firm. But for poverty and suffering the incomparable Book of Job would never have been written. The financial condition of the civilized world shows that men do not understand the right use of money; if they did, commercial panics would be impossible. The poor man who has wisdom enough to use his small earnings frugally, enjoys more peace of mind and better sleep than the millionnaire, who is up to-day and down to-morrow. The law of compensation runs through the universe. The poor unlettered negro can be as truthful and loving as the most cultured philosopher, and these qualities constitute the unsearchable riches of Christ, and are within the reach of all, yet cannot be purchased by money.

DUNCAN MCLEAN.

East Boston.

Fruit Growing in California.

IN my wildest dreams I never anticipated the growth of a business so modestly started, nearly forty years ago, and worked up to its present enormous volume by the energy of the Californians who followed the first lead. Least of all did I ever dream that I should eat here, in the city of New York, the remote offspring of the fruits I planted and propagated so many years ago — cherries, apricots, nectarines; Crawford peaches; Bartlett, Seckel, Burre, and Winter Nellis pears; Flaming Tokay, Muscat of Alexandria, Black Morocco, and Rose of Peru grapes, and many other varieties of choice fruits and grapes, then unknown, and since created by the enterprise of the fruit growers who followed the pioneers.

But for California, the market of this city of New York, as well as all the cities east of the Rocky Mountains, would have been practically without fruit in the year 1890, for the crop east of the mountains was a failure. California came to the rescue and furnished the best of fruits at prices that came within the reach of even the poor. In five months of the year 1890, from June to October inclusive, 84,762 tons of fruit, ripe, canned, and dried, were sent by rail across the Rocky Mountains to the Eastern States. Fancy eighty-four ships, of a thousand tons each, loading with fruit for one hundred and thirty working days, or a train of 4,238 cars loaded with fruit, and one begins to comprehend the quantity. Of ripe fruit there were 33,710 tons; canned goods, 28,966 tons — all the product of the orchards and vineyards of California. Besides, 10,867 tons of wine were shipped by rail. Statistics show the products of the orchards and vineyards of California for 1890 to have been $28,000,000 in value, ranking second amongst the industries of the state.

This beats romance. And yet, with all this immense growth of fruit, the state is in its infancy, especially as to citric fruits.

W. NEELY THOMPSON, in Belford's Magazine, New York.

He Did His Share.

It was in India. Dinner was just finished in the mess-room, and several English officers were sitting about the table. Their bronzed faces had the set but not unkindly look common among military men. The conversation, at best, had not been animated, and just now there was a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The Major of the regiment, a clean-cut man of fifty-five, turned towards his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar smoke at the ceiling.

The Major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness, and in a quiet, steady voice, he said:

"Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers. I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle."

"All right, Major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes. "Hadn't the least idea of moving I assure you; what's the game?"

By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way.

"Do you think," continued the Major, and his voice trembled a little, "do you think you can keep absolutely still, for, say, two minutes to save your life."

"Are you joking?"

"On the contrary, move a muscle, and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?"

The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly.

"Burke," said the Major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer, and set it on the floor here just back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!"

Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and set it down where the Major had indicated on the floor.

Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern, in his white linen clothes, while a *cobra di capello*, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided towards the milk.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the Major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor.

"Thank you, Major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly. "You have saved my life."

"You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior; "but you did your share."

All that is done by one who is attached to the things of this earth is imperfect, for he who does a thing so ruinous is ruined himself. — *St. Teresa.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

The Boy and the Stream.—A Fable.

Beside a noble stream, that, rippling,
Ran over stones and sand,
A playful, careless-hearted stripling
Stood once with staff in hand;
And when he dipped the staff below,
The water curved it like a bow,
But left it straight as ever, when,
Surprised, he raised it up again.

This much perplexed the youth to see:
He grew displeased, and poutingly
He thus addressed the shining river: —
"Thy waves, indeed, serenely run,
And gaily glass the noonday sun;
But still thou art a vile deceiver;
Such lying ways as thou hast got!
Go, go along! — I like thee not."

Scarce had he finished, when, from under
The waters, to the stripling's wonder,
A silver voice was heard to rise.
"My child, I do not tell thee lies.
My waters are a faithful mirror;
Thy senses only are in error;
The real deceiver is thine eye.
Fear, then, to trust it overmuch,
But henceforth prove all facts, and try
The things of Sight by Reason's touch."

Quaker and Profaner.

It is told of Isaac T. Hopper, the Quaker, that he once encountered a profane colored man, named Cain, in Philadelphia, and took him before a magistrate, who fined him for blasphemy. Twenty years after, Hopper met Cain, whose appearance was much changed for the worse. This touched the Friend's heart. He stepped up, spoke kindly, and shook hands with the forlorn being. "Dost thou remember me," said the Quaker, "how I had thee fined for swearing?" — "Yes, indeed, I do; I remember what I paid as well as if it were yesterday." — "Well, did it do thee any good?" — "No, never a bit; it made me mad to have my money taken from me." Hopper invited Cain to reckon up the interest on the fine, and paid him principal and interest too. "I meant it for thy good, Cain; and I am very sorry I did thee any harm." Cain's countenance changed; the tears rolled down his cheeks. He took the money with many thanks, became a quiet man, and was not heard to swear again.

Fairy Tales.

VI.—The Enchanted Cave.

A LONG, long time ago, Prince Cuglas, master of the hounds to the high King of Erin, set out from Tara to the chase. As he was leaving the palace, the light mists were drifting away from the hill-tops, and the rays of the morning sun were falling aslant on the *grinan* or sunny bower of the Princess Ailinn. Glancing towards it the prince doffed his plumed and jewelled hunting cap, and the princess answered his salute by a wave of her little hand, that was as white as a wild rose in the hedges in June, and leaning from her bower, she watched the huntsman until his tossing plumes were hidden by the green waving branches of the woods.

The Princess Ailinn was over head and ears in love with Cuglas, and Cuglas was over head and ears in love with the Princess Ailinn, and he believed that never was summer morning half as bright, or as sweet, or as fair as she. The glimpse which he had just caught of her filled his heart with delight, and almost put all thought of hunting out of his head, when suddenly the tuneful cries of the hounds, answered by a hundred echoes from the groves, broke upon his ear.

The dogs had started a dappled deer that bounded away through the forest. The prince, spurring his gallant steed, pushed on in eager pursuit.

On through the forest sped the deer, through soft, green, secret ways and flowery dells, then out from the forest, up heathery hills, and over long stretches of moorland, and across brown rushing streams, sometimes in view of the hounds, sometimes lost to sight, but always ahead of them.

All day long the chase continued, and at last when the sun was sinking, the dogs were close upon the panting deer, and the prince believed he was about to secure his game, when the deer suddenly disappeared through the mouth of a cave which opened before him. The dogs followed at his heels, and the prince endeavored to rein in his steed; but the impetuous animal bore him on, and soon was clattering over the stony floor of the cave in perfect darkness. Cuglas could hear ahead of him the cries of the hounds growing fainter and fainter, as they increased the distance between them and him. Then the cries ceased altogether, and the only sound the prince heard was the noise of his horse's hoofs sounding in the hollow cave. Once more he endeavored to check his career, but the reins broke in his hands, and in that instant the prince felt the horse had taken a plunge into a gulf, and was sinking down and down, as a stone cast from the summit of a cliff sinks down to the sea. At last the horse struck the ground again, and the prince was almost thrown out of his saddle, but he succeeded in regaining his seat. Then on through the darkness galloped the steed, and when he came into the light the prince's eyes were for some time unable to bear it. But when he got used to the brightness he saw he was galloping over a grassy plain, and in the

distance he perceived the hounds rushing towards a wood faintly visible through a luminous summer haze. The prince galloped on, and as he approached the wood, he saw coming towards him a comely champion, wearing a shining brown cloak, fastened by a bright bronze, spear-like brooch, and bearing a white hazel wand in one hand, and a single-edged sword with a hilt made from the tooth of a sea-horse in the other; and the prince knew by the dress of the champion, and by his wand and sword, that he was a royal herald. As the herald came close to him, the prince's steed stopped of his own accord.

"You are welcome, Cuglas," said the herald, "and I have been sent by the Princess Crede to greet you, and to lead you to her court, where you have been so long expected."

"I know not how this may be," said Cuglas.

"How it has come about I shall tell you as we go along," said the herald. "The Princess Crede is the Queen of the Floating Island. And it chanced, once upon a day, when she was visiting her fairy kinsmen, who dwell in one of the pleasant hills that lie near Tara, she saw you, with the high king and princes and nobles of Erin following the chase. And seeing you her heart went out to you, and wishing to bring you to her court, she sent one of her nymphs, in the form of a deer, to lure you on through the cave, which is the entrance to this land."

"I am deeply honored by the preference shown me by the princess," said Cuglas, "but I may not tarry in her court; for above in Erin, there is the Lady Ailinn, the loveliest of all the ladies who grace the royal palace, and before the princes and chiefs of Erin, she has promised to be my bride."

"Of that I know not," said the herald; "but a true champion, like you, cannot, I know, refuse to come with me to the court of the Princess Crede."

As the herald had said these words, the prince and he were on the verge of the wood, and they entered upon a mossy pathway that broadened out as they advanced, until it was as wide as one of the great roads of Erin. Before they had gone very far, the prince heard the tinkling of silver bells in the distance, and almost as soon as he heard them he saw coming up towards him a troop of warriors on coal-black steeds. All the warriors wore helmets of shining silver, and cloaks of blue silk. On the horses' breasts were crescents of silver, on which were hung tiny silver bells, skaking out music with the motion of the horses. As the prince approached the champions they lowered their spears, and dividing in two lines, the prince and the herald passed between the ranks, and the champions, forming again, followed on behind the prince.

At last they passed through the wood, and they found themselves on a green plain, speckled with flowers; and they had not gone far when the prince saw coming towards him a hundred champions on snow-white steeds, and around the breasts of the steeds were crescents of gold from which were hanging little golden bells. The warriors all wore golden helmets, and the shafts of their shining spears were of

gold, and golden sandals on their feet, and yellow silken mantles fell down over their shoulders. And when the prince came near them they lowered their lances, and then they turned their horses' heads around and marched before him. And it was not long until above the pleasant jingle of the bells the prince heard the measured strains of music, and he saw coming towards him a band of harpers, dressed in green and gold, and when the harpers had saluted the prince they marched in front of the cavalcade, playing all the time, and it was not long until they came to a stream that ran like a blue riband around the foot of a green hill, on the top of which was a sparkling palace; the stream was crossed by a golden bridge, so narrow that the horsemen had to go two by two. The herald asked the prince to halt and to allow all the champions to go before him; and the cavalcade ascended the hill, the sunlight brightly glancing on helm and lance, and when it reached the palace the horsemen filed around the walls.

When at length the prince and herald crossed the bridge and began to climb the hill, the prince thought he felt the ground moving under them, and on looking back he could see no sign of the golden bridge, and the blue stream had already become as wide as a great river, and was becoming wider every second.

"You are on the floating island now," said the herald, "and before you is the palace of the Princess Crede."

At that moment the queen came out through the palace door, and the prince was so dazzled by her beauty, that only for the golden bracelet he wore upon his right arm, under the sleeve of his silken tunic, he might almost have forgotten the Princess Ailinn. This bracelet was made by the dwarfs who dwell in the heart of the Scandinavian Mountains, and was sent with other costly presents by the king of Scandinavia to the king of Erin, and he gave it to the princess, and it was the virtue of this bracelet, that whoever was wearing it could not forget the person who gave it to him, and it could never be loosened from the arm by any art or magic spell; but if the wearer, even for a single moment, liked any one better than the person who gave it to him, that very moment the bracelet fell off from the arm and could never again be fastened on. And when the princess promised her hand in marriage to the Prince Cuglas, she closed the bracelet on his arm.

The fairy queen knew nothing about the bracelet, and she hoped that before the prince was long in the floating island he would forget all about the princess.

"You are welcome, Cuglas," said the queen, as she held out her hand, and Cuglas, having thanked her for her welcome, they entered the palace together.

"You must be weary after your long journey," said the queen. "My page will lead you to your apartments, where a bath of the cool blue waters of the lake has been made ready for you, and when you have taken your bath, the pages will lead you to the banquet hall, where the feast is spread."

At the feast the prince was seated beside the queen, and she

talked to him of all the pleasures that were in store for him in fairy-land, where pain and sickness and sorrow and old age, are unknown, and where every rosy hour that flies is brighter than the one that has fled before it. And when the feast was ended, the queen opened the dance with the prince, and it was not until the moon was high above the floating island that the prince retired to rest.

He was so tired after his journey and the dancing, that he fell into a sound sleep. When he awoke the next morning the sun was shining brightly, and he heard outside the palace the jingle of bells and the music of baying hounds, and his heart was stirred by memories of the many pleasant days on which he had led the chase over the plains and through the green woods of Tara.

He looked out through the window, and he saw all the fairy champions mounted on their steeds ready for the chase, and at their head the fairy queen. And at that moment the pages came to say the queen wished to know if he would join them, and the prince went out and found his steed ready saddled and bridled, and they spent the day hunting in the forest that stretched away for miles behind the palace, and the night in feasting and dancing.

When the prince awoke the following morning, he was summoned by the pages to the presence of the queen. The prince found the queen on the lawn outside the palace surrounded by her court.

"We shall go on the lake to-day, Cuglas," said the queen, and taking his arm she led him along the water's edge, all the courtiers following.

When she was close to the water she waved her wand, and in a second a thousand boats, shining like glass, shot up from beneath the lake and set their bows against the bank. The queen and Cuglas stepped into one, and when they were seated two fairy harpers took their places in the prow. All the other boats were soon thronged by fairies, and then the queen waved her wand again, and an awning of purple silk rose over the boat, and silken awning of various colors over the others, and the royal boat moved off from the bank followed by all the rest, and in every boat sat a harper with a golden harp, and when the queen waved her wand for the third time, the harpers struck the trembling chords, and to the sound of the delightful music the boats glided over the sunlit lake. And on they went until they approached the mouth of a gentle river sliding down between banks clad with trees. Up the river, close to the bank and under the drooping trees, they sailed, and when they came to a bend in the river, from which the lake could be no longer seen, they pushed their prows in against the bank, and the queen and Cuglas, and all the party, left the boats and went on under the trees until they came to a mossy glade.

Then the queen waved her wand, and silken couches were spread under the trees, and she and Cuglas sat on one apart from the others, and the courtiers took their places in proper order.

And the queen waved her wand again, and wind shook the trees above them, and the most luscious fruit that was ever tasted fell down into their hands; and when the feast was over there was dancing in

the glades to the music of the harps, and when they were tired dancing they set out for the boats, and the moon was rising above the trees as they sailed away over the lake, and it was not long until they reached the bank below the fairy palace.

Well, between hunting in the forest, and sailing over the lake, and dancing in the greenwood glade and in the banquet hall, the days passed, but all the time the prince was thinking of the Princess Ailinn, and one moonlit night, when he was lying awake on his couch thinking of her, a shadow was suddenly cast on the floor.

The prince looked towards the window, and what should he see sitting on the sill outside but a little woman tapping the pane with a golden bodkin.

The prince jumped from his couch and opened the window, and the little woman floated on the moonbeams into the room and sat down on the floor.

The little woman floated on the moonbeams into the room and sat down on the floor.

"You are thinking of the Princess Ailinn," said the little woman.

"I never think of any one else," said the prince.

"I know that," said the little woman, "and it's because of your love for each other, and because her mother was a friend to me in the days gone by, that I have come here to try and help you; but there is not much time for talking, the night advances. At the bank below a boat awaits you. Step into it and it will lead you to the mainland, and when you reach it you will find before you a path that will take you to the green fields of Erin and the plains of Tara. I know you will have to face danger; I know not what kind of danger; but whatever it may be, do not draw your sword before you tread upon the mainland, for if you do you shall never reach it, and the boat will come back again to the floating island; and now go and may luck go with you;" and saying this the little woman climbed up the moonbeams and disappeared.

The prince left the palace and descended to the lake, and there before him he saw a glistening boat; he stepped into it, and the boat went on and on beneath the moon, and at last he saw the mainland, and he could trace a winding pathway going away from the shore. The sight filled his heart with joy, but suddenly the milk-white moonshine died away, and looking up to the sky he saw the moon turning fiery red, and the waters of the lake, shining like silver a moment before, took a blood-red hue, and a wind arose that stirred the waters, and they leaped up against the little boat, tossing it from side to side.

Maddened by the pain, the Prince drew his sword and chopped off the monster's claw.

While Cuglas was wondering at the change, he heard a strange, unearthly noise ahead of him, and a bristling monster, lifting its claws above the water, in a moment was beside the boat and stuck one of his claws in the left arm of the prince, and pierced the flesh to the bone. Maddened by the pain the prince drew his sword and chopped off the monster's claw. The monster disappeared beneath the lake, and, as it did so, the color of the water changed, and the silver moonlight shone down from the sky again, but the boat no longer went on

towards the mainland, but sped back towards the floating island, while forth from the island came a fleet of fairy boats to meet it, led by the shallop of the fairy queen. The queen greeted the prince as if she knew not of his attempted flight, and to the music of the harps the fleet returned to the palace.

The next day passed and the night came, and again the prince was lying on the couch, thinking of the Princess Ailinn, and again he saw the shadow on the floor and heard the tapping against the window.

And when he opened it the little woman slid into the room.

"You failed last night," she said, "but I come to give you another chance. To-morrow the queen must set out on a visit to her fairy kinsmen, who dwell in the green hill near the plain of Tara; she cannot take you with her, for if your feet once touched the green grass that grows in the fruitful fields of Erin, she could never bring you back again. And so, when you find she has left the palace, go at once into the banquet hall and look behind the throne, and you will see a small door let down into the ground. Pull this up and descend the steps which you will see. Where they lead to I cannot tell. What dangers may be before you I do not know; but this I know, if you accept anything, no matter what it is, from any one you may meet on your way, you shall not set foot on the soil of Erin."

And having said this, the little woman, rising from the floor, floated out through the window.

The prince returned to his couch, and the next morning, as soon as he heard the queen had left the palace, he hastened to the banquet hall. He discovered the door and descended the steps, and he found himself in a gloomy and lonesome valley. Jagged mountains, black as night, rose on either side, and huge rocks seemed ready to topple down upon him at every step. Through broken clouds a watery moon shed a faint, fitful light, that came and went as the clouds, driven by a moaning wind, passed over the valley.

Cuglas, nothing daunted, pushed on boldly until a bank of cloud shut out completely the struggling moon, and, closing over the valley, covered it like a pall, leaving him in perfect darkness. At the same moment the moaning wind died away, and with it died away all sound. The darkness and the death-like silence sent an icy chill to the heart of Cuglas. He held his hand close to his eyes; but he saw it not. He shouted that he might hear the sound of his own voice; but he heard it not. He stamped his foot on the rocky ground; but no sound was returned to him. He rattled his sword in its brazen scabbard; but it gave no answer back to him. His heart grew colder and colder, when suddenly the cloud above him was rent in a dozen places, and lightning flashed through the valley, and the thunder rolled over the echoing mountains. In the lurid glare of the lightning Cuglas saw a hundred ghostly forms sweeping towards him, uttering, as they came nearer and nearer, shrieks so terrible that the silence of death could more easily be borne. Cuglas turned to escape, but they hemmed him round, and pressed their clammy hands upon his face.

With a yell of horror he drew his sword and slashed about him,

and that very moment the forms vanished, the thunder ceased, the dark cloud passed, and the sun shone out as bright as on a summer day, and then Cuglas knew the forms he had seen were those of the wild people of the glen.

With renewed courage he pursued his way through the valley, and after three or four windings it took him out upon a sandy desert. He had no sooner set foot upon the desert than he heard behind him a crashing sound louder than thunder. He looked around, and he saw that the walls of the mountain through which he had passed had fallen into the valley, and filled it up so that he could no longer tell where it had been.

The sun was beating fiercely on the desert, and the sands were almost as hot as burning cinders; and as Cuglas advanced over them his body became dried up, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and when his thirst was at its height a fountain of sparkling

The prince seized the cold, bright goblet, and drank the water.

water sprang up in the burning plain a few paces in front of him; but when he came up quite close to it and stretched out his parched hands to cool them in the limped waters, the fountain vanished as suddenly as it appeared. With great pain, and almost choking with heat and thirst, he struggled on, and again the fountain sprang up in front of him and moved before him almost within his reach. At last he came to the end of the desert, and he saw a green hill up which a pathway climbed; but as he came to the foot of the hill, there, sitting right in his way, was a beautiful fairy holding out towards him a crystal cup, over the rim of which flowed water as clear as crystal. Unable to resist the temptation, the prince seized the cold, bright goblet, and drank the water. When he did so his thirst vanished, but the fairy, and the green hill, and the burning desert disappeared, and he was standing in the forest behind the palace of the fairy queen.

That evening the queen returned, and at the feast she talked

as gaily to the prince as if she knew not of his attempt to leave the Floating Island, and the prince spoke as gaily as he could to her, although in his heart there was sadness when he remembered that if he had only dashed away the crystal cup, he would be at that moment in the royal banquet hall of Tara, sitting beside the Princess Ailinn.

And he thought the feast would never end; but it was over at last, and the prince returned to his apartments. And that night as he lay on his couch he kept his eyes fixed upon the window; but hours passed, and there was no sign of any one. At last, and when he had given up all hope of seeing her, he heard a tapping at the window, and he got up and opened it, and the little woman came in.

"You failed again to-day," said she, "failed just at the very moment when you were about to step on the green hills of Erin. I can give you only one chance more! it will be your last. The queen will go hunting in the morning. Join the hunt, and when you are separated from the rest of the party in the wood throw your reins upon your horse's neck and he will lead you to the edge of the lake. Then cast this golden bodkin into the lake in the direction of the mainland, and a golden bridge will be thrown across, over which you can pass safely to the fields of Erin; but take care and do not draw your sword, for if you do your steed will bear you back again to the Floating Island, and here you must remain forever." Then handing the bodkin to the prince, and saying good-bye the little woman disappeared.

The next morning the queen and the prince and all the court went out to hunt, and a fleet white deer started out before them, and the royal party pressed after him in pursuit. The prince's steed outstripped the others, and when he was alone the prince flung the reins upon his horse's neck, and before long he came to the edge of the lake.

Then the prince cast the bodkin on to the water, and a golden bridge was thrown across to the mainland, and the horse galloped on to it, and when the prince was more than half-way he saw riding towards him a champion wearing a silver helmet, and carrying on his left arm a silver shield, and holding in his right hand a gleaming sword. As he came nearer he struck his shield with his sword and challenged the prince to battle. The prince's sword almost leaped out of its scabbard at the martial sound, and, like a true knight of Tara, he dashed against his foe, and swinging his sword above his head, with one blow he clove the silver helmet, and the strange warrior reeled from his horse and fell upon the golden bridge. The prince, content with this achievement, spurred his horse to pass the fallen champion, but the horse refused to stir, and the bridge broke in two almost at his feet, and the part of it between him and the mainland disappeared beneath the lake, carrying with it the horse and the body of the champion, and before the prince could recover from his surprise, his steed wheeled round and was galloping back, and when he reached the land he rushed through the forest, and the prince was not able to pull him up until he came to the palace door.

All that night the prince lay awake on his couch with his eyes fixed upon the window; but no shadow fell upon the floor, and there was no tapping at the pane, and with a heavy heart he joined the hunting party in the morning. And day followed day, and his heart was sadder and sadder, and found no pleasure in the joys and delights of fairy-land. And when all in the palace were at rest he used to roam through the forest, always thinking of the Princess Ailinn, and hoping against hope that the little woman would come again to him; but, at last, he began to despair of ever seeing her. It chanced one night he rambled so far that he found himself on the verge of the lake, at the very spot from which the golden bridge had been thrown across the waters, and as he gazed wistfully upon them a boat shot up and came swiftly to the bank, and who should he see sitting in the stern but the little woman.

"Ah, Cuglas, Cuglas," she said, "I gave you three chances, and you failed in all of them."

"I should have borne the pain inflicted by the monster's claw," said Cuglas. "I should have borne the thirst on the sandy desert, and dashed the crystal cup untasted from the fairy's hand; but I could never have faced the nobles and chiefs of Erin if I had refused to meet the challenge of the battle champion on the golden bridge."

"And you would have been no true knight of Erin, and you would not have been worthy of the wee girl who loves you, the bonny Princess Ailinn, if you had refused to meet it," said the little woman; "but for all that you can never return to the fair hills of Erin. But cheer up, Cuglas, there are mossy ways and forest paths and nestling bowers in fairy-land. Lonely they are, I know, in your eyes now," said the little woman; "but maybe," she added, with a laugh as musical as the ripple on a streamlet when summer is in the air, "maybe you won't always think them so lonely."

"You think I'll forget Ailinn for the fairy queen," said Cuglas, with a sigh.

"I don't think anything of the kind," said she.

"Then what do you mean?" said the prince.

"Oh, I mean what I mean," said the little woman. "But I can't stop here all night talking to you; and, indeed, it is in your bed you ought to be yourself. So now, good-night; and I have no more to say, except that, perhaps, if you happen to be here this night week, at this very hour, when the moon will be on the waters, you will see ——. But no matter what you will see," said she; "I must be off."

And before the prince could say another word, the boat sped away from the bank, and he was alone. He went back to the palace, and he fell asleep that night only to dream of the Princess Ailinn.

As for the princess, she was pining away in the palace of Tara, the color had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes, which had been once so bright they would have lighted darkness like a star, lost nearly all their lustre, and the king's leeches could do nothing for her, and, at last, they gave up all hope, and the king and queen of Erin and the

ladies of the court watched her couch by night and by day, sadly waiting for her last hour.

At length one day, when the sun was shining brightly over Tara's plain, and its light, softened by the intervening curtains, was falling in the sick chamber, the royal watchers noticed a sweet change coming over the face of the princess; the bloom of love and youth were flushing on her cheeks, and from her eyes shone out the old, soft, tender light, and they began to hope she was about to be restored to them, when suddenly the room was in darkness as if the night had swept across the sky, and blotted out the sun. Then they heard the sound of fairy music, and over the couch where the princess lay they beheld a gleam of golden light, but only for a moment; and again there was perfect darkness, and the fairy music ceased. Then as suddenly as it came the darkness vanished, the softened sunlight once more filled the chamber, and rested upon the couch; but the couch was empty, and the royal watchers, looking at each other, said in whispers: "The fairies have carried away the Princess Ailinn to fairy-land."

Well, that very day the prince roamed by himself through the forest, counting the hours until the day would fade in the sky, and the moon come climbing up; and, at last, when it was shining full above the waters, he went down to the verge of the lake, and he looked out over the gleaming surface watching for the vision promised by the little woman. But he could see nothing, and was about to turn away, when he heard the faint sound of fairy music. He listened and listened, and the sound came nearer and clearer, and away in the distance, like drops of glistening water breaking the level of the lake, he saw a fleet of fairy boats, and he thought it was the fairy queen sailing in the moonlight. And it was the fairy queen, and soon he was able to recognize the royal shallop leading the others, and as it came close to the bank, he saw the little woman sitting in the prow between the little harpers, and at the stern was the fairy queen, and by her side the lady of his heart, the Princess Ailinn. In a second the boat was against the bank, and the princess in his arms. And he kissed her again and again.

"And have you never a kiss for me," said the little woman, tapping his hand with the little gold bodkin.

"A kiss and a dozen," said Cuglas, as he caught the little fairy up in his arms.

"Oh, fie, Cuglas," said the queen.

"Oh, the princess isn't one bit jealous," said the little woman "Are you, Ailinn?"

"Indeed I am not," said Ailinn.

"And you should not be," said the fairy queen, "for never lady yet had truer knight than Cuglas. I loved him, and I love him dearly. I lured him here, hoping that in the delights of fairy-land he might forget you. It was all in vain. I know now that there is one thing no fairy power above or below the stars, or beneath the waters, can ever subdue, and that is love. And here together forever shall you and Cuglas dwell, where old age shall never come upon you, and where pain, or sorrow, or sickness are unknown."

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1891.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Sketches of Confederate Warriors.

IN the August number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, we commenced the publication of some of the Confederate Generals. These sketches are furnished to our Magazine by Judge Jno. T. Godrick, of Fredericksburg, Va., a gentleman of standing and ability.

A CHAPTER of the Augustinian Order in Ireland was held under the Presidency of the General, the Most Rev. Father Martinelli, brother of the late Cardinal Martinelli, O. S. A., in the Priory of SS. Augustine and John, St. Thomas street, Dublin, last month, when the Rev. James Murphy, D. D., Prior of Orlagh, Rathfarnham, was elected Provincial.

A Notable Conversion.

WE notice amongst recent events of moment, hitherto uncommunicated to the press, the remarkable conversion from the Anglican communion, of George Skeffington Ussher, Esq., eldest surviving son of the late Lieut.-Col. John Ussher, formerly of H. M. 66th, and subsequently of H. M. 50th and 95th regiments, who was solemnly baptized and received into the Holy Catholic Church, by the Rev. Father Benvenutus Gray, O. S. F. C., in the Franciscan Capuchin Church, of St. Mary of Angels, Dublin, on Sunday, 19th of April last. The return of this gentleman to the true fold is all the more remarkable as he is the lineal descendant of the famous Archbishop Ussher, of Armagh, formerly Protestant Primate of all Ireland, who was so distinguished for profound learning and historical research. Mr. Ussher's conversion is eminently the result of long, silent years of study and reflection, fostered by God's holy grace and protection. It is to be hoped that many others will follow this learned gentleman's example.

FATHER O'NEIL, parish priest of Bagnalstown, who took so prominent a part in support of Mr. Parnell's candidate at the recent election in Carlow, has sent the following apology to the press for publication: "My Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, having intimated to me that my action in nominating Mr. Kettle was wrong, and as Dr. Lynch is better informed in these matters than I could be, I beg to apologize for the action I have taken."

The Queen Isabella Association

HAS for its object the promotion of women's interests at the World's Fair in 1893. Among the various departments of the association is that of journalism. Miss Katherine E. Conway, of the Boston Pilot, has been chosen president of this department. No better selection could be made. Miss Conway is recognized as an excellent worker in the world of letters, well remarks the Northwestern Chronicle.

THE new Prior of the Dominican Convent of St. Stephen, at Jerusalem, Very Rev. Father Lagrange, purposes to found a *Revue Scripturaire*, in which the questions relative to Holy Scripture will be treated by specialists and experts, under the direction of the professors of the new Scriptural Institute at St. Stephen's.

HIS Holiness the Pope has presented to the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, Ireland, through his Eminence Cardinal Manning, a beautiful gold medal in recognition of the admirable manner in which the bishop executed the commission entrusted to him of translating the Holy Father's recent Encyclical on the Social Question into English.

Fordham College.

SUNDAY'S New York Herald had this to say of one of our noted educational institutions: "St. John's Roman Catholic College, Fordham, has just celebrated its golden jubilee. It was established in 1841 by Archbishop Hughes. Among its distinguished alumni are Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Bayley, Bishops Conroy, McQuaid, McFarland, Rosencrans and Bacon, Vicar-Generals Keegan, and James Hughes, Gen. Martin T. McMahon, Gen. James R. O'Beirne and Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher. It has done honor to its illustrious founder, whose bronze statue will henceforth adorn its beautiful grounds."

THERE are eight thousand schools in Ireland with an enrolment of one million children. This is the highest per cent. of schooling to population found anywhere on the globe.

Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D.

OF Worcester, has this to say about the great Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. in his Calendar of the Sacred Heart: "Every working man and woman should read it carefully, and see just where the Catholic Church stands on the great question of the rights and duties of labor. This is, perhaps, the most striking utterance of this century, and must contribute largely to a proper understanding of the relations between labor and capital. It shows that the church is keenly alive to the interests of the people, and has but one gospel for rich and poor, and but one scale of justice. Read carefully the Pope's suggestions to the necessity of organization among working men in the way of beneficial societies based on religion. It is a timely document from one who is regarded as among the greatest scholars of our century."

"IF I'm not a little more careful," said a hen as she discovered a china egg in her nest, "I shall be laying bricks next."

IRELAND is a wonderful country. The Irish are a simple, invincible race in the matter of maintaining a strength of population that is marvellous, when it is remembered that famine and emigration reduced their children "a million a decade," from 1845 until 1875. Since that period Ireland has declined at the rate of half a million a decade. Yet the recent Irish census shows a total population of 4,705,162, of whom 2,317,076 are males. This shows a decrease in their total population of 468,764 since last census.

An Important Tunnel.

THE greatest engineering feat in the history of the anthracite coal mining is about to begin. It is the commencement of what will be known as the Jeddo Tunnel, which will be driven for the purpose of draining the flooded mines of Jeddo and Harleigh. It will be constructed from Butler Valley, Pa., to the bottom of Ebervade mammoth vein, a distance of three miles, through solid rock, to be eight feet square in the clear. The scheme of tunnelling through the mountain first occurred to John Markle, who is to be president of the company, which will bear the title of Jeddo Tunnel Co., Limited. It will open an inexhaustible supply of coal, and furnish employment for thousands of people for many years to come. It will also serve the double purpose of draining all the collieries in the valley.

Those Terrible Jesuits!

THE most noticeable feature of Catholic life in Chicago is presented to the visitor by the grand establishment of the Jesuits in West Twelfth street, their majestic church, their grand college, the fine parochial school buildings in various localities in their parish district, the institutions of charity, the magnificent building devoted solely to Catholic associations and sodalities — all is calculated to inspire the Catholic heart with unbounded joy and delight. To the honor of the sons of St. Ignatius let it be known that in their Church of the Holy Family last year the number of communicants reached as high as two hundred thousand.

THE mother who rarely goes to Communion is not a good model for her daughters to follow.

Great Statesmen.

SEVERAL Catholic laymen of genius and purpose like Windthorst have lived during the present century, but he has but one rival. France has had Montalembert. He was more brilliant than Windthorst, and more literary; but as a statesman he never showed his tact and vigor. Spain has had Donoso Cortes; but he was rather philosophical for a statesman, and his thoughts, therefore, never took a firm hold of the popular feeling he wished to influence. Frederick Lucas had ability and will enough; but he lived amidst difficulties which a lifetime was too short to endure. O'Connell was Windthorst's only rival. His personal influence over the Irish people was more than Windthorst's over the Germans; and Windthorst's name will hardly take the lasting hold of popular Catholic feelings throughout the world that O'Connell has taken.

IN England, both New and Old, the various Protestant forms of religion are about dying out in some places. A minister in Cornwall wrote to a friend on this side of the water, recently, that on a previous Sunday, his entire congregation consisted, *as usual*, of himself and the bell-ringer.

The Damien Memorial.

A MONUMENTAL cross in tribute to the heroic fortitude of Father Damien has been provided by the National Leprosy Fund of England, and will be shipped to Molokai free of cost. The Hawaiian government has promised to take charge of it there, and erect it over the grave of the martyr. It was designed and executed at a cost of two hundred pounds, and is of polished and unpolished Peterhead red granite. The pedestal is formed of a series of three steps, worked with polished faces, upon which rests the moulded and enriched die stone of the monument. This is the central feature of the work, as in the front face is a sculptured portrait in white marble of Father Damien by Mr. Joseph Whitehead. The medallion is set in a circular panel enriched with mouldings and spandrels. Rising from the die stone is a Runic cross highly enriched on all its faces with intricate Guilloche ornamentation. The inscription is deeply cut and gilded upon the three lower steps, and is in paralleled form in English and the Hawaiian language, as follows: "Joseph Damien de Veuster. Born Jan. 3, 1840, died Apr. 15, 1889. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends' (John xv. 13). This monument is raised to his memory by the people of England." But there is a nobler and more touching memorial to the Belgian missionary in the *confrères* who are not afraid to take up this gallant and consolatory labor of love.

MANY of our daily contemporaries have been describing Carlow as "the smallest county in Ireland." The fact is, the area of Carlow is thirty-one square miles more than that of Louth, which is the smallest of the Irish counties.

The Catholic Bishops

WHO are members of the Spanish Senate, have introduced a labor bill which is far ahead of all others on the continent. It provides that all contracts for labor must be understood to contain prohibition of work not only on Sundays, but also on feast-days. This means about ninety holidays a year. Fines will be inflicted on employer and employé for infringing this law. The measure stands a good chance of being passed. Most of the big continental factories require their employés to labor seven days in the week, and the Spanish bishops have set a good example in the right direction.

CAPT. O'MEAGHER CONDON was among the fortunate ones admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia on June 29.

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE, edited and published by the Fathers of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society of the Sacred Heart, in the special interests of their missions, and (generally) of all such among the colored races. The July number is handsomely illustrated. Only $1 a year. Address 401 Courtland st., Baltimore, Md.

Protestantism a Failure in Australia.

AN acknowledgment to this effect has recently been made by a Protestant minister of Sydney, the Rev. George Hay. Mr. Hay stated that the people of Australia were becoming tired of the continued divisions existing among Protestants, and that the ministers themselves were growing weary of the great waste of energy in consequence of the overlapping of the various churches all over the colonies. A federal Protestant Church for the whole of the Australian colonies is the cure which Mr. Hay proposes. He should know that unity of organization without unity of doctrine is the merest idle dream.

FACTS is the name of a new Catholic paper recently started in Chattanooga, Tenn. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE wishes it success.

The Coming Election in Ohio.

"A CONTEST of principle," and not personalities, is promised in Ohio, — a thing for which every patriotic American should be thankful. The two candidates have set the example to their partisans. The first congratulation received by Major McKinley, upon his nomination for Governor, was from Governor Campbell, who called upon the protectionist leader, and offered him the hospitality of his home. The more of this in our politics, the better for the country. The element of personal abuse and slander eliminated, thought must, of necessity, be concentrated upon the issues for which candidates stand. Elections fought on the merits of principles, educate the people upon the questions that most concern their own and the nation's welfare, and are the best safeguards to peace and liberty that can be devised.

Self-Rule for Cities.

SENATOR FASSETT prefaces the outline of his report on Self-rule for Cities, with these words: Unless the liquor traffic is made an outlaw, we have no faith in unmixed self-rule for cities. One reason for our lack of confidence in that arrangement is that it has always failed thus far, under universal suffrage, to produce satisfactory results in protecting life and property, and securing purity of politics. Another reason is, that multitudes who own property in cities live outside their limits, and would not vote in local elections, and so would have no political power to protect their own property. Another reason is, that the unscrupulous and illiterate classes acquire political power more rapidly than the respectable classes, as cities under a broad suffrage increase in size. After about 1920, the votes cast in the cities of eight thousand or more inhabitants in the United States will be a majority of the votes cast in the entire nation. The problem of the right government of American great towns is the problem of the right government of the nation as a whole.

A Golden Sorrow.

OH, mother mine, I brought my sorrow sore
And laid it at thy feet, and in that hour
I could not pray, or stay the blinding shower
Of tears that fell; dark was the path before,
And hope and bliss seemed fled forevermore;
I only lay as some poor, stricken flower
Before the pitiless storm-king's ruthless power
When skies are gray and angry tempests roar.

Too weak for prayer, too sad to lift my eyes,
I only brought my sorrow to thy feet,
And, lo, a sudden brightness filled the skies,
And pain was bliss, and sorrow's crown was sweet,
And thus to-day no grief, no woe is mine,
Because I linked my sorrow unto thine.

"THE Catholic Church," says Cardinal Manning, "rests not on the judgment of any individual, however holy or wise; but on the witness of a universal and perpetual body, to which teacher and taught alike are subject; and because all are in subjection to the Church, all are redeemed from bondage to individual teachers and the authority of men."

COL. "BOB" INGERSOLL once blusteringly said that auctioneers did not get sore throats, like preachers, and the reason was that the latter told so many lies. Soon afterward the Colonel had to be operated upon for tonsillitis. The preacher then dosed him with his own criminating medicines. Of late the Colonel has been silent upon religious matters, and it is said that he has weakened in his infidelity.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 23, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. DONAHOE: — Your letter is received, and in answer to your correspondent's query, I would say that the inscription on the Calvert monument shows where it is erected, viz.: on the spot where in early days stood the aged oak which served as a court-house for the colonists, when they first landed in Maryland. The name of the place was St. Mary's City, but it is now only known as "old St. Mary's." It was never more than a small town comprising about sixty houses, very few remnants of which remain. Under Episcopal sway the seat of government was removed, in 1694, to Annapolis, and St. Mary's gradually went to decay.

St. Mary's county is on what we called the "western shore." It is bounded by the Potomac, the Patuxent, and the Chesapeake Bay; capital, Leonardtown. Very truly yours,

AGNES HAMPTON.

The Electric Light in Dentistry.

WE now have the electric light to aid us in our dental operations, and I find by its use I can discover imperfections in cavities I have prepared that had previously escaped my attention. Why? Because the electric light gives a paler white light, and it is more intense than daylight. This is particularly so in that form of decay known as the white decay. You may prepare the cavity with the ordinary care, having it seemingly perfectly dry, and a magnifying glass will show you no imperfections, but with the aid of the electric light you find them.— *Dr. Pruyn.*

Progress of Catholicity in India.

A MISSIONARY journal, published in France, has devoted a series of articles to the progress of the Catholic faith in India during the present century. In 1880 the number of Catholics in India was estimated at 475,000. In 1850, the number was 986,000, and in 1890, they had increased to 1,701, 337.

Weak Eyes Sicken the Body.

THAT weakness or imperfections of the eyes may be the unsuspected cause of the various troubles apparently in no wise connected with the organs of sight is asserted by a writer, who says that headaches which come on after sewing, reading, watching a play, or otherwise using the visual organs in a special direction for a period of time, are usually the direct results of ocular defects. Neuralgia, dizziness, mental depression, melancholia, St. Vitus dance, and even epilepsy, have been shown to be directly dependent in certain cases upon refractory errors for their causation. To some people glasses are a revelation, revealing powers and beauties of vision never before known to exist. Glasses not only increase the power of vision, and greatly relieve the work of the eye, but they actually prevent the occurrence of certain diseases of the eye, and of reflex affectations in other parts of the body, and effect the preservation of good vision throughout life.

A TOUCHING appeal was made to the Cathedral congregation, in Boston, by a Trappist priest, Father Murphy, in aid of the monastery which his Order is trying to build at Oka, near Montreal. The community are in extreme poverty, a portion of them having no shelter but a stable. The Cathedral responded generously to Father Murphy's appeal for assistance.

THE Western Watchman observes that even Parnell's own organs do not call her Mrs. Parnell.

Great Labor Organization in London.

CARDINAL MANNING is forming a union of Catholic workmen on the lines laid down in the recent Encyclical of the Pope. The society embraces the entire English-speaking world. The organization is open to both skilled and unskilled labor. A small entrance fee will be charged. The aims of the organization are to oppose Socialism, to wean members from socialistic bodies, to maintain a good standard of wages, and to find employment for members. Membership in the union does not involve resignation from other trades-unions unless their tenets are opposed to the letter or spirit of the Pope's Encyclical. Cardinal Manning is very hopeful of good results to flow from the movement.

Go South, Young Man.

THE Catholic Telegraph : If Horace Greeley were living to-day he would change his renowned advice and now say, "Go South, young man, and grow up with the country." The most promising field for manufactures and industries of many kinds is in the former slave states. There has been nothing in history to exceed the industrial growth of certain portions of the South in the past five years. The new South, redeemed, regenerated, rich, populous, and powerful, stands forth resplendent, and holds out her hands filled with opportunities for plucky and industrious people. For the first time in the history of America, Pennsylvania finds herself passed and distanced as an iron state. Alabama now produces annually more iron ore than Pennsylvania. We thought we were a great people in 1870, and that we had uncommonly rich iron mines, yet to-day the South alone makes more pig-iron than the whole country did in 1870. Fact. The British iron manufacturers, who made a tour of this country a year or two ago when their society met here, prophesied that the South was soon to become the iron producing centre of the world. The prophecy has come true already.

DUDE : "Why do you love to fondle that pug dog?" Miss Beauti: "Because it does not smoke cigarettes!"

Death of Gen. B. F. Kelley.

GEN. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN KELLEY, who raised the first regiment of Union troops south of Mason and Dixon's line during the civil war, died recently at his home near Oakland, Md. Gen. Kelley was born in New Hampton, N. Y., on April 10, 1807, and when nineteen years of age, settled in Wheeling, West Virginia, where he lived until the breaking out of the war. He became prominent in the affairs of his state, and did much to save West Virginia to the Union. He had some military experience as the commanding officer of a local military organization, and when the call was made for volunteers he immediately raised the first Virginia regiment of volunteers, of which he was commissioned Colonel, May 25, 1861. Two days after receiving his commission Col. Kelley left Wheeling, with his regiment, for Crafton, then in possession of the Confederates, under Col. Porterfield, who, on his approach, retreated to Philippi. Here, early on the morning of June 3, Kelley attacked him, and, after a short engagement, won one of his first battles of the war. During the fight Col. Kelley received a severe wound in the breast, which at the time was thought to be fatal. That same day, Gen. McClellan telegraphed to Gen. Morris, from Cincinnati : "Say to Col. Kelley that I cannot believe it possible that one who has opened his career so brilliantly can be mortally wounded. In the name of the country I thank him for the conduct, which has been the most brilliant episode of the war thus far." His wound, however, proved less severe than was feared, and at the end of sixty days he was able to assume command of the railroad division, to which he was assigned by Gen. McClellan, having been appointed during his convalescence Brigadier-General. On October 22, he fought the battle of Romney, and again for gallant conduct was complimented by President Lincoln and Gen. Scott. Gen. Kelley served with distinction during the remaining years of the war, and in recognition of gallant services at Cumberland and New Creek, he was brevetted Major-General. It is said of him that from the beginning to the end of the war, in all the battles he fought, he was never once defeated. After hostilities ceased, he served as Internal Revenue Collector of West Virginia, and later was appointed Superintendent of the Hot Springs Reservation, in Arkansas, and since 1883 was Examiner of Pensions.

PARIS is laughing over a joke about an American inventor who is said to have patented an electric corset that is to bring about the reign of morality at once. If one of these articles is pressed by a lover's arm it at once emits a shriek like the whistle of a railway engine ; and the inventor claims that he has already married three of his daughters, owing to the publicity thus thrust upon a backward lover.

The Common House Fly

DOES not, in the ordinary sense of the word, migrate, though, of course, individuals of the species frequently travel long distances. The remarkable fecundity of the fly is quite sufficient to account for its numbers during the early summer. A few individuals, in the torpid state, survive even the coldest winter, and with the first warm days of summer lay their eggs. When deposited under favorable conditions these are hatched in from twelve to twenty-four hours, and in twelve days the worm changes into a nymph, and in ten days more into a perfect fly. A fly will lay four times during the summer, about eighty eggs each time, and careful calculations have demonstrated that the descendants of a single insect may, from the 1st of June to the end of September, exceed two million. Were it not for bats, insect-eating birds, and the innumerable microscopic parasites with which the fly is particularly afflicted, there would be no worse pest in the world than the fly.

A Blade of Grass

WHICH has sprung up amid the sands, bends towards the brook; and each wave it passes shakes the blade of grass, which falls, and rises to fall once more. This blade of grass is a man, who is tossed about by billows of life, and who is, in turn, bowed down by trials, and raised again by hope. The blade of grass yields little by little to the wave, falling each time lower, rising each time less high. The wave draws it, tears it up at last and bears it away. Thus man, that blade of grass, toils wearily until he succumbs. That rapid water which is called time, tosses him about, uproots him, and hurries him on towards the ocean of eternity.

A Wonderful Musical Instrument.

IN the year 1738 there was exhibited in Paris an instrument in the form of a mechanical flute-player. It stood on a pedestal in which some of the works were contained, and it was so marvellously constructed that the figure not only blew into the flute, but was able to decrease or diminish the tones it forced out of the instrument. The originator of this was Jacques de Vaucansen, a man who was already well known for many remarkable inventions. He had long thought over the construction of the flute-player, but had not hitherto been able to put his ideas into execution. At length, however, he was overtaken by a severe illness, and he took advantage of it to build up his great invention; but he had to take great care that no one should discover the principle of his invention, and thus rob him of his success. So to avoid the chance of this occurring, as he designed each part of the figure he sent it by a faithful servant to be made by a separate workman. As the pieces came home he put them together, and, when the whole was quite completed, he crawled out of bed by the assistance of his servant, and locked the door. Trembling with excitement and anxiety, he wound up the works. At the first note from the flute the servant fell upon his knees awe-stricken. Then, a few moments afterwards, the great inventor and his servant, with one impulse, embraced each other and wept with joy at the success of the instrument.

THE Secretary of the State Board of Health, of Iowa, says that the physician who is habitually drunk should be shorn of his certificate to practise medicine.

Annexation the Remedy.

MONTREAL, June 29, 1891. — Rev. P. Hatton, of the Society of Jesus, publishes a volume on French-Canadians in New England, in which he refers to the large emigration to the United States, and says that annexation would not be a bad thing, for it would unite two factions of one people, and their importance would be considerable. He believes that before long the two factions of one people — those in the United States and in Canada — will be united.

FIRST TRAMP: "What have you been doing, Jimmy; you look mighty tired?" Second tramp: "That's just what I am. I've been looking at the picture of a man sawing wood."

BROTHER AMARIUS has been appointed Assistant Superior General of the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, to succeed the late Brother Patrick. He will have supervision of the Brothers in the United States and Canada. Brother Amarius had been for many years Provincial of the Brothers in England, Ireland, and India. He is a Frenchman by birth, but speaks English fluently. He has written several works on education and is a skilled linguist.

TEACH girls to learn what will be useful to them in after life. The Catholics of Indianapolis have favored a project of an industrial school by which it is designed to prepare young girls who are to depend for support on their own efforts in the struggles of life; and for this reason, attention will be given to those kinds of employments in which they will be most probably engaged, or for which they show themselves most especially fitted. They will be taught house-keeping, dress-making, plain and ornamental sewing, type-writing, short-hand, and book-keeping. Besides this, part of the time each day will be devoted to the branches of ordinary education — reading, writing, arithmetic, and Sacred History. The Sisters of Providence conduct the institution. Here is an example for other cities to imitate.

IT is a mistake to suppose that the only way to keep friends is by asking them to drink liquor.

Bishop Matz's Noble Sentiments.

RT. REV. BISHOP MATZ, of Denver, has written a letter to the priests of his diocese in which he says: "Whereas, the Catholics of Denver are largely Irish or Irish-Americans, and whereas, the Irish-Catholics took a most prominent part in the gigantic struggle for American Independence, it is our intention to make St. Patrick's Day a kind of national holyday for the Catholic churches of the city, combining both the love of religion and that of country with the patriotism of heaven and that of earth locked in one embrace." These are noble words from a German-American bishop, and exhibit the true spirit of Catholicity.

Beating the Egg Tariff.

THE Tombstone Prospector says: Since the duty on eggs has been the rule many devices have been thought of for manufacturing them. The idea of a Nogales man is, however, the only feasible scheme up to date. His proposition is to feed hens on the cheap grain of Mexico and have them lay in the United States. For this purpose a long building will be placed on the line, half on Mexico and half in the United States. They will feed and water in the Mexican end, and when they want to lay they go to the further end of the building, and in that way escape paying the duty. The projector of this enterprise came from Maine.

OUT of the seven hundred veterans in the Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C., four hundred are Catholics.

The Church in the Golden State.

THE San Francisco Monitor states that the progress of the Church in the Archdiocese since the arrival of Archbishop Riordan, has, indeed, been wonderful. A large number of fine churches have been raised and consecrated to God, while many grand structures have been erected for educational purposes. This progress is due to the energy and zeal of our Archbishop, together with the able support he receives from the good and zealous priests with which this Archdiocese is blessed, and to the generosity of the Catholics residing there. It is with pride and pleasure we chronicle the news of the erection of two more handsome churches. Some unknown person has given the munificent gift of seventy-five thousand dollars to be used for the construction of a new church for the people of St. Francis de Sales Church, Oakland, and the Catholics on the Potrero, San Franciso, are about to commence work on a twenty-thousand-dollar edifice which will in the fall be dedicated to the service of God.

TEACHER: "Now, can any of the pupils tell me what is meant by the nave of a church?" Bright Boy: "The man who takes up a collection."

Rapid Trip Across the Ocean.

THE steamer Teutonic of the White Star line was brought into her dock on the morning of July 22d, at 9.30 o'clock, after having made a quick run from Liverpool and Queenstown. The time of passage was five days, twenty-one hours, and fourteen minutes. As August is the record-breaking month this time is considered unusually good. The best time made by the Teutonic, according to the White Star company, is five days, nineteen hours, and five minutes, though this record has been disputed. The Teutonic thus comes within two hours and nine minutes of equalling her best record and surpassed the best time made by the City of New York from Queenstown.

A Stowaway.

TOMMY MILLIGAN, the small boy who went to Europe on his own hook three weeks ago, and caused his relatives to mourn for him as dead, arrived in the Teutonic. Tommy was found by Purser Russell several hours after the Teutonic sailed on her last trip. He said he wanted to go to Europe. He is seven years old. Ever since Tommy can remember anything he has been around the docks on the west side. Since his parents died, he has lived at 13 Vandam street with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. Tommy thought night and day of getting on one of the big ships and going away with it. At last, on Monday, about three weeks ago, Tommy took his school books under his arm, said to Mrs. Gordon, "So long, auntie, I'm off now," and slammed the street door after him. From that hour until that morning, when Mrs. Gordon found him in the matron's cabin of the Teutonic, she had not set eyes on him. For two days she and her husband had searched the city high and low for her child, and then turned the case over to Inspector Byrnes. Advertisements have been put in the papers, but they elicited no tidings of him. Purser Russell wrote to Mr. Gordon from Queenstown as soon as the Teutonic arrived, and the letter arrived here on Friday. Tommy's relatives were on hand to take charge of him this morning.

Balfour Doing Good Work.

THE House of Commons July 22, in committee of supply, voted three hundred thousand pounds as salaries and expenses for the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Balfour, made a detailed statement in regard to this relief, saying that it was the government's intention that the works should be permanent means of promoting the welfare of the inhabitants. Mr. Balfour added that when they considered the difficulties of the vast system from the extreme north to the south of Ireland, it must be acknowledged that the government was not wanting in appreciation of its duty. [Cheers.]

Mr. Timothy Healy, member for North Longford, acknowledged that the government was doing very useful work, but, he said, Donegal was neglected.

Mr. Alfred Webb, member for the west division of Waterford, gave credit to Mr. Balfour for having, from his own observation, realized the necessities of the case and congratulated him upon the success of his efforts. Still he (Mr. Webb) felt bitter humiliation as an Irishman, at the fact that these constant grants were necessary. Mr. Webb also said that he regarded them as showing how wrong the present system of government was.

Mr. Balfour, later on, approved the suggestion made to establish an agricultural department for giving instructions in farming to the youth of the congested districts, saying that he hoped to be able to assist the Irish land commissioner with money to continue the work already begun.

DON BOSCO'S well-known congregation of the Salesians has now extended its sphere to the Holy Land. On June 6, a certain number of Salesian priests and some artisans sailed from Marseilles with Canon Belloni. They will take up their abode in Bethlehem, where they will shortly be joined by other companions. Their object is the education of poor children in Canon Belloni's excellent orphanage, which institution with this new assistance will doubtless receive a most important development.

Steamship Improvements.

THE latest plan to improve the draught of the furnaces of ocean steamers is to increase the height of the smoke pipes. The new steamer Scot, of the Cape Mail Line, is provided with smoke stacks one hundred and twenty feet high above the grates, being the loftiest pipes ever put into a steamer. A draught of three quarter inch water pressure is thus obtained, all the steam needed is easily secured, and the use of fans is dispensed with. Her speed is nineteen knots. The Scot is 502 ft. long over all, 460 ft. on the water line, 54 ft. 6 in. beam, 37 ft. 6 in. deep. Tonnage 7,000. Built of steel. Fourteen water-tight compartments. Draws 23 ft. with 2,800 tons of coal on board. Twin screws, 8,000 h. p. engines, two sets of triple expansion engines 34½ in., 57½ in., 92 in. by 60 inch. Six double-ended boilers, pressure 170 lbs.; 36 furnaces. The success of the tall chimneys of the Scot will probably lead to the trial of even higher pipes. The above vessel could clear the floor of our Brooklyn bridge, which is 119 ft. above high water. If our great war steamers should be piped in accordance with the latest and best engineering practice, they will be debarred from the Brooklyn navy yard, unless they approach from the Hell Gate side of the great bridge. It was an error on the part of the Secretary of War to allow so low a floor for the bridge. At present all the larger ships are obliged to dismantle and lower their topmasts in order to pass under the Brooklyn bridge.

MGR. FAVA, the Bishop of Grenoble, whose pastoral on political affairs has created such a sensation in France, has been interviewed by a pressman and has made it clear that he is, like Cardinal Lavigerie, an out-and-out Republican. The bishop says he is a man of the people, and is, in no wise, averse to allowing himself to be guided in politics by the people who, rightly or wrongly, are in favor of the republic. As a matter of fact, there is no intrinsic reason why the Church should set its hand against a republican form of government. If the present republic has its sins, so had its monarchical predecessors. The Restoration proscribed the Jesuits, and free masonry was never more flourishing than under Louis XVIII. Louis Philippe did not shrink from the profanation of churches, and the Church had its trials and troubles even under Napoleon III. Mgr. Fava will probably succeed in securing a Catholic representation for the Dauphiné. His people, who are all good Catholics, are bound to him by no common attachment, and they will be happy to support a programme which he recommends, and which is at once Catholic and republican.

A FRENCH LADY, who has just died at the convent of the Sisters of Hope at Pau, has bequeathed £4,000 to the Academy of Science, for a prize to be given to any person of whatever nationality who may within ten years have found the means of communicating with another world-planet or star, and of receiving a reply from it. If the Academy of Science does not accept this bequest it will go to the institute of Milan, and in case of a second refusal, to that of New York.

In Union There is Strength.

THE Nation and the Irish Catholic, which had both previously been issued on the same day from the same office, in Dublin, have been consolidated under the name of the Irish Catholic and Nation, and will continue to advocate the same principles those journals have always upheld. As both appealed to the same constituents, the consolidation was purely an economic movement.

The Church and the French Republic.

CARDINAL ROTELLI, lately the Nuncio in Paris, has arrived in Rome. He is the bearer of an important letter from President Carnot. In this letter the French President thanks the Holy Father for his numerous manifestations of good-will towards France, and alluding to the declarations of Cardinal Lavigerie and of the Bishops in favor of the Republic, expresses his confidence that the work of pacification now in progress will be the beginning of a brighter era for France and for the Church in France.

Too Fond of Honey.

JOHN LYSAGHT, a Croton farmer, has half a dozen beehives, in his kitchen garden. Just now there is not much honey in any of the hives because Mr. Lysaght annexed most of it late in the autumn, and the bees consumed the greater part of the remainder during their enforced winter idleness. They are at present industriously toiling to fill the depleted cells. A few days ago Farmer Lysaght's son Dick received a fine freshly caught coon from a friend living near the pine woods of Pennsylvania. The shaggy animal weighed about fifteen pounds, and he soon became tame enough to raid the farmer's poultry yard. To prevent him from doing further mischief he was put into the kitchen garden, from which the hens are carefully fenced out. But the bear nature was strong in the coon. He scented the honey and wanted to taste it. Early in the morning the farmer's family heard a lively disturbance in the garden, and, looking out, they saw that the coon had found the honey. The bees had found the coon. He was rolling over and over on the ground, howling at the top of his voice, and covered with the enraged insects. As soon as he saw the farmhouse door open he arose and shambled toward it, but, as he carried his tormentors with him, there were obvious objections to his entering, and it was closed in his face. Then he rolled over again, and kicked and snorted for five minutes, when he stretched himself out and died. The bees continued to sting his swollen body for half an hour after he had ceased to suffer. His thick hair had, in some measure, protected him, but they pushed through it, and poured their poison into his system. He had overset one of the hives, and was smeared with honey.

The Descendants of O'Connell.

ON April 20, Mrs. Kate O'Connell, widow of Charles O'Connell, M. P., of the county Kerry, Ireland, and "last surviving daughter of Daniel O'Connell," died. It was forgotten that O'Connell's third daughter, Elizabeth, widow of the late Nicholas French, is still alive and resides in Kenmare. The youngest son, Daniel, is also alive and leading a placeman's existence as a Commissioner of Inland Revenue. "Young Dan," as he was called when his father lived, was a high-toned English-Irishman who never took any interest in the Repeal movement after the Liberator's death. He applied to the English government for some of the crumbs that fell from the British government's table, and he has been feeding on them ever since.

The Great Cardinal.

CONGRATULATIONS are pouring in upon Cardinal Manning, on this the eighty-third anniversary of his birth (July 15). The Queen and Mr. Gladstone were among the first to send him messages, and hundreds of people have left their cards at the palace. The Cardinal received his more intimate friends and associates. His voice is comparatively strong, he converses in an animated manner, and appears to be in fairly good health. Thank God!

NEWSPAPER traditions in New York contain many quaint instances of the art of boiling down copy. It is a common saying that a newspaper receives twice as much matter as it prints. A large sacrifice to the blue pencil or rejected copy spindle is inevitable. The champion boiler of news in the New York offices in the days that veterans in the business still remember was Dr. Wood, who exercised his art in The Sun office for many years, and the most artistic feat of condensation remembered of him is worth recording. One night a half column poem was turned over to his practical eye, and he set out to get at the meat of the verses, and state it in the fewest possible words. This was the result:

> Do you love me? No!
> Then I go.

Two Papal decrees, approving the decisions of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, concerning the introduction of the cause of the beatification and canonization of the venerable servant of God, Jeanne Elizabeth Pricher des Ages, founder of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Cross.

Deaf Mutes.

If report be true one of the most marvellous experiments of the present century has just been made by Mgr. Verrier, in the education of deaf mutes. He has, it appears, invented an apparatus by means of which the deaf and the mute can not only gradually recover their hearing, but also learn to speak. The first great benefactor of the deaf and the mute was a Catholic priest; it will be a fitting sequel to the devoted labors of the Abbé de l'Eppe if they are brought to perfection and crowned by a prelate of the same Church.

How a Tourist Makes Money.

Dear Readers: — While visiting places of interest, I spend my leisure time plating tableware and jewelry and selling platers. I make from $5 to $15 per day. The work is done so nicely that every person wants it. I paid $5 for my plater to H. C. Delno & Co., Columbus, O. Why not have a good time and money in your pocket, when for $5 you can start a business of your own? Write above firm for circulars. A Tourist.

Art Folio.

Among the useful journals must be classed Vouga's Art Folio published in the interest of amateurs. In this field it meets a real want, that of clear, simple, and accurate instruction for the thousands of art lovers who cannot avail themselves of the aids and incentive to culture found in large cities and towns. It also aims to lay before its readers correct models which shall, in some degree, aid in the formation of good taste in coloring, and of accuracy in drawing. To this end it gives during the year sixteen charming color studies of various kinds, the floral subjects being from the gifted hand of Madame Vouga, of world-wide fame as a flower painter. Each number contains several models in black and white which may be executed either in oils or water-colors. The tone of the Magazine is purely American, standing squarely in the affirmative on the question of an American school of art, distinctively national in its methods of thought, teaching, and delineation. Its general literature is of a high order, and instructive in character, and its editorials bright, pointed, and often racy when critical. Subscriptions $4.00 per annum, $2.10 for six months, $1.05 for three months. Address Vouga Art Folio Pub. Co., 205 Broadway, New York.

Count Loubat's presentation statue of Pope Leo XIII. to the Catholic University has reached Washington. The statue occupied eleven cases and weighed eleven tons without the pedestal. In order to avoid damage it was not opened in New York. Archbishop Corrigan will go on to the University at its unveiling ceremonies, to be held in the autumn. It occupied six hundred cubic feet of space on the steamer, and is said to be one of the finest works of art ever imported to this country. The designing alone cost ten thousand dollars.

The English Translation.

Bishop Hedley, of the English diocese of Newport and Menevia, to whom the Holy Father intrusted the duty of translating into English his recently issued Encyclical on the social problem, is a learned member of the Benedictine Order, who was consecrated Bishop of Cæsaropolis, *in partibus*, in 1873, and succeeded Bishop Brown in his present position eight years later. He is one of the ablest theologians and finest scholars in the ranks of the English hierarchy, and his selection to be translator of the Encyclical was an honor which he doubtless fully appreciated. Bishop Hedley is one of the strongest men in the English hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church. He is a recognized classical scholar, and has a powerful mastery of English prose. Moreover, having his residence in Cardiff, the centre of the social and labor questions, so far as they affect Wales, Bishop Hedley has had admirable opportunities of becoming acquainted with the subjects of which the present Encyclical treats. In personal appearance the Bishop is rather under the average height; he is strongly built, and rather lame. Like many another Catholic prelate, he is endowed with a large amount of humor.

Father Cooney's Anniversary.

THE Notre Dame Scholastic of July 4 says: Monday last being the patronal feast as well as the ordination anniversary of the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., that veteran missionary and ex-army chaplain was the recipient of many congratulations. In the morning he was waited on at the Professed House and presented with a beautiful address and souvenir; while at 6 p. m., a complimentary supper was tendered to him at the University. The Scholastic joins his myriad friends in wishing him *multos annos*, and accelerated progress with the great book.

Orangemen Defeated.

THIS is not a good year for Orangeism in Michigan, says the Michigan Catholic. The attempt to secure for that malign association in this state the legal status which it has been denied in every other country has failed. A bill to effect this purpose was introduced in the early days of the session, prepared by the gentleman from Wayne county — let us be more specific and say Detroit — whom the people (now) refer to as Senator Park. But the bill was not acted on at once. The "Grand Master" thought it would not be prudent to push it in the early days of the session, for the Michigan Catholic saw to it that the members of the legislature were posted as to its purposes, and as to the character of the organization it designed to incorporate. The "Grand Master" suggested that the better (Orange) policy would be to let the bill lie in its committee pigeon-hole until the time when business would be crowding, hoping that in the hurry and turmoil of the closing hours it might slip through the legislative machine unobserved.

[Donahoe's Magazine is glad to see that our contemporary is looking after the bugs with a sharp stick.]

GENOA, the birthplace of Columbus, will also celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of his great discovery. It intends to hold an exposition worthy of the occasion, and has already selected for it a spacious and beautiful sight. The city in which the illustrious discoverer was born doubtless feels that it is peculiarly bound to do honor to his memory in a celebration of its own, and there is no reason to suppose that the Genoa enterprise will, in any way, affect the Italian exhibit at Chicago.

Clever Men.

THE little town of Ballina, county Mayo, Ireland, has contributed two of her talented sons to the public men of note in this section. One of them is General and ex-United States Senator W. L. Sewell, of New Jersey; the other his brother, the well-known lawyer, Robert Sewell, Esq., of New York. The latter has secured the chambers in the Temple, in London, England, formerly occupied by Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, and has provided therein a library of American law-books, including a complete set of the American statutes — statutes of the United States, and of the several states. This will supply a want long felt, for about the hardest thing to find in London has been a volume of American statutes. Mr. Sewell intends to maintain the office for the convenience of the American travelling public, upon the same plan which has been successfully practised in Paris by the Messrs. Coudert.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

FATHER FABER says that a Catholic will hardly save his soul unless he is instrumental in saving the soul of some one else.

Tomb of St. Francis Xavier at Goa.

THIS tomb itself must be admired as a masterpiece of art. It surpasses all one's expectations, and it is doubtful whether another mausoleum in the whole of India, or even Asia, excepting the Taj Mahal, could be found to equal it. Its three stages are built of rich marble of variegated colors. The lowest is of red and purple jasper and Carrara alabaster, adorned with statuettes of cherubs. The middle stage is of green and yellow jasper, the principal decorations of which are four beautiful bronze plates representing incidents in the life of the saint. The highest stage is surrounded by a beautiful railing of red jasper marked with white spots. This railing is adorned with figures of angels, and its middle portion is graced with columns elegantly carved, and standing at equal intervals. The intervening spaces are surmounted with arches, and have several incidents in the life of the saint represented on them. The friezes of its four lateral columns are of black stone with white stripes, while the plinths are of yellow jasper. On the top of this stage lies the far-famed coffin, overlaid with silver, in which the remains of the saint are deposited. It is a gorgeous receptacle, divided on each side into seven panels containing some exquisite plates presenting in relief some of the more important incidents in the life of the saint.

THE statistics of immigration at New York for the year ending on June 30, 1891, have been completed. They show that the total number of immigrants landed there during that period was 405,604. Germany sent the largest number 74,382. Italy was next on the list with 70,776. Ireland came third, with 35,424, and Russia fourth, with 33,594, most of whom were Hebrews.

Convicts in the United States.

A CENSUS bulletin gives statistics of penitentiary convicts in each state in proportion to population. In 1880, out of a population of 50,000,000, the proportion of convicts was 709 to each 1,000,000 of population. In 1890, the proportion was 722 to the 1,000,000. The population of the United States in 1890 was 24.86 per cent. greater than in 1880. In 1890, there were 27.88 per cent. more convicts than in 1880. This shows that the number of convicts has increased 2.42 per cent. faster in a decade than the population. Of the 45,233 convicts in penitentiaries in the United States in 1890, the whites formed 67.53 per cent., and the colored 32.47 per cent. Of the 30,546 white convicts, the native born represented 75.60 per cent., and the foreign born 23.79 per cent., while the place of birth of 0.61 per cent. was unknown. The men formed 96.1 per cent., and the women 3.9 per cent., showing 24.64 times as many male convicts as female.

A Baptist Minister on Divorce.

REV. B. CRASSEY, Baptist minister, Springfield, Ohio, says: "Catholicism respects the words of Him who said, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder,' and more than that, she means the same by them that He did, and (let not the comparison be odious) is she not better than Protestantism in this respect? As citizens of the United States we must view with alarm the great evil of Mormonism; but the divorce law is, in effect, the same thing, as it practically leads to successive polygamy. How can we call ourselves a Christian people when we violate a fundamental law of Christianity? The determined stand of Catholicism against divorce must yet be adopted by Protestantism."

BOOKS.

M. T. Richardson, New York.

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING: A complete System of Household Management for those who wish to live well at a moderate cost. All branches of Cookery are carefully treated, and information given on canning Fruits, curing Meats, making Butter, Washing, Ironing, Dyeing, Renovating the Toilet, Care of the Sick, Rearing of Children, Cultivating Flowers, Bee Culture, Silk Culture, the Poultry Yard, and much else that is valuable to housekeepers.

The book comprises six hundred pages, and is illustrated. The authoress is Mrs. Eliza A. Parker, a Catholic lady, residing in Bedford, Ky. And what is most remarkable, she has produced this valuable book amid the cares of a family and every relation of life.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE Rev. Richard J. Whyte, S. J., one of the most scholarly and widely known members of the Jesuit Order in the New York Province, died on Tuesday, July 14, in the College of St. Francis Xavier, where he has done duty for a number of years. Father Whyte was a native of county Kilkenny, Ireland, where he was born sixty-seven years ago. He was educated for the medical profession in Trinity College, Dublin, and came to this country early in the forties. He followed the crowd which hurried to California on the discovery of gold in 1849, and practised his profession there. Finding that he had a strong leaning toward the priesthood, he prepared himself for admission to the Jesuit Order. After his ordination he was attached to the Jesuit church in Boston, for three years, and to Gardiner street church in Dublin, and came afterwards to St. John's College, Fordham, where he filled the chair of Professor of History, for many years. His next connection was with the College of St. Francis Xavier, in West Sixteenth street, where he remained until his death. During the last few years no duties were exacted from him, but he continued to say Mass and hear confessions. His last appearance in public in fairly good health was at the unveiling of the statue of Archbishop Hughes, in Fordham College grounds, a few weeks ago. Father Whyte came from an old Irish family of prominence, who wielded a good deal of influence in Irish affairs in the stirring days of O'Connell. His sister is the superioress of a convent in California. The funeral took place on the sixteenth, in the church, and the burial was in Fordham College grounds.

THE Rev. Father Celestin Joseph Felix, S. J., the distinguished preacher and writer upon ecclesiastical and educational subjects, died in Paris, July 7. Father Felix was born at Neuville-sur-l'Escant, near Valenciennes, in 1810, and was educated for the priesthood. Before joining the Jesuits in 1837, he had been Professor of Rhetoric in the Seminary of Cambrai. His career as a preacher began at Amiens, where he wrote some controversial articles which attracted attention. When he preached in Paris, in 1851, his eloquence made him popular, and his series of lectures in Notre Dame, in 1853, established him as one of the great pulpit orators. In 1871, he became superior of the Jesuits in Paris.

ANOTHER faithful worker in the vineyard of the Lord in the diocese of Hartford has been called to his eternal reward. Rev. Patrick Donahoe, pastor of the church at Lakeville, Conn., died Sunday morning, July 12, from liver complaint. He has been feeling unwell for about two years past; but he was able to fulfil the duties of his pastorate until a few weeks ago. Father Donahoe was one of the ablest and most eloquent priests in the diocese, and was held in very warm esteem by his fellow priests, as well as by the laity of the various parishes with which he was connected during his missionary career. He was ordained to the priesthood sixteen years ago, and was first stationed at Norwalk whence he was sent to Ansonia. From the latter place he was promoted to the pastorate at Stafford Springs, then at Thompsonville, Newtown, and Lakeville in the order named. He was pastor at Lakeville only five months when claimed by death. He was about forty years of age. The funeral services took place in Waterbury, on the 14th. The remains were conveyed by rail to that city on the previous day. At 10.30 o'clock Solemn High Mass was celebrated at the Church of the Immaculate Conception with the following officers: Celebrant, Rev. Father Donahoe, of Southbridge; deacon, Father Thompson, of Taftville; sub-deacon, Father Fox, of Newtown; master of ceremonies, Father Lynch, of Danbury. The chanters were Revs. J. J. Quinn, of Collinsville, T. R. Sweeney, of Portland, James

Fagan, of Naugatuck, Chs. McElroy, of New Milford. The readers were Revs. John Russell, of New Haven, M. A. Hunt, of Southington, and John Cooney, of Colchester. Rt. Rev. James Hughes, of Hartford, gave absolution, assisted by Rev. James Smith, of Guilford. A touching eulogy was delivered by Rev. M. Daly, of Thomaston, his subject being "All Men Must Die." All of the local Catholic clergymen were present, and others who assisted at the exercises. The remains were interred in the family plot in St. Joseph's Cemetery, the services at the grave being conducted by Fathers Donahoe, Lynch, Duggan, and Bannon.

WE regret to hear of the death of Rev. Father McDermott, at Paris, on the 26th of July, of heart disease, where he had gone to regain his health. He was a valued assistant at the Sacred Heart Church in Springfield, Mass., under Bishop O'Reilly; but was compelled to cease work there some time ago on account of a rapid decline in health. He was about thirty-eight years of age, and was a graduate of Holy Cross College. The remains will be brought home for interment.

THE death is announced of the Very Rev. Father Francis Clough, S. J., formerly President of Stonyhurst College, England who died in Stonyhurst a few weeks since in the eighty-second year of his age. He had been a member of the Society of Jesus for about sixty years, and ordained priest about the year 1830, and held among other appointments, that of rector of Beaumont College, near Windsor, and of Superior of the Jesuit Mission at Liverpool. He was the last survivor of the Jesuit Order registered as such at the time when the Catholic Emancipation bill passed into law.

LAY PEOPLE.

A HIGH Mass of Requiem was celebrated at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, on the morning of July 20, by Father Corcoran over the remains of Mrs. Hannah Barry, who died from the effects of a cancer at her home on West Cottage street, Roxbury. Mrs. Barry had been a resident of the South End for a number of years. Her oldest son is Inspector Thomas J. Barry, of police headquarters, and besides him she leaves behind her seven other children, — four boys and three girls, — most of whom are now filling responsible positions in Boston and vicinity. The church was filled with a large body of friends. The music and the floral tributes were beautiful. Of the latter, one of the finest was a piece representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, from the inspectors' department at headquarters which was represented at the church by Inspectors Mahoney, Houghton, Gerraughty, Burke, Cogan, and Knox. The interment was at Calvary Cemetery.

MRS. ANN CAVANAUGH, mother of the Rev. Father Cavanaugh, of Osage City, Kansas, peacefully passed away in the sixtieth year of her age at Rockville, Conn., on Sunday morning, July 12, fortified by the last sacraments of the church she loved. Her funeral took place Wednesday morning, July 15. Her esteemed zealous son celebrated the solemn Requiem Mass, while the pastor of St. Bernard's Church acted as Deacon, and Rev. Mr. John, that of Subdeacon. She was universally esteemed. May she rest in peace.

THE Irishmen of New South Wales are mourning for a venerable old statesman, who, though a Londoner and a Protestant, was one of the stanchest defenders of Catholic rights in that colony, and one of the warmest friends of the Irish National cause — Sir John Robertson. The National League of Sydney sent a wreath and was represented at his funeral. As the remains of the dead statesman were being carried to the grave the bells of St. Mary's rang out a mourning peal. Cardinal Moran boasted with pride, that his Cathedral bells were "the only church bells in the city which had thus rung their solemn tones in respect and reverence." The relations of this old Nestor of Australian Liberals with the Irishmen of New South Wales formed a delightful and encouraging chapter in the history of Irish Australia.

IT is said that Mr. Mercier means to pronounce in favor of independence rather than imperial federation for Canada.

PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS. BY SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO.*

Discovered at Como.

* Sebastian del Piombo was born in Venice in 1485, and died at Rome in 1547. He was especially celebrated as a portrait painter, his likeness of Andrew Doria, in the Doria Palace, at Rome, being one of his best known works. He also acquired fame as a painter of the portraits of the Colonnas, and of Popes Adrian V., Clement VII., and Paul III.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1891. No. 4.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Columbus and the First Church.

WANTED — A MONUMENT.

IN view of the approaching celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of America, whatever concerns Columbus has a special interest at this time. It is a singular fact, however, that no absolutely genuine portrait of the great discoverer is known to exist; the likenesses shown, being either of doubtful origin or ideal portraits drawn from the minute descriptions given of him by his son Fernandez and the eloquent Las Casas, bishop of Chiopas, in Mexico, who knew him well. These descriptions are so vivid and real, and so exact in details, that one can form an excellent idea of his personal appearance from them, with only an ordinary degree of imagination. The cut we give is one of these ideal faces; indeed, it is something more than this; for it is declared to be a reproduction of the famous Gioveo portrait recently found at Como, in Italy, and pronounced by some to be an original, taken from life. If this be true, and the indications point that way, the age in which we live is to be congratulated; for no find of modern times can be compared to it in value.

The picture is an oil-portrait, said to have been painted by Sebastian Del Piombo in the early sixteenth century. It is of good style, well preserved, twenty inches long by sixteen broad, with the following words displayed as in the above cut: "Columbus Lygur Novi Orbis Rep (er) tor." (Columbus of Liguria, discoverer of the New World.) It represents a man over fifty years of age, with an intelligent look, high forehead, prominent cheek bones, an aquiline nose, and thin, white hair; which corresponds exactly with the description given of the great discoverer by his son Fernandez, and another contemporary writer, Oviedo. It also shows him wearing a dark robe or mantle with the hood thrown back like the cowl of a monk, which corresponds with the dress he adopted later in life, and which was described by Las Casas, who tells of how "he met Columbus in the streets of Seville, dressed in the garb of a Franciscan monk," and Bernaldez, the historian, better known as the Curate of Los Palacios, who says that when he enter-

tained Columbus at his house, "the admiral wore at his waist the cord of St. Francis, with a habit like that of the religious observance, both in cut and color." It is also known that when Columbus died, he was buried in the habit of a Franciscan friar, at the monastery of St. Francis, in Valladolid. From these facts, it is argued, that a portrait in such a costume would never have been admitted to the famous Gioveo collection of military celebrities, unless it was unquestionably known to be an original, or copied from one that was drawn from life.

Paul Gioveo, the historian, physician, and bishop of Nicotera, (1483-1552), and author of the famous collection of portraits which bears his name, was a connoisseur of pictures, and had gathered together, in his palace at Como, which stood on the former site of Pliny's villa, a large number of authentic likenesses of distinguished men of his time. As early as 1575 was published at Basle a description of this collection, entitled "Elogia virorum bellica virtute illustrium, etc.," with the portraits reproduced in fac simile, by rough wood-cuts, and among them is the portrait of Columbus. The Editor Perna says: "I have, at much expense, employed an eminent artist to engrave the Giovian portraits painted from life." And Gioveo himself, writing the eulogy of Columbus, gives ample evidence that he appreciated the greatness of the Genoese sailor; for his first words are "Hac honestissima fronte hominem." "*This man with honor so written on his brow.*" Later on he declares him worthy to be honored by his fellow-countrymen with a most splendid statue.

It is argued that, with such an opinion of the great navigator, Gioveo would have been specially solicitous for an authentic likeness of the man. In point of fact, most of the great portraits which were long thought to be originals, notably those at Madrid and Florence, have since been proven to be only copies of Gioveo's picture. In the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society of Boston, there hangs a copy of the Florentine Columbus, which formerly belonged to Thomas Jefferson. When American minister at Paris, in 1784, he engaged an artist to make a copy of what was then the most authentic likeness of Columbus, viz.; the Uffizi portrait at Florence. But Professor Butler, in his admirable monograph, clearly proves that this was copied by Cristofano dell' Altissimo, who, in the middle of the 16th century, was charged by the Duke of Tuscany to copy the Gioveo portraits for the museum of Florence, where they hang in order, two hundred and eighty in number, to this day. This work may be deemed almost providential; for, at the death of Gioveo, the collection began to scatter; something remained of it in 1780, and there has always been a feeling abroad that a diligent search, or chance, would one day reveal the great original. And so the result has proved. Through the failure of the male branch of the Gioveo family, this heirloom, it appears, has passed into the possession of the De Archi family, and is now the property of Dr. De Archi of Como, by whom it has been brought to light and its history has been told. Both Dr. Piadeni and Prof. Jas. D. Butler, of the Wisconsin Historical Society, vouch for the authenticity of the Gioveo portrait, — the latter declaring it to be so

genuine a portrait that, in its own way, it should become as famous as is the Vatican Codex amongst Bible manuscripts. A very clear photograph of it has just been sent to the Royal Commission instituted at Rome for the collection of documents or other memorials relating to Columbus. Their decision will be awaited by the world with interest.

Meanwhile, the preparations in our own country for the proper celebration of the great quadro-Centennial are being rapidly pushed. The 12th of October, 1892, will witness the beginning of that grand series of public observances, that are to mark the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America; since the coming of Christ, the greatest event in the world's history. But, to the student of history, and especially to the Catholic, it means more than this, for it also commemorates the establishment of Catholicity in the New World, as well as the beginning of the civilization of America. It is a fact, not often commented on in American history, that the first house built by Columbus in the new world was a Catholic church. "The service of God," says the chronicler, "surpassing in his estimation all other considerations, his first building was a substantial stone edifice; and the work was so pushed, that on the 6th of July, 1494, the anniversary of the entrance of the Spanish sovereigns into Granada, the first Catholic church in the New World, was dedicated to divine worship. High Mass was celebrated by the new vicar apostolic, assisted by twelve ecclesiastics, with great pomp and ceremony."

The next public buildings erected were a storehouse and a residence for Columbus, built of stone. The rest was built of reeds, plaster, and wood, and such other material as could readily be procured. Thus was founded the first Catholic church and the first Christian city of the new world, which Columbus named Isabella, in honor of his royal patroness. It was located in the West Indies, in what is known to-day as the Spanish portion of the Island of Hayti, about sixty miles east of Cape Hätien. Unfortunately, the situation proved an unhealthy one, and after a few years the settlement was abandoned, or rather transferred to where the present city of Santo Domingo now stands. But its remains still exist; and, strange to say, out of the more than sixty million Catholics to which this church has since grown, no one has yet been moved to locate the spot with some distinctive mark, where the Catholic Church reared its first altar on this soil, four hundred years ago.

In 1840, Daniel Webster said, at Saratoga, in reply to an imputation cast upon General Harrison, that he was born in a log cabin: "Gentlemen, it did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my brothers and sisters were born there. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual pilgrimage with my children. And if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised and defended it, may my name and my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind." Noble sentiments of a still more noble man! Would that the Catholics of America could adopt it with regard to the birthplace of their Mother Church in Hayti.

About the same time that Mr. Webster was giving this beautiful

example of filial love and respect to his countrymen, Washington Irving was writing his authoritative volumes on the life of Columbus, and he published the following description of the old town of Isabella, then supposed to be nearly obliterated. This extract is taken from a letter to him from T. S. Henneker, Esq., then a resident in San Domingo.

"Isabella, at the present day," he writes, "is quite overgrown with forests, in the midst of which are still to be seen, partly standing, *the pillars of a church*, some remains of the King's storehouse, and part of the residence of Columbus, all built of hewn stone. The small fortress is also a prominent ruin, and a little north of it is a circular pillar ten feet high and as much in diameter, of solid masonry, nearly entire, which appears to have had a wooden gallery or battlement around the top for the convenience of room, and in the centre of which was planted the flag-staff. Having discovered the remains of an iron clamp imbedded in the stone, which served to secure the flag-staff itself, I tore it out, and now consign to you this curious relic of the first foothold of civilization in the New World, after it has been exposed to the elements nearly three hundred and fifty years." Such was Isabella, half a century ago.

Over a century ago, M. Moreau de Saint Mery, a distinguished French traveller and archæologist, located the abandoned town at latitude 19° 59′ 10″ and longitude 73° 37′ 5″, on a fertile plain near the mouth of two rivers, and not far from Pointe Isabellique. He describes the harbor as spacious and beautiful, protected by a high mountain adjoining the Cibao or gold region of Hayti.

Twenty years ago, Samuel Hazard, who visited the island as a correspondent with the U. S. Commission on Annexation, wrote that the town was then but a deserted heap of ruins, almost entirely obscured by rank vegetation.

To-day, deserted and unhonored like a pauper's grave, it stands a monument to the carelessness and indifference of millions of American Catholics. If there be one spot in this wide Western World of ours, that should command our attention more than another, this quadrocentennial year, it is Ancienne Isabelle, where our Church first saw the light of day in America, — where the first important act of the white man in the New World was the Holy Mass, the supreme act of Catholic worship,— where the first instrument of civilization that pierced the virgin soil was a cross, and where the first Catholic anthems resounding through the "forest primeval," and vying in sweetness and melody with the song of birds, were the "Te Deum Laudamus" and the "Gloria in Excelsis."

Sculptured marble and engraved stone we have in abundance, and tablets without number bear record to deeds and historical events connected with our faith of far less importance than this. For, mark well what the ruins stand for.

One hundred and twenty-six years before the Congregational Church landed on Plymouth Rock, one hundred and ten years before the Anglican Church came to Jamestown, thirty-five years before the

word Protestant was invented, this church was erected, and the Gospel announced to the New World by zealous missionaries of our faith. No other denomination of Christians in America can claim priority, or even equal duration with us in point of time. No other can show through all the centuries of history such generous self-sacrifice and heroic missionary efforts. No other has endured such misrepresentation and bitter persecution for justice's sake.

From the very beginning, she had been one of the most powerful factors in our civilization, and she stands to-day, at the head of those influences for good that have made the New World what it is. If her history here is a valuable heritage, we to whom it has descended are in duty bound to keep it alive in the memory and hearts of her children. We have recently celebrated the Centennial of the Church in the United States, — but, for a still greater reason, we should now prepare to celebrate the quadro-Centennial of the Church in America.

By some public act of commemoration we should direct attention to this modest birthplace of our genial mother, she who has folded us in her arms, and carried us in her bosom, and nourished us for nearly four centuries, with the pure milk of virtue and moral truth. Her past is indeed filled with lessons and experiences, yet I know of none more pathetic and touching than the story of this first church amid the decay and ruins of the abandoned Spanish town.

Like all decayed and deserted spots, it soon became an object of awe and superstition to the common people. They said the place was haunted; those who passed by declared they heard strange noises issuing from its walls by day and by night, and no one ventured within its gates.

The venerable Las Casas (and the story is repeated by Herrera in his history), tells with much solemnity, how two Spaniards happened one day to wander among the ruins of the place. On entering the streets they beheld two rows of men, evidently, from their stately demeanor, hidalgos of noble blood and cavaliers of court. They were richly attired in the old Castilian mode, with rapiers by their sides, and broad travelling hats, such as were worn at the time. The two men were astonished to behold persons of their rank and appearance, apparently inhabiting that desolate place, unknown to the people of the island. They saluted them, and inquired whence they came and when they had arrived. The Cavaliers maintained a gloomy silence, but courteously returned the salutation by raising their hands to their sombreros or hats, in taking off which their heads came off also, and their bodies stood decapitated. The whole phantom assemblage then vanished. So great was the astonishment and horror of the beholders that they had nearly fallen dead, and remained stupefied for several days."

Such was the popular belief in the days of the early Spaniards regarding the ruined city. To-day it is seldom thought of, and still less often visited, except by the very few whom sentiment or business directs that way. Between being a little off the beaten track of travel, and the constantly unsettled state of public affairs in Hayti,

there is little to induce the average traveller seeking adventure or pleasure to visit the spot. But, to the archaeologist, to the student of history, or even to the Catholic, with an honest pride in his faith, it possesses a charm and attraction that is almost irresistible. The little church is indeed in ruins, but its memory lives. For what it was, and what it stands for, the world should know that we venerate it. There should be a monument or fitting tablet in bronze or marble, so that he who runs that way may read.

In June last, the Chicago Herald, with an enterprise that was very commendable, sent out a commission, with instructions to locate and build a monument on the spot where Columbus first landed. Although there is much diversity of opinion regarding the right location, and it is even to-day quite a matter of serious doubt, between five islands, to which the honor belongs; nevertheless, they erected a monument on Watling's Island, one of the Bahamas, that for years to come will speak of the enterprise of the great Chicago daily, as well as mark the doubtful spot where the great navigator first landed.

Of how much greater importance is it not to mark, with an enduring monument, the spot where civilization took its first hold, and where Catholicity took its first rise in the New World? And where is the Catholic journal with enterprise and public spirit enough to undertake the work for the cause it represents?

About its location there can be no doubt. The ruins of Isabella and the historical proofs are unmistakable. The spot is easily accessible from Cape Hätien or Monte Christ by land or by sea.

The work awaits only the hand of the doer. But who among us is generous and public-spirited enough to do it?

THOMAS HARRISON CUMMINGS.

Cardinal Moran and the Jews.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Moran, in acknowledging the receipt of pamphlets on the persecution of the Jews in Russia, writes as follows to the secretary of the Anglo-Jewish Association, Sydney:

"I beg to assure you that my entire sympathy is with your co-religionists in the suffering to which they are at present subjected in the Russian dominions. Furthermore, I do not hesitate to affirm that not only the Catholic community, but the whole public sentiment of Australia, is associated with me in this heartfelt sympathy. Were Russia a minor State the other Powers of Europe would have intervened long ago to prevent those deeds of persecution of which we read every day in the public press. But because it is a military Empire all Europe remains silent and permits it to pursue unchecked its career of cruelty and outrage. Believe me to remain your devoted servant,

PATRICK F. CARDINAL MORAN, Archbishop of Sydney."

POVERTY is a blessing which contains in itself all the blessings of the world, for it is supremely rich and powerful.— *St. Teresa.*

Death of the Homeward Bound.

PALER and thinner the morning moon grew,
Colder and sterner the rising wind blew —
The pole-star had set in the forest of cloud,
And the icicles cracked on spar and on shroud,
When a voice from below was heard feebly cry,
"Let me see — let me see — my own Land ere I die.

"Ah, dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?
Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?
You are young, my brave boy; thanks, thanks, for your hand,
Help me up, till I get a last glimpse of the land —
Thank God, 'tis the sun that now reddens the sky,
I shall see — I shall see — my own Land ere I die.

"Let me lean on your strength, I am feeble and old,
And one half of my heart is already stone cold —
Forty years work a change! when I first crossed the sea
There were few on the deck that could grapple with me;
But my prime and my youth in Ohio went by,
And I'm come back to see the old spot ere I die."

'Twas a feeble old man, and he stood on the deck.
His arm round a kindly young mariner's neck,
His ghastly gaze fixed on the tints of the east,
As a starvling might stare at the sound of a feast; —
The morn quickly rose, and revealed to his eye
The Land that he prayed to behold, and then die!

Green, green was the shore, though the year was near done —
High and haughty the capes the white surf dash'd upon —
A gray ruined convent was down by the strand,
And the sheep fed afar, on the hills of the land!
"God be with you, dear Ireland," he gasped with a sigh,
"I have lived to behold you — I'm ready to die."

He sunk by the hour, and his pulse 'gan to fail,
As we swept by the headland of storied Kinsale —
Off Ardigna bay, it came slower and slower,
And the corpse was clay cold as we sighted Tramore.
At Passage we waked him, and now he doth lie
In the lap of the Land he beheld but to die.

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

Valuable Discovery of Silica.

AT Friedensville, Pa., five miles from Allentown, there have been discovered practically inexhaustible deposits of silica. Over fifty acres are known to be underlaid with that mineral, the veins varying in thickness. Samples of the silica were submitted to pottery experts at Trenton, who pronounced them admirably adapted for chinaware.

The Historical Argument for the Papacy.

THAT St. Peter was made by our Lord head of the College of the Apostles is admitted by the best and most candid Protestant writers. It is equally clear that the promise of our Lord to be with them to the end of the world was tantamount to a guarantee that their office and organization, as He had constituted them, should be perpetual. It seems clear, even from this general promise of the Great Founder of the Church, that the headship of Peter was intended to be perpetual, as well as the apostolic office. But if any doubt could remain after that general promise, the question was certainly forever set at rest by that solemn declaration of our Lord: "Thou art Peter: and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it." Yet, plain and positive as this language seems, the Protestant world has united in rejecting that testimony, and they have resorted to all sorts of subterfuges to explain away its force.

Under these circumstances it becomes an important question, — How has this matter been understood from the beginning? What testimony does history give on this important subject? The Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R., in the introduction to his admirable and very thorough work: "St. Peter, Bishop of Rome: or, the Roman Episcopate of the Prince of the Apostles," very justly remarks: "The Catholic tradition that St. Peter was bishop of Rome is of importance not only from an historical point of view, but also in the province of dogma within the church, and of controversy with those outside its pale. For as held by Catholics, in correlation with the succession of the Roman Pontiffs, it is in its theological aspect a great fact intimately bound up with what is of revealed faith — viz., the permanent institution by our Lord Jesus Christ of the Primacy in His Church. It forms, indeed, the actual verification in all time of that wondrous promise recorded in the Gospels which our Divine Lord made to St. Peter: 'Thou art Peter: and upon this rock I will build my church.'"

Now we think it is an indisputable fact that the historical evidence in favor of the primacy of the apostolic see is fuller and more complete than for almost any other fact of history that learned and impartial criticism has pronounced to be true. That there has been as time went on, a gradual development, a fuller understanding and more exact definition of the truth embodied in the original deposit, cannot be denied. But the essential point with us now is, that the headship of Peter among the Apostles, and therefore, the supremacy of the See of Rome over which he was bishop, is recognized from the very earliest period of authentic ecclesiastical history. The efforts of opposing critics, following the skepticism of German rationalists, may be compared to the so-called "higher criticism" as applied to the commonly received interpretation of the Scriptures, and are entitled to no more respect. It is easy to criticise, and find fault with the commonly received facts of history; and even learned men who have a purpose — a favorite theory to serve — will do so. But, all the same, those facts

remain, and in the estimation of all candid, conservative men, will continue to be recognized as settled historical facts, worthy of universal acceptance.

The testimony of the Fathers is, of course, familiar to most intelligent Catholics. But it may be of interest to others and especially to candid Protestants to see a few of the quotations upon which Catholics rely for connecting their teaching in regard to the Papacy with true apostolic tradition.

One of the earliest testimonies on the subject of the supremacy of the Roman See is that of St. Irenæus, who lived in the year 157. He was a disciple of St. Polycarp, who was a disciple of the apostle St. John, which brings him so close to the apostles that we are quite safe in insisting that he correctly represents the apostolic tradition on this subject. In his book against heresies in which he has occasion to appeal to the tradition of "the greatest, and most ancient and universally known church" (of Rome) he goes on to say: "For to this church, on account of a more powerful principality, it is necessary, that every church, — that is, those who are on every side faithful, — resort; in which (church) always, by those who are on every side, has been preserved that tradition which is from Apostles." That language, which is a literal though not elegant translation, needs no comment. But as a matter of fact we may state that St. Irenæus, though disputing with Pope Victor about the proper time of observing Easter, did recognize his supreme authority in the church and went to Rome to intercede with him for exemption, or at least for delay of execution of the decree of excommunication which he had issued against those who differed from the Roman practice.

Tertullian comes next in order, 245, author of the immortal work, "Prescriptions against Heretics." Refuting the absurd pretensions of the Gnostics who boasted a superior knowledge to that of the Apostles, he indignantly asks: "Was anything concealed from Peter, who was styled the Rock on which the Church was to be built, who received the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and the power of loosing and binding in heaven and on earth?" Could any language more plainly and emphatically declare the fact that Peter was endowed with the prerogative of binding and loosing and of preserving the integrity of the faith? The appeal is rendered all the more forcible by the fact that it is evidently addressed to those who recognize the truth, and takes for granted that they will assent to it. The fact that Tertullian fell away from orthodoxy does not affect the validity of his testimony to the truth, that the supremacy of Peter and his successors was a recognized doctrine of the church at that time. Archbishop Kenrick, in that able work of his, "The Primacy of the Apostolic See," which has become a classic in the Church, very properly remarks: "The calm judgment of Tertullian, whilst he remained united to the church, must not be set aside on account of subsequent aberration."

Origen comes next, 254, a man of sublime genius and vast erudition, though oftentimes indulging in conceits, fanciful and allegorical interpretations. He gives the same testimony on the subject of the

primacy when, as quoted by Eusebius, he said: "Peter on whom the Church of Christ is built, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail, left one epistle which is generally admitted." In his comment on Matt. xii., he says: "For neither against the rock on which Christ built his Church, nor against the Church shall the gates of hell prevail." The rock, of course, was Peter, and Origen evidently understood the promise as a pledge of perpetuity, not merely of the Church, but of the Church as founded on and inseparably connected with that rock of Peter.

But perhaps the most emphatic testimony of that century is that of St. Cyprian, 254, who, in numerous letters, and especially in his essay on the Unity of the Church, repeats over and over again, the assertion that Peter was the rock on which the Church was built; that he was the head and centre of unity, and that to be in Communion with the Church it is necessary to be in Communion with the chair of Peter. To one who has never taken the trouble to study the subject, nothing is more surprising than the discovery that awaits him on an appeal to the Fathers on this question. There is no more doubt that the Christians of the first three centuries (which are most in dispute) recognized the fact that the successors of St. Peter partook of the prerogatives which our Lord conferred upon him as the head and supreme teacher of the Church, than that the sun shines in the heavens. "There is one God and one Christ," exclaims St. Cyprian to the African bishops, "and one Church and one chair, founded by the voice of the Lord upon Peter. That any other altar be erected, or a new priesthood established, besides that one altar and one priesthood, is impossible. Whosoever gathers elsewhere scatters. Whatever is devised by human frenzy, in violation of the divine ordinance, is adulterous, impious, sacrilegious."

What a comment is all this on the spirit of the age in which we live. There are a multitude of fathers and doctors of the Church who all speak the same language. The chain of tradition is clear, continuous and unbroken, and it leaves our separated brethren without excuse for their apostasy, and without any good substantial reason for remaining in their separation from the Catholic Church. They must see that they are in a condition of endless, hopeless division. Unity among themselves is absolutely impossible. Their ablest and most candid writers acknowlege this. Why, then, can they not be convinced that there can be no substantial agreement without unity of organization and unity of faith and unity in the recognized teachings of the Church? But this unity is impossible without an authoritative head. The Catholic Church alone claims to have such a head, and as that claim is founded upon an immemorial, uninterrupted and invincible tradition, it would seem to be a natural and logical corollary that the safety, the well-being, and the highest good of individuals, of nations, and of society generally requires that they should belong to that one, Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. H. L. R.

It belongs to God to help to deliver us from all confusion. — *Thomas à Kempis.*

St. John's Normal College.

THE NEW TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE XAVERIAN BROTHERS, AT DANVERS, MASS.

THE PILOT briefly noted, last week, the purchase by the Xaverian Brothers of the magnificent estate of Mr. Jacob E. Spring, at Danvers, Mass., and their intention to open on it next month a Normal College, wherein young men desiring to enter the Brotherhood shall be trained for their vocation as teachers.

A few days ago a member of THE PILOT staff visited this noble property. We were fortunate in having the company of Mr. Alfred Blanchard, of Boston, the courteous and efficient agent who negotiated this important transfer. The estate, which has long been locally known as the Beaver Brook Farm, is within the limits of Danvers, yet it has its own little depot, the Beaver Brook Station. Here we were met by the Provincial of the Brotherhood, the Rev. Brother Alexius, and Brother Raymond, director of St. Mary's Boys' School, Lawrence, Mass.

Three minutes' walk up the easy slope of a shady country road brought us in sight of "Porphyry Hall," or "Stonecroft," as the poet Whitter christened the stately mansion. As we stood at one of the massive stone entrances, Mr. Blanchard indicated the gateway opposite of Whittier's summer home. The beloved old poet will be in the season of his residence the Brothers' nearest neighbor. He spends the rest of the year at his home in Amesbury.

The house stands on the top of the hill. It is a splendid building, three stories over a solid basement, and in its construction forty varieties of stone—all of them found on the premises—were used. The same variety of stone, ranging all the way from the pudding-stone, found everywhere in Massachusetts, to brilliant gold and brown, and red and black granite, and pure white marble, is evident in the construction of the three massive gateways to the estate.

Nearly fifteen acres immediately about the house are laid out in pleasure-grounds. A great lawn in front slopes gently to Summer Street. It is bordered by a neat hedge. To the right is a fine tennis-court. To the left, but at considerable distance from the house, is the "Horse-Shoe"—an open space, surrounded by pine-trees in the shape the name indicates. In this secluded spot we found the Brothers from their houses in East Boston, Lowell, and Lawrence, who had come to look at the property, and spend a recreation day on the grounds. These grounds are beautified with stately trees, beds of flowers, and flowering shrubs and vines of many kinds.

The remaining eighty of

The Ninety-five Acres which compose Beaver Brook Farm,

and are now the property of the Xaverian Brothers, are farmland and woodland. The farm is most productive and well-laid out. All the land is well watered. The whole property is surrounded by a neat stone wall, except on the south-west corner, where the East Division of the Maine Railroad passes through it.

Mr. and Mrs. Spring, who were still occupying the house, courteously invited THE PILOT representative to a thorough inspection of it. It is built only about ten years, and is one of the finest specimens of modern house architecture in Massachusetts. It contains eighteen spacious apartments, to say nothing of bath-rooms, store-rooms, closets, etc. Spacious hallways run through the centre of the building, the apartments opening from them on either side. The kitchen and other domestic offices occupy the roomy basement. Drawing-room, reception-rooms, library, music-room and dining-room are on the first floor; the guest-suite and family apartments on the second; school-rooms—for the children of the family were taught at home by tutor and governess—billiard-room, etc., in the front of the third story; servants' apartments in the rear. From every window there is a charming view of the surrounding country, the sea being visible on clear days.

The house, just as it stands, is well fitted for the purpose to which the Brotherhood will devote it; and they are to be congratulated on having secured a property which will not for years require alteration, enlargement, or outlay of any considerable kind.

On the premises is a spacious old farm-house, of historic interest, as well as of present-day utility. It was built in 1670. It has since been somewhat modernized. It is a solidly-built structure, good for many years. This will be occupied by the farmer and his family, who will assist the Brothers in the care of the estate, and will contain apartments for the reception and entertainment of the parents and friends of the students, who may from time to time come thither in the interests of their sons.

There are also a splendid stone barn, and all the needful out-buildings for cattle, poultry, etc.

The drainage is perfect, and the record of the place for healthfulness is such as to justify the conviction that in time to come, as in past times, however much the residents of Beaver Brook promote other local interests, they will add little to the fortunes of physician or apothecary.

"I never conducted a more satisfactory transaction," said Mr. Blanchard to THE PILOT representative. "The family are pleased; the Brothers are pleased. Every one concerned in the transaction feels that the best possible has been done."

The family, who built this beautiful home for their own especial use, express their pleasure that, since it passes from their hands, it goes to those who will make it a well-spring of good for the whole community.

Mr. Jacob E. Spring is a Maine man, and has had extensive business interests in Boston. He is as well known in Buenos Aires as in Boston, having had similarly extensive business in that progressive South-American city; and wherever his name is known it is a synonym for integrity and generosity. His reverses of fortune were due to advantage taken of the latter quality.

He and his charming wife, who, by the way, is a descendant of the Colonel Matson of American Revolutionary fame, and is related to many prominent families in Buenos Aires, are people of cosmopolitan culture and breadth of vision. Of their seven children the four oldest are prosperously settled in various parts of the country, while three remain for the comfort of their parents in their new home in the Southwest.

In September the Xaverian Brothers will open here the training school of their community in the United States, under the title of St. John's Normal College—this name in compliment to their devoted friend, the Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston. The parochial school system throughout New England is developing so rapidly that the supply of religious teachers is inadequate to the demand. Male teachers especially are wanted in many places for the boys in the higher grades of the grammar schools, and for the boys' high schools.

The conducting of colleges wherein secular young men may make their classical course, and be prepared for the Universities, is part of the work of the Xaverian Brotherhood. In their St. John's Normal College they will be prepared for all these charges. Candidates for admission to the college must be of respectable families, must be blessed with fair health and intellectual ability, and must manifest that steadiness of character and interest in religion which are the ordinary marks of a vocation. They will be received from the age of fourteen years. While contracting no religious obligations during their four years' course at the Normal College, they enter it and receive their education and maintenance with the hope and expectation of joining the Brotherhood at a suitable age.

Besides the thorough course of study required by their vocation, their physical training is carefully considered. A well-equipped gymnasium will be one of the features of the college. The ample grounds afford every opportunity for outdoor exercise. Parents and guardians can be sure that the comfort and happiness of the pupils will be cared for. Frequent correspondence is encouraged, and kindly provision made for the visits of parents. The pupils also can make visits home from time to time. Details of terms of admission will be made known on application to Brother Alexius, Provincial, at Baltimore, or to the Brother Directors of the houses in East Boston, Lowell and Lawrence.

In the summer the house will be utilized as a place of rest and recreation for the teachers of the various houses.

How well its position adapts for a centre of the Brotherhood's intellectual interests and activities in Massachusetts may be seen by noting its accessibility. The Eastern Division of the Maine railroad passes through its land, as we have seen; and Beaver Brook Station is, for all intents and purposes, its own individual station. There are half-a-dozen trains back and forth every day from Boston, and it is in direct line to other important places, as Peabody, Salem, Newburyport, Wakefield, Lawrence and Haverhill. It is an hour's journey to Boston; twenty minutes to Salem; thirty-five to Lawrence; forty-eight to Haverhill; twenty-five to Wakefield.

The Xaverian Brotherhood was founded in 1839, with a special view to the wants of the Church in America. Its founder, Theodore James Ryken, was a native of North Brabant, Holland, and was associated during his early manhood, in educational work, with an eminent convert to the Faith, Le Sage Ten Broeck. This work directed his thoughts to the needs of youth otherwhere, and believing that Europe has a fair proportion of religious teachers, he resolved to found a congregation with a view to the more evident American needs. He visited this country twice, receiving much encouragement in his pious project from the American bishops. Returning, he gathered a few men of his own spirit about him, and began his Institute. The Bishop of Bruges favored him. Pope Gregory XVI. gave his approval and blessing to the work; and long before the venerable founder's death, which occurred in 1871, he had the satisfaction of seeing his Institute firmly rooted in America, and spreading in England as well.

Founded with American needs in view, it is superfluous to say that the Brotherhood is admirably adapted to this country, American in spirit, and marked by a practical, cheerful sort of sanctity that attracts the young, and removes from all who come within its influence the strange notions that even good people sometimes entertain about the ascetic life.

The Brothers have flourishing houses in the South, Southwest and East. Their novitiate is in Baltimore, where they have a fine college, Mt St. Joseph's, seven parochial schools and a fine industrial school. They have parochial schools in Richmond, Va. In Louisville, Ky., they have a college, St. Xavier's College, and most of the parochial schools for boys. In the Archdiocese of Boston they have schools at the Church of the Assumption, East Boston, at St. Patrick's, Lowell, and St. Mary's, Lawrence. So much satisfaction has their work given that their services are widely sought, and they cannot fill even a small proportion of the applications made to them for teachers. Their work has the warm approval of the bishops of the United States and Canada.

"The most pressing want of the Church in America at the present time," writes the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, D D., Bishop of Rochester, N Y., a few years ago, to Brother Alexius, the Provincial, "is that of Brothers to assist in teaching our boys. I pray God to bless your work, to multiply your number, and to endow you all with the true spirit of Christian teachers."

The college will be opened Sept. 8, feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

AFTER six months' dickering about a flat-house in New York City, the owner and the prospective purchaser could not come to terms; the owner wanted $5,000 more than the other would give. Then one of the floors became vacant, and the party who moved in chanced to be a lover of the trombone. He played about six hours a day. Two of the other tenants moved out, and no one seemed fond enough of music to move in. The owner was wild, and one day told the prospective purchaser that he could have the house at his figure. Suddenly the trombone playing ceased, and there are people who suspect that the musician was an agent of the man who subsequently bought the house.

LET us never dwell voluntarily upon the faults of others.

Eminent Confederate Generals — II.

GENERAL JOSEPH FINEGAN, C. S. A.

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up, and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

THE Parish register of Monaghan county, Ireland, records on the 18th day of November, 1814, the birth of Joseph Finegan. His family history tells that he received a common school education, in the little town of Clones, where he lived, until at the age of sixteen years he made America his home. Though the object of these sketches is to give a brief account of the Irish leaders in the Confederate Army, and though among those the name of Finegan stands high and without a blot, yet to do him justice, I must first touch slightly upon his life in the years of peace, when every energy of his strong manhood was directed towards the good of his state, and the section he had chosen for his home. Every demand the infant state of Florida made for internal improvement, seems to have been made a matter of personal interest by Finegan. Saw-mills were needed, and we find him starting them in different parts of the state. In railroad and steamboat lines he invested much of his money, and in their aid gave a great deal of his time. What a contrast is this life of industry and success in the Irishman, Joseph Finegan, to the Irish nature, as described by the English Bull-dog in the halls of Parliament! What a contrast is this peaceful, law-abiding life, to that described by the English law-givers as existing in Ireland now! Does it not make us question the truth of the statements made by the Parliamentarians and by the Judiciary? But I am not writing to defend Irishmen, — they need no defence. It only seems strange that the Irish character in America should differ so much from that alleged for the Irishman in his native home.

Though it would be pleasant to dwell longer upon the private life of the subject of this sketch, and to describe his home, his lovely wife, and the happiness that existed in his domestic circle, I must resist the temptation, and move on to the time when internal strife divided our land, and called upon all to take one side or the other. There is a principle that has governed human action for all ages, and existed before constitutions, — that was the foundation of all constitutions; and that principle is — self-government. It commences at the hearth-stone, and extends its influence through the state; and its laws have governed the world, and made all great nations.

Joseph Finegan felt the impulse of this great common law, and acted upon this principle. When called upon in the civil struggle, he put himself on the side of his *Home*, and the man who does not act thus, "is base, and born to be a slave." Joseph Finegan did just what his countrymen are doing to-day; — they are struggling for self-government; they are asking for the sanctity of home, where the English tax-collectors cannot enter; they are asking that the beautiful song of Howard Payne, that has encircled the world with its melody, be no longer unknown in Ireland; that "Home, sweet Home" may

be sung with truth in Erin's green Isle; that the dying Irishman may no longer have to call from a foreign shore to his loved wife:

"Come to me, darling,
I am lonely without thee."

If a man of high morality and civilization will fight for an opinion, it is generally an honest one. Thus, stirred by the spirit of right, Finegan put his whole soul into the cause of the Confederacy. The first thing to be done in this great and bloody drama, was the secession of the Southern states from the Government at Washington.

Preparatory to this, the Southern senators met in Washington, and passed resolutions, recommending secession, and the course to be taken by the seceding states. A copy of these resolutions was immediately sent to Finegan by Senator Yulee, of Florida, with the request in a letter to put forth every effort to have Florida ready for war. When the secession convention was held for that state, we find Finegan taking a prominent place. Upon the adjournment of the Convention, he hastened to raise a volunteer company for the defence of his state.

Soon "grim-visaged war" came upon the land, and every state called upon its true and tried men to come to the front; and we hear the people of Florida, with one voice, asking, through their Representatives, that Finegan be placed in command of Florida troops, and the care of the state be intrusted to him; — a no small trust, when we think of the extent of coast Florida offered to the advancing enemy, through the gun-boats. He was appointed, and most carefully he watched and guarded his trust. When General Seymour had hoped to take Florida, and thus make another point from which the Northern Army could attack the South, he was met by General Finegan (then holding rank as Brigadier-General). The Florida troops had been strengthened by Colquitt's brigade, and the enemy was completely defeated, and Seymour was compelled to relinquish his hope.

In the official records of the war, we find a letter written by General R. E. Lee to General Finegan, thanking him for his offer of his Florida troops, and saying, "I cannot, at this time, take you from your present department, where you have already rendered such efficient service." A line of praise from General Lee was always a line of truth. Later in the war — when Virginia was sorely pressed by the enemy,— General Lee did call upon Finegan; — and he came to the front, winning for his troops, in the bloody battle of Cold Harbor, the name of the "Whirlwind Brigade." Indeed, he went through all the arduous duty and service of the 1864-5 campaign. He was then sent again to look after the defence of his state, where he remained in arms until Peace once more smiled upon our fair land. In the world's history, we find names made brighter by coming through the cobwebs of time; in other cases, the sunlight of research must remove the veil that hides the gem, hidden by the modesty of its own loveliness, before we can see, as in the case of General Finegan, the loving husband and father, the noble patriot and soldier. Joseph Finegan showed his patriotism in war,

and in peace. When the struggle was over, he returned to his home, and devoted the rest of his life to the good of his state, as an active, industrious citizen; and when the conqueror Worm laid low the form so loved by all, his whole state mourned. The military and the judiciary joined in doing him honor, and from every part of the state came the voice, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." I know of no better way to close this little sketch, than to give the tribute found in one of the Jacksonville papers.

"In Florida, a world of memories, at once sweet and bitter, are stirred by the death of General Finegan, who was yesterday consigned to the tomb, with cordial tribute of respect and sorrow. Under his leadership, on many a hard-fought field, Florida's noble sons, — the pride of the commonwealth, and the hope of the state, — gave up their precious lives, in a cause which appealed to their highest sense of duty. To many a Florida home, the tidings from those who fell by General Finegan's side, carried that crushing bereavement for which years cannot atone. The tears that fall for him now, re-open many a wound, which even time, the great solacer, cannot heal.

"And yet, in his own life, one cannot help feeling that General Finegan was fortunate.

"While yet in his prime, he won renown, and he lived long enough after the hardships of war were over, to realize the affectionate regard in which he was held by the people of his adopted state. His career was rounded out to completeness, and he died full of years and honors."

"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again."

JOHN J. GOOLRICK.

Irish Moss.

AMONG the many useful things which absolute privation has been the means of making known to the world is carrageen, or Irish moss. The virtues of this sea-weed, now so largely used as a basis for mucilaginous drinks and cough emulsions, were for many years known only to the very poorest of the poor inhabitants of the Irish seacoast, who were driven to its use by the pangs of hunger. Finding that when boiled it produced a thick, nourishing and not unpalatable jelly, they for a long time used it as food before becoming gradually aware of its beneficial effects in diseases of the throat and lungs. After a time this discovery led to its medicinal use in other and richer lands. Boiled with milk, or even with water, and carefully strained, it forms a most nutritious and soothing diet for invalids, especially for those who suffer from chronic diarrhœa or other complaints which are attended with great irritability of the mucous membrane lining stomach and intestines. The jelly may be sweetened or flavored in various ways, fruit juices, either canned or in a natural state, and coffee or chocolate, prepared as for the table, being preferable to any of the flavoring extracts, both for taste and healthfulness. For invalids it is always best to use the least amount of sugar which will make it palatable.

How Animals Imitate the Strategy of Man.

INDIAN wolves have been seen to leave some of their number in ambush at points on the edge of the jungle, while others drove in antelopes feeding in the open ground beyond; but wolves, as a rule, hunt alone or in families, except when pressed by hunger. Wild dogs, however, habitually combine to hunt, and Baldwin, in his Game of Bengal, mentions a case of four or five martins hunting a fawn of the "muntjac" or barking deer. But in real military organization and strategy, monkeys are far ahead of all other animals, and notably the different kinds of baboon. Mansfield Parkins gives an excellent account of the tactics of the dog-faced hamadryads that lived in large colonies in the cracks in the cliffs of the Abyssinian mountains. These creatures used occasionally to plan a foraging expedition into the plain below, and the order of attack was most carefully organized, the old males marching in front and on the flanks, with a few to bring up the rear and keep the rest in order. They had a code of signals, halting or advancing according to the barks of the scouts. When they reached the cornfields, the main body plundered while the old males watched on all sides, but took nothing for themselves. The others stowed the corn in their cheek pouches and under their armpits. They are also said to dig wells with their hands and work in relays. The Gelada baboons sometimes have battles with the hamadryads, especially when the two species have a mind to rob the same field, and, if fighting in the hills, will roll stones on to their enemies. Not long ago a colony of Gelada baboons, which had been fired at by some black soldiers attending a duke of Coburg-Gotha in a hunting expedition on the borders of Abyssinia, blocked a pass for some days by rolling rocks on all comers. This seems to give some support to a curious objection raised by a Chinese local governor in a report to his superior on the difficulties in the way of opening to steamers the waters of the Upper Yang-Tse. The report, after noting that the inhabitants on the upper waters were ignorant men who might quarrel with strangers, went on to allege that monkeys inhabited the banks, and they would roll down stones on the steamers. "The last two facts," the report added, "would lead to complaint from the English and embroil the Celestials with them, especially if the men or the monkeys kill any English."

Christian Brothers are There.

ON an elevated spot in the Island of Pula Penang, to which civilization had never penetrated until recent years, now stands a beautiful statue of Our Lady of Lourdes. At the foot of this eminence is a Buddhist town of about one hundred thousand inhabitants with a slight sprinkling of Christians. The statue which seemed at first sight so strangely out of place, was erected by the Christian Brothers, who have a sanitarium there, in gratitude for favors which they ascribe to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. They piously hope that the sweet face of the Madonna may shed a kindly light on a region that is still to a great extent in the darkness of paganism. Ave Maria.

Total Abstinence Convention.

THE twenty-first general convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which assembled on August 5, 1891, had a peculiarly national significance from the fact that it was held in the National Capital.

For some weeks before the great event, the local committee were busily engaged in preparing for their guests, and early in the week delegations began to arrive. Among the first in the field were about fifty members of the Pittsburg Pioneer Tourist Club. Philadelphia sent a large, enthusiastic delegation, New England and the South and West were represented, as also the archdiocese of Baltimore; but in numbers the convention was not what it should have been, considering the age of the Union and the importance of its work. It seemed to outsiders that every Catholic Total Abstinence society in the United States should have sent delegates.

The Union was organized in Baltimore on Washington's Birthday, 1872, commencing with one hundred and seventy-seven societies; it now includes eight hundred societies comprised in diocesan and state unions and detached societies.

The following pledge is taken by the members:

"I promise, with the Divine assistance, and in honor of the Sacred Thirst and Agony of our Saviour, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, to prevent as much as possible, by advice and example, the sin of intemperance in others, and to discountenance the drinking customs of society."

The work has been enriched by many indulgences and approved by the highest ecclesiastical authority.

The Convention was called to order at eight o'clock Wednesday morning, August 5, and after a few preliminary arrangements for the organization, and order of business, adjourned to attend Mass at St. Patrick's Church. The services were of the highest order. Solemn high Mass was celebrated by Rev. J. M. Cleary, an ex-president of the of the Union, assisted by Fathers Conaty and Hannon. The latter is affectionately known as "a Washington boy," having grown up in St. Patrick's parish, and having left there only to devote his young life to the service of God in the holy priesthood. Within the sanctuary were the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, with his deacons of honor, Rev. J. A. Walter and Rev. P. L. Chapelle; Bishop Keane, Bishop Cotter and others.

Right Rev. J. J. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, well known as a leader in the cause of temperance, preached a sermon welcoming and exhorting the delegates. His text was: "For God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting. For God sent not His Son into the world to judge the world, but that the world may be saved by Him."

He spoke of the tender love of God for erring humanity, the love of Jesus for His Father and for humanity, the triple love of the Apostles

for the Father, for Christ and for humanity. He told his hearers that they were doing the work of Apostles, and that the spirit of Christ would be poured in their hearts enabling them to work earnestly for love of God, of humanity, of Mother Church, and of country. He spoke of the shameful power which money and whiskey are gaining in this great country, and of the indignation which all good men must feel at the charge that our country is governed by whiskey and supported by the whiskey tax; the same indignation which fired the hearts of the heroes of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and nerved the Father of our country to buckle on his sword in defence of liberty.

He counseled them in their convention to stick to their aims, to concentrate their energies; not to allow themselves to be divided over questions as to the means, but to abide cheerfully by the voice of the majority; to uphold all that was for love of God and country, to do away with all that was narrow, sectional, and self-seeking. In regard to the work which might be attempted during the coming year, he suggested that their undivided efforts might be brought to bear upon the enforcement of laws for the observance of Sunday, the closing of saloons on that day, and the doing away with the scandals which now desecrate the Lord's day. Another suggestion was to do all in their power by persuasion, entreaty, and all lawful and charitable means to induce Catholics to follow the injunctions of the Third Plenary Council, and to get out of the liquor business. Let them leave this business to Jews and heathens and let the state take care of it; the Church does not want to have anything to do with it.

He prayed that their efforts might be crowned with success and that the Prince of Peace might look down upon thousands of homes in which by their efforts the peace and happiness of Nazareth reigns and whose influence will work out God's Providence in this our dear Western World

The Bishop's sermon was listened to with breathless interest, and intense enthusiasm was plainly visible upon the faces of his hearers. The Cardinal said the opening prayers of the Mass, and gave the blessing at its conclusion.

About eleven o'clock the Convention reassembled in the Academy of Music, and there they were warmly welcomed by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the spiritual director of the Union. He told them that he had shortened his vacation to be with them, because he felt, like Uriah, one of King David's captains, that it would ill become him to remain in idleness and luxury while the army of the Lord was preparing for battle.

An amusing mistake was made by one of the city dailies, which reported the Cardinal as having said that many of the priests were "non-temperance" men. What he really said, after welcoming the delegates in the name of all the clergy and especially of Father Walter of St. Patrick's, was: "I am happy to say that all the clergy of Washington are, like Father Walter and myself, *temperate* men, and that many of them are like his assistant (Father McGee), perhaps better still, *temperance* men, as is your beloved friend, the Right Rev.

Rector of the Catholic University." He told them that their mission was a holy one, bringing peace and happiness into the homes of the desolate, and declaring that intemperance, like treason, ought to be made odious in the land; — for as treason dethrones the lawful ruler and sets up a usurper, so intemperance dethrones reason, the ruler of the soul, and sets up anarchy in the place of peace and harmony.

The Cardinal was followed by Commissioner Ross, who welcomed the delegates to the National Capital, and made a very neat and graceful little address, alluding to the many points of interest to be visited, and the patriotic sentiments to be awakened by their surroundings. By way of a practical suggestion in the cause of temperance, he spoke of the study of the effects of intemperance upon the human system, as taught in the public schools of the District of Columbia, and he expressed the hope that this branch of study might be adopted in all the schools of the country. He closed by hoping that all the actions of the Convention might be inspired by the same spirit which animated the noble apostle of temperance, Father Mathew.

Rising votes of thanks were tendered to the Cardinal, Bishop Keane, and Commissioner Ross, for their hearty welcome and eloquent speeches.

The real work of the Convention began with the address of Bishop Cotter, on the condition and work of the Union. Right Rev. Jos. B. Cotter, Bishop of Winona, has won a national reputation as a laborer in the cause of total abstinence. He is one of the "centennial bishops," consecrated by Archbishop Ireland in December, 1889. He held the position of president of the Union for three terms while a priest, and was elected a fourth time at the Pittsburg convention last year. He is a man of fine presence, and of great coolness and deliberation. His utterances are quiet and impressive, and nothing seems to ruffle the imperturbable calmness with which he presides over a body of men composed largely of enthusiasts; for a certain amount of enthusiasm is inseparable from the zeal and perseverance required by the advocate of such a cause. Bishop Cotter is, however, in appearance and demeanor the very antithesis of an agitator; hence perhaps his wonderful influence over the members of the Union.

On Wednesday evening a complimentary reception was tendered the delegates, many of the ladies of the city assisting the local committee in receiving their guests. Refreshments were served informally. The reception took place in Carroll Hall, St. Patrick's old church, which is always at the disposal of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society; and the visitors were welcomed by Father McGee, the assistant pastor of St. Patrick's. He is a young man of about thirty years of age. He was born and reared in Baltimore, and was there ordained a few years ago. He was sent at once to St. Patrick's, Washington, and has been ever since his arrival there an ardent worker in the cause of Total Abstinence, besides attending with great zeal and untiring charity to the onerous duties of an assistant pastor.

The Father Mathew Society, of which he is spiritual director, claims to be the parent of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of

America; and the young priest welcomed the other societies in warm and graceful language to the home of their mother, the land of their birth.

The reception was a very enjoyable one. Among the distinguished guests invited to meet the delegates were Senator Blair and Commissioner Ross. The clergy of the country were well represented in the convention; there were many ladies and several young boys, all of whom took an active and intelligent part in the proceedings.

On Thursday morning the delegates assembled at St. Patrick's Church to attend solemn Mass of Requiem for the repose of the souls of deceased members. Rev. Father O'Brien of Ohio was the celebrant, assisted by Fathers Hannegan of Philadelphia, and Cassidy of New York. The music was of the same high order as on the preceding day, the regular choir being augmented by members of other choirs, under the direction of Signor Mariana Maina, with Miss Louise Boone as organist.

Some of the debates were lively in the extreme. There was much criticism of the methods of organization, and there was much discussion of public measures to which the support of the Union should be pledged. Prohibition, labor reform, and other important subjects were taken up by the Committee on Resolutions, and it seemed at one time that there was danger of the Convention blindly pledging itself to measures which some consider unwise and dangerous. At this juncture Bishop Keane, who was a most earnest and interested spectator, asked permission to address the delegates, and his words were like oil poured upon the troubled waters. He spoke of these questions being like dynamite, requiring most careful handling. The resolutions were returned to the committee, and certain sections which might have proved rash or imprudent were so modified as to meet with universal approval.

Among various reports of interest, Dr. Conaty reported that the publishers of Catholic text books had promised to insert in their next editions literature bearing upon the effects of alcohol upon the human system. The Father Mathew chair at the Catholic University was reported as having received more than $23,600 in subscriptions; and the authorities having agreed to endow the chair when the fund reached $25,000, it may be said to be virtually endowed as the amount on hand is to be invested and allowed to accumulate interest.

Communications were read from various benevolent associations, pledging their coöperation with the work of the Union; and in this connection, one of the most interesting events of the Convention was the presence of fraternal delegates of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Miss Willard addressed the meeting and was received with enthusiastic applause. She invited them to send fraternal delegates to the W. C. T. U. convention, and expressed the hope then they would all unite in spite of differences in religious faith in the great work of spreading the cause of temperance.

The election of officers resulted in retaining the present incumbents, and adding a third Vice-President in the person of a lady.

Right. Rev. Jos. B. Cotter is president; Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, first vice-president; W. A. Manning, second vice-president; Mrs. S. A. Moore, third vice-president; Rev. W. McMahon, treasurer; and Philip Nolan, secretary. The election of a lady to the position of an officer, though it be nothing more than an honorary position, for she is safely out of the way of ever being called upon to preside, indicates a breadth of sentiment which argues well for the future of the Union. As Mrs. McNeelis of Ohio in one of the debates remarked, the Union will never be a success until they get the women interested in it.

On Thursday evening, an open meeting was held at the Academy, but the afternoon session had encroached so far upon the evening hours that it was long after nine o'clock before the speaking began. Bishop Keane made one of his most telling speeches. He was followed by Father O'Brien, of Ohio, who made a most eloquent appeal in behalf of total abstinence. He was very careful to state the doctrine of the Church on the subject, and he earnestly begged all, especially the young men, to become total abstainers. He then addressed most cordial greetings to the visiting delegates of the W. C. T. U., rejoicing that Protestants and Catholics can work hand in hand for the good cause.

The next speaker was Miss Williard who was received with thundering applause. She is a charming speaker, gentle, earnest and womanly, and was listened to with great respect and frequently applauded. She spoke very highly of the good work being done by the Catholic Union, of the great pleasure she had enjoyed in meeting and conversing with the great leaders of the movement, and the mutual benefit she hoped would result from a more intimate acquaintance and friendship between the Catholic and Protestant bodies. She discussed the subject of temperance work in a highly interesting and practical manner, and at the conclusion of her address she was cordially thanked by the Right Rev. President.

On Friday, the work of the Convention being over, a day of unalloyed enjoyment was spent. After a visit to Mount Vernon, the delegates were escorted to Marshall Hall, on the Maryland side of the river, opposite Washington's old home, and there they enjoyed a superb luncheon in a true picnic style, and spent the afternoon in all the pleasures to be found in this very beautiful resort. On Saturday they visited the Catholic University and had luncheon there; they were then driven through the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, and to Georgetown College, where they were given an inspection of the buildings and a peep at the treasures of the Library and Museum. Other places of interest were visited during the course of the afternoon; and the visitors were satisfied that they had accomplished as much as possible in a short sojourn at the National Capital, which they left with regret and hearts full of pleasant memories. AGNES HAMPTON.

As it is very dangerous not to expose our conscience to our confessor so it is equally salutary and safe to discover our heart to him. — *St. Teresa.*

The Fifth Annual Fête of the Œuvre Expiatoire,

AT LA CHAPELLE—MONTLIGEON, ORNE, FRANCE.

THE annual fête of our Lady of Montligeon took place on Thursday, May 14. The unsettled state of the weather during the first days of the week, caused great anxiety to those who were entrusted with the management of the preparations for this great feast so dear to every one connected with the Œuvre Expiatoire of La Chapelle, Montligeon; but trusting in that Providence who had so bountifully blessed this great work of charity in favor of the dead, they labored on with earnest willingness, that nothing might be wanting on their part to make the fête a success, and their village worthy of its holy Protectress, in order to show to the numerous pilgrims they hoped to welcome there on that auspicious day, the love and veneration in which they held the blessed Patroness of the Œuvre Expiatoire. The result justified their humble faith for, on the eve of this eventful day, a decided change was preceptible in the weather, and that morning the sun, as if in honor of the Queen of Heaven, bestirred himself betimes and shone until evening with the perfect brightness of a glorious summer's day. At a very early hour the inhabitants of the village were astir, and to the joyous chirping of the birds was added the cheerful noise of many hammers putting the last touches to the *Reposoir* so anxiously prepared.

By half past nine all outside was in readiness. The high altar erected on the site of the new church was most tastefully decorated, the road to which and to the cemetery, as well as the square, was lined with trees transplanted from the forest, interspersed with tall poles bearing on their summits flags and banners with gold and colored devices, flowers and foliage being strewn on the route over which the Blessed Sacrament would pass. On the square an artificial rockwork supported a rustic wooden cross, and at its foot a fountain played in picturesque representation of our holy faith, the "Sacrifice of Calvary," and the living water springing from a rock. The religious ceremonies commenced in the church at six o'clock, in the morning. From that time the celebration of the Holy Mass continued without intermission until nine, when a solemn service for the dead was celebrated at the altar of our Lady of Montligeon by M. L'Abbé Guesdon, professor of the Great Seminary at Séez which drew the earlier arrived pilgrims to the church, and, in the meantime, a crowd began to fill the village. At the end of this service a procession formed to accompany the Rev. Father Croisier to the altar prepared for the High Mass. He was assisted by M. L'Abbé Fortin, Superior of St. Francis' School, Alençon, and M. L'Abbé Chambey, Vicar of Mortagne. And there on that temporary altar, where later on a marble one will be placed, in the sight of a numerous assembly of pilgrims and assistants, the Rev. Father offered up the Holy Sacrifice

in honor of the suffering souls in Purgatory, and in honor of their queen.

The sermon preached by the Rev. Father Lamarque, of Bordeaux, was listened to with visible emotion by a sympathetic audience. This eloquent preacher alluded to the Pool of Bethsaida and drew illustrations from it applicable to Purgatory, and the well-chosen words used in reference to the zealous founder of the Œuvre Expiatoire were evidently appreciated by his attentive hearers. The music was excellent and had a thrilling effect in the open air. The chants were rendered admirably by the well-trained choir, and the melodies of the Band of the *Genettes* intermingling, added to the charm of this solemn service.

The Mass concluded, the procession returned to the church, after which the crowd broke up into social groups, and soon in various quarters of the village the people dined. A repast was spread in the court of the Presbytery, to which about eighty priests sat down. The Archpriest of Mortagne in felicitous terms welcomed amongst them the guests of the day, the Rev. Fathers Croisier and Lamarque, and thanked the priests who had come to show their respect and good-will to the venerated Director General of the Œuvre Expiatoire, the Rev. Paul Buguet; having also a word of well merited and kindly praise for the "St. Cecilia" of the *Genettes*, a compliment they courteously acknowledged by playing one of the choicest pieces in their repertory. At two o'clock in the afternoon the band delighted the crowd of pilgrims and visitors by selections of music charmingly rendered.

Shortly before three the people collected at the church, and then set out for the cemetery in the following order: First, The Confraternity of Charity, with their cross and banner, and the children of the "Holy Infancy," the little girls being dressed in white, followed by the congregation of the Blessed Virgin, the musicians, choir, and clergy, and a crowd of about four thousand persons, reverent and composed in mien, brought up the rear, all joining in the singing of the chants.

The spectacle at the cemetery was most impressive. This holy place, with its trees just bursting into bloom, and its flowers, seemed to speak of the happy springtime of life, as its well-cared-for graves reminded us of its end, and their pious inscriptions, full of a firm and pure faith, pointed to the resurrection of the body and its continuation in another world, whilst the plaintive chant of the *Miseremini* rose and fell upon the ear with touching sweetness, as if it bore in its sounds a petition to heaven from the dead who slumbered there.

The towering cross, surmounted by a glittering crown and draped in black, which like a mantle covered, as it were, in its folds, all the miseries of both worlds, yet showing at the same time the Author of all consolation, who by His sufferings overcame death, and rose victorious from the grave, had opened heaven to its victims. This mingling of sadness and hope, of joy and sorrow, inspired the preacher with affecting reflections upon the worthlessness of human things, the equality in the tomb, and expectations of a better life. The discourse ended, the procession left the cemetery in the same order as before, and

returned to the altar, where the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given.

The scene was an imposing one ; the sloping ground leading up to, and open space in front of the stately *Reposoir*, prepared so carefully and lovingly by the employés of the Œuvre Expiatoire, was covered with people bending reverentially before it, the priests in white surplices in rows at its foot, the members of the different Confraternities grouped around their different banners ; the music of the band leading, the *Tantum Ergo* was sung by choir and people in heart-stirring tones, whilst the hills resounded with the solemn strains, and the Benediction was given to the crowd kneeling there before the Holy Host.

The Rev. Father Croisier then blessed the rosaries that each one carried in their hands ; and the ceremonies finished, the procession escorted the Blessed Sacrament back to the church. The pilgrims now dispersed in rapid succession to their different homes ; but the festivities were not yet finished, for before their departure the *Genettes* played several selections, to the manifest pleasure of the inhabitants of La Chapelle, and in the evening a general illumination and fireworks lent great animation to the Square usually so tranquil. The rustic cross, with its jets of water, showed up in the artificial light to great advantage.

But all things earthly must have an end, so the fifth annual fête of Our Blessed Lady of Montligeon has come and gone ; but we are sure that none who had the privilege to share in its celebration could carry away aught but pious, happy memories, of a day that passed without a cloud to mar its pleasure, and would take a firm resolution to labor more earnestly for the deliverance of *the forsaken souls* from Purgatory.

We will now conclude, and bid our dear associates over the sea good-bye until next year's fête, and wish the zealous promoter of the Œuvre Expiatoire (Rev. Paul Buguet) every success and blessing upon his great undertaking. M. S. L.

Note. All inquiries must be addressed, and P. O. O. made payable to "The Rev. Paul Buguet, Director General of the Œuvre Expiatoire, La Chapelle, Montligeon, Orne, France," upon the Post-Office there.

Learned Jesuits.

In the East as in the West the Jesuits are amongst the pioneers of knowledge. By means of the printing-press which they have set up at Beyrout, they are bringing out works in which the fruits of Western learning and culture are availed of to stimulate a literary revival amongst the Orientals. This press has printed for the use of native students an Arabic grammar by Pere G. Eddie, in two volumes ; another grammar in French by Pere Blin, S. J., for the use of Europeans desirous of learning Arabic ; an Arabic dictionary, entirely in Arabic, a work of one thousand five hundred pages, double columns, by Said El-Chartouni ; two vocabularies, one in French and Arabic, by Pere Belot, S. J. ; a French-Arabic dictionary by the same Father ; and various other important works as well as learned tomes in Syriac.

Doing Justice to a Great Deceased Prelate.

BY A NO LESS DISTINGUISHED LIVING PRELATE.

Discourse Delivered by Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, at the Unveiling of the Statue of Archbishop Hughes, at Fordham, New York, June 24, 1891.

Most Rev. Archbishop, Venerable Brethren of the Clergy, and Dear Friends of the Laity:

It is an impulse of our better and higher nature to honor virtue and greatness. not only when we meet them in our fellow men in the ordinary walks of life, but also to perpetuate such honor to remotest posterity. When fame is founded not only on the achievements of genius, which is, after all, but the gift of Heaven, but also on man's free and judicious use of the talents entrusted to him; on pure, disinterested, and exalted motives of action, followed by great and permanent results; on "the greatness of goodness;" then it is inheritance of the world, and its preservation is not only a just tribute to the men of the past, but an incentive to virtuous exertion to the present and the future generations. To-day the statue of such a great man is unveiled and under circumstances and with environments which give additional lustre to the occasion. On this day fifty years ago, the illustrious prelate, John Hughes, then Bishop of New York, opened this institution of learning as a seminary for the education of priests of his diocese. It was one of the first great acts of his Episcopate. And now, after half a century, the devoted sons of Ignatius desire to celebrate the golden jubilee of this institution by having unveiled the first public statue to a man who, like themselves, was ever found in the vanguard of the army who fought the battle for the true and the good. His successor in the See of New York, one who inherits his fortitude and love for the Church, lifts the veil and shows forth the bold features and dignity, and, when aroused, the just aggressiveness of the first Archbishop of New York. And perhaps I may add without indecorous presumption that it is appropriate that Philadelphia should come to-day to speak the eulogy of one who spent all the days of his priesthood in her services, who won the name and fame which marked him for his exalted career whilst he was still one of her citizens, and who retained until his last breath the deepest affection for the city of his early labors and triumphs in the cause of God. I come to represent the city that placed the first laurel-wreath upon his head, that she may also place the first upon his memorial statue. And this festival — that of John the Baptist — is an appropriate one. The marked individuality and fearless fortitude of the Baptist were found in his illustrious client, who, like him, was destined to enlighten them that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death; to direct their feet in the way of peace; who was "no reed shaken by the wind," but a strong pillar, supporting and adorning the temple for our God. The statue itself well represents him, not only in the excellent likeness and bearing, but,

figuratively, in the indestructible material out of which it is fashioned. No admixture of disintegrating clay, as in the statue in the vision of the Babylonish king, will cause the destruction of this one or of the splendid character it has been moulded to perpetuate. Like many other great men, Archbishop Hughes first graduated in the school of adversity. Born in Catholic suffering Ireland, in the stormy year of 1798, he learned from the very beginning to endure trials for his faith and his country, and he became, thereby, the more attached to both. Ireland has ever been remarkable not only for her undying attachment to her religion, but also for the vast number of vocations to the priesthood and the religious life, and at a time, too, when her religion was proscribed and persecuted; when to become a priest, was to invite suffering and martyrdom. It was and is an island of vocations. Cardinal Manning remarks that at the Vatican Council there were more Bishops of Irish birth or blood than of any nationality under Heaven. Always desiring the priesthood, young Hughes seemed to hope against hope. When he came a young emigrant to this country he still hoped. Working for his daily bread as a gardener, he told one of his companions that one day he threw his rake on the ground, and kneeling under a tree, "he asked God and the Blessed Virgin Mary to make him a priest!" The all-seeing eye that beheld Nathaniel under the fig-tree was fixed on the young gardener at that moment. He continued to work, to pray, to study, and to hope. At length he entered Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, that fruitful Mother of Bishops and distinguished priests. Here, whilst studying, he paid his way by teaching the lay students. Thus we see that he was truly a self-made man. Such men have great advantages, and suffer at the same time disadvantages which they never perhaps wholly overcome. The necessity for exertion in the beginning makes them all their lives very laborious. If men of strong character and marked individuality, as Archbishop Hughes unquestionably was, they are probably stronger from being self-made. Whatever is in them by nature is fully called out, and thus they are better prepared for the higher spiritual work to which they may be called. The Archbishop had the true natural basis of character on which the noble supernatural structure should be erected. There are some persons in our day who do not attach sufficient importance to the natural virtues in character, and others again who in a spirit almost semi-Pelagian, attach too much importance to them. We must always bear in mind that the natural comes from God as well as the supernatural, and that the natural virtues are in some respects more important than the supernatural, because the latter depend on our correspondence with the grace of God, and, therefore, may be variable, whereas what is, as it were, inborn in us, is less liable to mutability. The good, upright, natural man of strong character is often to be more relied on than a pious weak man. But we must not therefore think that unless the strong natural man be present, on whom to build the supernatural, the case is hopeless. By no means; for some of the greatest and holiest men who achieved mighty things in their day, were naturally weak men. Can we imagine a weaker or

more cowardly character than that of the Prince of the Apostles? Does not God now, as then, "select the weak things of this world to confound the strong, that no flesh may glory in His sight?" However, though this be true, the combination of natural strength with supernatural grace, as in the case of St. Paul, gives highest hope of great achievement. Such was the combination found in the person of the first Archbishop of New York, and hence his great success. Providence, through the agency of secondary, apparently accidental causes, gradually prepared him for his life work. When he appeared in the pulpit in Philadelphia he attracted general attention, though there were some very eloquent orators in the Church there. His sermon in 1829, on the occasion of the service of thanksgiving for the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, is full of beauty and oratorical power. Indeed, it may be regarded as perhaps the most finished of his discourses. His controversies in Philadelphia called out the great powers of intellect and memory with which God had blessed him, and prepared him for the future great battles he had to fight in New York. In Philadelphia he had an opportunity of studying and seeing clearly the effects of lay trusteeism in the administration of churches, and this knowledge was of great advantage to him when called to grasp the crosier of New York. Indeed his priestly life in Philadelphia seemed a providential novitiate for his episcopal life in the sister city. In 1837, the age and infirmity of Bishop Dubois rendering it necessary that he should be assisted by a coadjutor, Father Hughes, who had been a pupil in Mt. St. Mary's College under the Bishop, and to whom he was well known, was happily selected. Bishop Dubois belonged to that noble band of French missionaries who can never be forgotten in the American Church. Self-sacrificing and apostolic men, they sowed the seeds of which we are reaping the fruits. The names of Dubois, Brute, Flaget and Odin and Lamy must ever remain in benediction in our hearts and in our annals. They were great, however, more particularly as pioneers. New York needed a man of the age who could battle successfully with the prominent men in Church and State who opposed the progress of Catholicity here. She felt on the very day of his consecration that she had found him. Cardinal McCloskey, who knew the public feeling on the occasion, and was an interested spectator, thus eloquently describes the scene, in his sermon preached on the occasion of the funeral of Archbishop Hughes, on 7th January, 1864:

"It was, beloved brethren — as many of you may remember — it was on this day, the next after the solemn Feast of the Epiphany just twenty-six years ago, that the same form that is here before us, motionless, cold in death, stood up in the sanctuary and before the altar of the Cathedral, nearly, almost precisely upon the very spot where those remains are now — for this Cathedral was not as spacious then as now — stood up in all the fulness of health and vigor, in all the freshness and maturity of great intellect, as well as physical strength and power, and then knelt before the venerable Bishop Dubois to become a consecrated Bishop on that day. The holy unctions were poured upon his head, the hands of Bishops were imposed, solemn prayers of the Church were recited, the mitre was placed upon his brow, the ring upon his finger, the crosier within his hands, and he rose up to take his place from henceforth and to the end among the Bishops of the Catholic Church. I well remember that

grand and imposing scene, contrasting so mournfully with that which is now before me. I well remember how all eyes were fixed, how all eyes were strained to get a glimpse of their newly consecrated Bishop; and as they saw that dignified and manly countenance, as they beheld those features beaming with the light of intellect, bearing already upon them the impress of that force of character which peculiarly marked him throughout his life, that firmness of resolution, that unalterable and unbending will, and yet blending at the same time that great benignity and suavity of expression — when they marked the quiet composure and self-possession of every look and every gesture of his whole gait and demeanor — all hearts were drawn and warmed toward him. Every pulse within that vast assembly, both of clergy and laity, was quickened with a higher sense of courage and hope. Every breast was filled with joy, and, as it were, with a new and younger might. Great expectations, indeed, had already been formed. We had heard of him before. We had heard of him as the pastor of St. John's Church, of Philadelphia — of his great eloquence as a preacher — of his powerful arguments in discussion, in controversy, in debate; and we all looked forward with joy and longing expectation to the career upon which he was just now entering. Those hopes were not disappointed; those expectations were even more than fully realized."

It is not necessary or expedient that I should enter into the details of the Archbishop's great career in New York. Many of you were witnesses of it and know it much better than I do. His victory over the trustee system, his great fight on the school question, which, though only partly successful did immense good by calling attention to the fundamental Catholic principles of education. Like Edmund Burke, he fully understood the value of principles, and how the poison of one false one will show itself sooner or later in the body politic. He felt that it was better to be right and wait than compromise one iota of truth. He had confidence that the great American mind would yet understand the value of religious education, and acknowledge that the old Church was right in her position, that it was essential to the well-being of civil society. Slowly but surely the thinking men of the country came to the conclusion that the Church was right on the subject of divorce, and perhaps more slowly but quite as surely, will they come to think that she is right on the great educational question — the burning question of the day. By adherence to principle, Archbishop Hughes stood forth as a great statesman, but by yielding to expediency he would have become at best a successful politician. A great ecclesiastic, with clearness of vision, undimmed by selfishness, with the possession of true principles and with courage to act them out, ought to be, like Thomas à Becket, Cardinal Ximens, and our own great Pontiff, Leo XIII., and many others, more likely to see the truth in great questions where politics and morals are mixed up than the mere politician who looks at these questions from the standpoint of expediency alone. Near the close of a career of great brilliancy and usefulness Archbishop Hughes laid the foundation-stone of what must be regarded as his great material monument — the new Cathedral on Fifth avenue. It is true that it was his able and amiable successor, Cardinal McCloskey — a man quite worthy to be even his successor — who built the great edifice, and it shall be another worthy successor who shall perfect and consecrate it; but the selection of the site and the plan of the building, the foundation and whole conception of the

edifice, showed the expansive and progressive mind of Archbishop Hughes. As regards the life and character of the great prelate whose statue we inaugurate to-day, I must permit one to speak who knew him better than I did, and had the power to more eloquently describe him. I mean his immediate successor, Cardinal McCloskey.

In the funeral oration from which I have already quoted, he said:

"In looking back now upon that life through the softened and gentle lustre which death has already thrown around it, it seems to rise up — its character appears to rise up in even colossal sublimity and grandeur. All former prejudices are forgotten, all anmosites laid aside, all differences and collisions, either of views or feelings and opinions, all melt and fall away in that august and imposing and venerable presence. We think only of the great praise and the great man; of his mighty deeds, of his unequalled services to the Church; we think only of the great prelate's rare endowments of mind and heart, and how fully and unreservedly they were devoted to the cause of his Divine Master. If I may be permitted to say it, there was one trait that distinguished our great Archbishop most particularly. It was his singular force, and clearness, and vigor of intellect; his strength of will, and his firmness of resolution. He was a stranger to fear. His heart was full of undaunted courage. In the presence of difficulties and dangers, his energies only seemed to be roused to greater strength and higher exertion. He never quailed before the presence of any difficulty, or any danger, or any trial. Not that he trusted wholly and solely on himself; he trusted in his cause, and he trusted in that God to whose services he had pledged himself and devoted his entire being. With these rare endowments of mind were combined also the gentler and more captivating qualities of the heart. He was to us all the kindest of fathers; he was to us the most faithful of friends. His heart was full of tenderness for the poor, and for the oppressed, and for the afflicted. It was full, too, of gentle warmth and sunshine; and if there appeared at times an occasional tinge of severity belonging to his character, it was not the natural temper of the man. The genuine impulses and feelings of his heart were all impulses of kindness and of piety. He knew no selfishness. He despised everything that was mean and little. He could not stoop to any low trickery or artifice in his dealings with men. He was unselfish and disinterested in everything that he undertook for the cause of the people, in every service rendered either to religion or to his country. And we have this to say in conclusion, that if there were a man who, in the whole history and character of his life, impressed upon us the sense and the conviction that he had been raised up by God, was chosen as His instrument to do an appointed work, and was strengthened by His grace and supported by His wisdom for the accomplishment of the work for which he had been chosen and appointed, that man was Archbishop Hughes. He was, from the beginning until the end, clearly and plainly an instrument in the hands of God. Such he felt himself; as such he lived; as such he died."

In looking back on his character, and determining the niche in the temple of fame in which his statue should stand, we naturally compare him with other great and prominent prelates of the American Church. Perhaps the three men who shall stand highest in our ecclesiastical annals in the future will be Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore, Archbishop Hughes of New York, and Bishop England of Charleston. As an ecclesiastic, profoundly learned and holy, one worthy to stand amongst the Fathers of the best ages of the Christian Church, Archbishop Kenrick holds the first place. As a great public man, a prelate statesman, filled at once with the spirit of religion, and imbued with the spirit of the country, Archbishop Hughes stands first.

The great bishop of Charleston was probably not inferior in

original talent to either of the prelates mentioned, and as an orator was superior to both, but he lacked the magnificent opportunity of position, such as Archbishop Hughes possessed, for the exercise of his great powers. He had the vigor of character of the Archbishop of New York, and greater learning; but whether he would have held the helm with equal power and prudence we can never be certain. God placed each one in his position, and only He can know perfectly their relative excellence.

And now let us, before closing these ceremonies, learn an important moral lesson. In looking at the career of Archbishop Hughes we behold what great things one man intensely in earnest can do in a lifetime. Can we look on such a character and career and not feel our hearts burning within us, to do something in our day and generation before we pass into "the house of our eternity?" It is said that when the lion, monarch of the forest, has been tamed and subdued and caged, he looks with indifference on another lion just come from the wild freedom which he had enjoyed. No memory of his early liberty seems to stir the heart of the enslaved king of the forest. Not so with man. No matter how selfish and little and subdued he may have become, only bring before him the character of a great fellow-man, and his heart is all on fire to liberate himself from the trammels that bind him. The memories of early ambition and holy emulation come back to his awakened soul, and he desires to do something in his day for God and his fellow man. Who is there amongst us who cannot do more than he has done, or is doing now? Let us, then, pass upwards from admiration to imitation of this great priest, who in his day achieved so much and leaves so glorious an example to posterity.

The Catholic Church in this country has a magnificent mission which Archbishop Hughes fully understood. In her marvellous unity of faith and organization we find the cohesion essential to the unification of all the discordant elements of nationalities and races found here. She met all the elements in the past and Christianized them. She has a living, speaking authority — a supreme court in spirituals — which is a principle of unity, and permits no divisions on matters of faith and morals. She has the absolute certainty of her faith which is essential to give strong motives for the self-sacrifice necessary for morality. We should as Catholics be conscious of these truths, and prove worthy of our name and our mission.

To Cool a Bedroom.

If the sleeping-room is warm, it may be cooled for a time by wringing large pieces of cotton out of water and hanging them before the open windows, says The Ladies' Home Journal. Leave the door open, and as the air comes through the wet cotton it will be cooled. This is a good device for cooling a sick-room; the clothes can then be wet again and again. Keep the gas turned low during the process of undressing, and sleep without a light, unless it is a tiny night-lamp.

Kildoona:

THE STRANGE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD.

From the Original Manuscript of Miss Alice Carroll, of Kildoona, Ireland.
Edited by Victor O'D. Power.
Author of "Bonnie Dunravan," "Duncarrick," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

I RECOILED, with a low cry, as my eyes fell upon this most unwelcome apparition. I had not dreamed of such an intrusion on this wild, snowy night.

"You here again!" I cried, unable to repress the words. "Are we nevermore to have even one day to ourselves? What do you want? You surely do not purpose to disturb my brother, just when he is showing some signs of recovery!"

Randal Darragh came forward with a noiseless, gliding motion, and stood close to me in the firelight. Then I saw that his overcoat, (a present from Richard) was almost covered with snow.

"'Tis as good for you to be civil as cross, Miss Alice!" he said, with a dry chuckle, and an insolent toss of the head. "I had trouble enough, I tell you, to find my way here over the snow, and in the teeth of the storm; and I'm in no mind now to listen to your sharp tongue, my young lady! And what's more, I *won't* listen to it! Master Richard wishes me to come here whenever I likes; and he is master, and not you, Miss Alice. So I may's well tell you now, once for all, that I'll come to Kildoona whenever it suits me, and if you don't want to meet me, or see me, sure I'm not axin' you to come in my way, am I? The house is big, and there's room for you and for me. We needn't run agin one another at all, if we haven't a mind to."

With an effort I restrained the hot words which thronged to my quivering lips. Of what use was it for me to fly into a passion with this man? Whatever secret bond existed between my unhappy brother and Black Randal, my influence, at all events, had ere this proved insufficient to break it.

So I was silent now, my eyes fixed sternly into the red heart of the fire.

Randal Darragh moved quietly across the floor, and seated himself on the big settle, in the very spot where he had sat on that fatal night of my sister's disappearance.

It was a reproduction of that by-gone scene; but, alas! one figure was wanting. I sighed heavily, and just then, to my great relief, I heard Nell Connor's voice without, and presently our old servant and Curly Rue entered the kitchen.

"*Wisha*, who's that there, on the settle?" Nell cried, as she came in. "'Tis *you*, is it, Randal Darragh? Well, well, glory be to God! an' so you found your way to us through snow an' storm, fearin' we'd be lonesome for you, I s'pose."

And Nell chuckled ironically.

"I didn't come to see you, whatever!" Randal returned sullenly. "So you may's well shut up, and don't lave your tongue wag so loose in your jaws."

"I'll shut up when I likes, and I'll talk when I likes — d'you hear that!" cried Nell, in high indignation. "An' it's a quare thing, so it is, that you wouldn't stop at home, and look after your ould mother, instead of trampin' here, night after night, to a house where there's no welcome for you, or the likes o' you!"

"Nell!" I cut in hurriedly, fearful of a stormy scene, and not choosing to permit such, while we had the house to ourselves to-night; "hold your tongue! What is the good of talking like that?"

"Just so, Miss Alice; just so," said Randal Darragh, in his oiliest way. "Sure, I *knew* you'd come round to my side, sooner or later, my nate, civil-spoken, friendly young lady! Thank you, Miss. I'll be telling Master Richard about this. I'm going up to see how he's gettin' on now."

"No, you won't!" cried Nell, stoutly, and she slammed out the kitchen door, and put her back to it. "Curly, ketch hould of the poker, and brain him, if he puts a hand on me! I say you'll not go to Master Richard. What's that in your pocket? Look, Miss Alice! A brandy bottle, as sure as my name is Ellen Connor!"

"Oh, Randal, for shame!" I exclaimed, as my eyes now fell upon the neck of a bottle which protruded from one of the pockets of the big coat, and which Randal hurriedly strove to hide with his arm. "Surely you do not want to *kill* my brother, do you?"

"No, I don't. This is medicine; it isn't brandy," was Randal's rapid reply, and the sound of his voice and the light in his small, evil black eyes were alike ominous. "Come, my old screech-owl!" he cried, rising and striding to the door, "get out of the way. If you don't, by Harkins, you'll be sorry for it, that's all!"

"Nell!" I shrieked, rising and dragging her from the door by main force, "are you mad? Don't you see murder in that fellow's eyes, if you drive him to it!"

"Thank you again, Miss Alice," Randal chuckled with a hateful irony in his tones. "I'll do as much for you yet. See if I don't!"

A moment later we heard him cross the passage without, and ascend the stairs. Poor old Nell sank upon the hearth, rocking herself to and fro in her terror and distress.

"Oh, *mavrone! mavrone* !*" she groaned, hoarsely, "Did I ever think I'd see such times in Kildoona? Miss Alice, we have no business here. Master Richard is a dead man before morning!"

"Oh, Nell! Why do you say that?"

"Sure didn't you *see* the brandy-bottle yourself in that rascal's pocket? He might as well pour pison down your brother's throat as that!"

"But, surely, he will not be so wicked as to give him the brandy?" I gasped incredulously, "if, indeed, it really is brandy at all."

* My grief.

"Very well, very well, Miss. We'll see! That's all. It isn't our fault anyhow. We done what we could to save him."

An hour passed, and Randal Darragh did not return. Bitterly unable to endure the suspense which unnerved me, I stole upstairs noiselessly and listened for a moment at my brother's door.

I heard the sound of broken mutterings, gasps, and, occasionally, short, restless moans. Then a footstep crossed the room, and I fled quaking.

So another hour wore on and bedtime was at hand. Curly Rue had already withdrawn, and Nell and I were alone.

"It's no use for us to stop up any longer, Miss Alice," Nell said. "It's late enough now. I'll not leave you to-night, child. Miss Anne told me not. I'll make up a bed for myself alongside of yours."

"But, Nell," I whispered anxiously, "what of Master Richard? Are we to leave him to the mercy of that devil to-night?"

"What can we do, Miss Alice? I left night-drinks in his room and the saucepan full of chicken-broth, an' unless Black Randal means to kill him dead, sure he'll know how to docthor him until morning."

"Very well, Nell," I said, as we did at last put out the lights below-stairs. "Let us be going."

But, in my heart, I determined to remain on the watch all night, and to keep ears and eyes well open.

Nell was not long preparing her temporary bed on the floor in my room, and she was soon cosily tucked into it and fast asleep. I lay wide awake, however, listening vaguely to the angry skirl of the blast and the hissing sound of the snow-flakes driven by the gale against the panes.

For an hour or two, as it seemed to me, no other sounds but these reached my ears; and I think I must have been dropping off to sleep at last, too exhausted to carry out my previous arrangements, when, suddenly, I was aroused by a smothered cry from a distant part of the house.

It was like my brother's voice; and in a second I was out of bed, standing trembling on the floor. I hastily flung on some clothes and listened, with a beating heart. Then I thought I distinguished Richard's voice again, raised in excitement of some kind, and then again came a smothered cry of horror.

"Nell! Nell!" I screamed, stooping and shaking the sleeping figure wildly, "follow me to Master Richard's room! Quick! — for the love of God!"

Not waiting for a second longer, I fled breathlessly in the direction whence I had heard that awful cry. As I approached the lobby leading to Richard's room, my brother's voice fell distinctly upon my ear; but — Great Heaven! — what was wrong! The voice sounded shrill, delirious, broken with gasps and moans of terror.

"That fiend must have given him the brandy!" I cried to my quaking heart. "It has driven him to delirium. Oh, God! What am I to do!"

I tottered to the door and flung it wide open. For one second

the scene within flashed before my startled eyes, with all the distinctness of a photograph.

In the flickering light of the candle placed on a table near the bed, I saw Richard, his face livid, distorted with horror, as it seemed, a dreadful stare in the distended eyeballs, his fingers clenched together, his whole frame convulsed in the paroxysm of delirium. Randal Darragh was stooping over him, striving by main force to keep him in bed; but it seemed that his utmost strength was taxed, and that my brother was every moment gaining the mastery.

Wild words and cries and groans broke from Richard's livid lips. At first I was too horrified by the sudden shock of the occurrence to attend to these broken sentences, to follow out their meaning. But, as I stood rooted for one dreadful moment at the open door, Richard's voice rose to a shriek, and words which paralyzed me with horror, fell upon my ear:

"Ah! take her away from me! Take her away from me! Her eyes are burning into mine. She is going to choke me — to kill me! — to have her revenge. Away! — *Away!* Back from me! Ah! she is coming nearer! Marion, *Marion*, have mercy! I did not mean to murder you that night. I tried to pull you back, but you fell over the black precipice, in spite of me. Mercy! Mercy! *Mercy!*

I suppose I must have uttered an unconscious cry, for at that instant Randal Darragh glanced hurriedly round and saw me standing at the open door.

Such a look of affright and horror blanched his face as I had never seen in that evil countenance before. For a moment his arms seemed to lose their muscular force, and his frenzied victim almost broke away from the restraining grasp.

I stood speechless, as though turned to stone. In truth, I had not as yet fully realized what I had heard. The wild words repeated themselves in my dazed brain, carrying but little meaning with them.

"*You* here!" Randal gasped at last. "Go away — go away. This sight is not for you, or the likes of you, Miss Alice. Never heed what he's saying! Don't you listen to it! He'll be all right soon. Go, go, Miss Alice! The sight o' you is dhrivin' him mad! Don't you hear him askin' me to keep you back from him?"

Even in my dazed state at that moment, the brazen cunning of these words struck me, and went far to clear my clouded senses.

"No, no!" I cried, scarce knowing what I said. "He is not talking of *me*. He is thinking of another — of my lost sister, Marion."

"Marion! Marion!" shrieked Richard, catching at the name at once and recoiling violently, while the dreadful stare of his eyes intensified, and a visible shudder convulsed his limbs. "Save me, save me from her! Tell her how it happened! I did not intend to kill her! No! No! I always loved her! Marion, have pity! Marion, forgive me! Help! *Help!*"

I could listen to no more. I could look on at the scene no longer. I turned and staggered from the room, just as Nell Connor rushed in.

I went along the darkened lobby blindly, unconsciously, while the

words which I had heard gradually came home to me in all their true horror. My clear reason returned. The full truth glared upon me. I could no longer doubt it: My lost sister had met with foul play. She had been murdered,— *but by whom?*

I started and flung my hands above my head, with a long, bitter cry. Even in thought I could not follow out that overwhelming discovery.

Then I rushed down stairs, one impulse driving me pitilessly onward. Hesitate I dared not, could not. To leave Kildoona, to fly from this accursed house — now, this moment; such was the relentless impulse.

I drew back the bolts of the backdoor, with a nervous, eager hand. What cared I, in that awful moment, for the fury of the gale, the merciless beating of the snow!

As I opened wide the door the wind rushed in with a yell of rage, and the drifted snow formed a barrier before me. But that could not oppose me now. I bounded forward into the storm and was away, bareheaded that I was, my feet scarce touching the ground as I fled.

"On, on to Rathronayne! — on, over the hill-path which I knew so well!" was the thought which urged me onward. "Ah! *there* I shall find rest! — *there* I can breathe again, and think over my awful discovery of to-night!"

Not until I had reached the open hill-side, did the preternatural vigor within me begin to flag. Then, at last, I roused myself to the consciousness of my true situation.

Here I was, alone, in the fury of the storm, in the dead of night, with the drifted snow all around me and above me, with no foot-track to guide me over the whitened waste, no friendly light from farm-house or cabin; snow, snow, snow everywhere, and overhead the wild skies, with tattered masses of sooty cloud, like piles of battle smoke fleeing onward before the driving gale.

How the wind rushed and raved and roared over the hills and through the narrow gullies of the crags! How it tore away huge snow-drifts from the heights above, and dashed them down, with a fierce scream of triumph, to swell the deepening heaps below!

On and on I struggled, and ere long — despite my frenzied efforts to overcome the fatal sensation — I felt a chill, as of death, slowly benumb my weary limbs, creep down to the tips of my fingers, and freeze the warm life-blood at my heart.

Yet still I struggled blindly ahead. Many a time I staggered and fell, rose tremblingly, and again strove to plough my way through the cruel drifts which, in parts, were knee-deep. And all the time the wind and snow beat in my unprotected face. Before me all was blank, save for that whirling, rushing, hissing downpour. To retrace my steps was now impossible.

I had lost my way on the trackless waste!

Slower and slower my weary numbed limbs dragged themselves along. Again and again I fell, rising always with less energy, recommencing the toilsome onward struggle with less hope, less heart, and, gradually, less consciousness.

Ah, yes; it had come to this. A terrible exhaustion seized upon me. My breath came and went in short, heavy gasps. And now I could barely drag my ice-cold limbs after me, as I toiled still on, on, on.

Then, suddenly, there flashed before me the memory of a dream I had once had, on that night,— you may remember,— of Marion's disappearance. It all came back to me again — only that then it was but a vision of the night and now it was a bitter reality.

Onward, still onward. But at last — was it fancy? — or was there, in truth, a strange singing in my ears? — a sound bewildering, but not unpleasant. It lulled me; it soothed me; it gradually eased my heart, drugged memory, stole away sense, sight, hearing.

I vaguely felt that the snow lay heavily on my arms and neck; but I no longer strove to shake it off. Was I moving at all now, or had I paused to listen to that fairy music?

My head swam; my eyes grew dim. The pleasant singing rang loudly and merrily in my ears. The storm seemed to have died away to a broken wail. I no longer felt the beat of the snow-flakes on my face.

Oh! the pleasant white snow-bed which invited my aching limbs to rest and peace. Ah! I had not the strength to resist it. Why struggle wearily onward with that merry music in my ears, and those deep drifted couches all around me?

So I succumbed, with a long sigh of relief; and my last recollection is of the wind dying away to a murmur, and of the elfin music lulling me to rest.

CHAPTER XX.

ACCIDENT — OR DESIGN.

THE low murmur of voices near me; the ruddy glimmer of a fire in a big, old-fashioned room; the wild dashing of rain against the windows; such were the sights and sounds to which I opened eyes and ears after what appeared to me a prolonged, dreamless slumber.

So I lay quietly for a minute or two, and then I recognized the voices. The speakers were Aunt Anne and Nora Ronayne; but I was unable to follow what they said.

"Aunt Anne and Nora," I mused vaguely. "So Nora has come to see us at last. Yet no; this is not Kildoona! What room is this?"

I moved my head a little on the pillows, and I suppose the motion, slight though it was, must have caught Aunt Anne's sensitive ear. The next moment my old kinswoman was stooping over me, her kindly eyes fixed on mine in the fire-light.

"Alice," she whispered, eagerly, "Alice, darling, do you know me?"

"Know you, Aunt Anne?" I murmured, and I found it a

physical effort to articulate, why I knew not. "Of course I know you! Where am I? This is not Kildoona."

"No, Alice. Don't you remember, dear? We are at Rathronayne now. We have left Kildoona."

"Left Kildoona?" I repeated vaguely. "Left it forever?"

"Heaven only knows, dear! Nora," she added, turning hurriedly, as though anxious to divert my thoughts somewhat, "come here and speak to Alice. She is herself again, thank God!"

Kind-hearted Nora Ronayne was presently beside me, one of my hands in hers, her cheek pressed to mine.

"Dear, dear Alice," she said, in her affectionate, musical tones, "I am so delighted that you recognize us once again! You have been ill, dear, dangerously ill."

"Ill?" I repeated incredulously. "What has happened? How long have I been here?"

"Nearly a fortnight, my dear," Aunt Anne took it upon herself to reply. "Now, Alice, you must not talk too much, you know. Your lungs and chest have been dangerously attacked. You narrowly escaped death. We must be careful, child, and avoid a relapse. That would be worse than all."

I was silent, thinking over her words; and, little by little, memory returned; the fog which obscured my brain cleared slowly away, and that last dreadful night in Kildoona, my awful discovery, my flight across the snowy mountain-side, flashed before me in every ghastly detail.

"Oh, Aunt Anne," I gasped hoarsely, clinging to her hand in a sudden wild terror, "I remember all. Ah, it was no dream then,—no dark nightmare! But tell me, tell me," I added hurriedly, "who brought me here? Who found me on the hills that night?"

Aunt Anne hesitated for a moment; and it was Nora who replied to my eager questions.

"Your escape from an awful fate that night, Alice," she said in trembling tones, "was truly marvellous. And you could never guess who your preserver was. It is a strange story."

"Was it Launce who found me?" I said at once. "Ah, do not hesitate to explain everything."

"No, dear; it was not Launce. It was Rollo, your faithful dog! Rollo that night broke loose from his kennel where we always kept him secured, since you sent him over from Kildoona. Launce feared that a return to his old home meant *death* for poor Rollo; so he was careful to preserve him from such a fate. Well, on that night, as I say, Rollo escaped, and was rushing towards Kildoona across the hills, when lo! Alice, he came upon *you!*

"You had fallen in the snow which had but partly covered you, so that you cannot have been many minutes lying there. Poor Rollo howled and whined piteously, and his cries reached the ears of Jim Cussen and his family, whose cabin was, luckily, within a quarter of a mile of the spot where you had fallen.

"Jim was not long in putting in an appearance, and he carried

you to his house. At the dawn of day Jim was here with the news, and we had you removed at once to Rathronayne. You were delirious then, and a dangerous illness followed. For one week we feared there was no chance for you, dear; and you raved at intervals during that time."

"Raved!" I gasped. "What did I rave about?"

"Indeed, it would be hard for us to tell that, child!" Aunt Anne put in here. "Your mutterings were broken and undistinguishable for the most part."

"And Miss Carroll always turned me out of the room when you began these mutterings," Nora added. "Not, indeed, that I cared to linger. I think there is nothing so dreadful to hear as the wanderings of a 'mind diseased.'"

"And so Rollo it was who snatched me from death," I murmured, with a long, relieved sigh. "Dear, faithful dog!"

"He is stretched this moment on the mat outside your door, Alice," Nora said. "There he lies, day and night, since you were brought here."

"Oh! let him in!" I cried, eagerly. "Rollo! Rollo!"

Nora ran to open the door, and in bounded the shaggy setter. He whined and yelped in the wildest delight. He seemed not to realize the fact that I was able to speak to him, to know him once again. I rose a little on my pillows and shook the big paws which he planted beside me on the coverlet, and laid my flushed cheek against his honest noble face.

Then the exertion of the whole scene and the varied emotions of my mind brought on a reaction. I sank back almost gasping upon the pillows, and instantly Rollo was withdrawn, sorely against his will.

But from that evening forward my recovery was rapid. I was soon able to sit up in a big arm-chair beside the fire; and here Launce Ronayne and his father would come to me, and dear Father William O'Brien, and many other kindly old friends and well-wishers.

Nell Connor was, of course, always in attendance. She had left Kildoona the evening after my flight from that ill-fated house. I scarce dared to ask her any questions concerning Richard, fearing that she, too, might have overheard his awful disclosure.

But at last I summoned up courage; and I was relieved to find that Nell appeared not to have followed the true drift of his delirious words.

"I heard him mention poor Miss Marion," said Nell, "and he said she was dead an' that her sperrit was comin' into the room, an' he screeched out to Black Randal to keep her away from him! Then Randal made me lave the room, and he locked the door on the inside. Sure I didn't know when you went, Miss Alice, and I sent Curly Rue with a lantern to search all about the place for you, an' he couldn't find you, an' then a weakness came over me, an' I wasn't able to stir hand or foot till Nellie Cussen come next mornin' to Kildoona and told me all about you."

"And how was Master Richard that day, Nell?" I asked with a shiver.

"Oh, he was quiet enough, thank God! An' when I left he was gettin' better. Sure Nance Darragh is at Kildoona now, Miss, an' herself an' Randal stops in the house day an' night."

"Just what I thought," I groaned, clasping my hands across my heart. "Ah, we all left at the right time, Nell! Kildoona has no further welcome for us."

During those days of recovery Aunt Anne and I had many long talks together. I knew there was something weighing upon her mind, however, which as yet, she had withheld from me; and one day I taxed her with this reticence, and she spoke out at last.

"Alice, my dear child," she said, her voice broken with the force of this inward agitation, "it is true that my mind is sorely, sorely harrassed! You remember what Nora and I told you on that day when your senses returned: we said that we failed to follow your ravings — that your words and sentences were broken, unintelligible, aimless. Well, Nora, at least, spoke as she believed; because I always sent her away when those dreadful ravings began. But *I* heard what you said, Alice. I could not shut my ears to it. My heart shivers again now, as I recall your words!"

"What did I say?" I gasped, and I felt a cold dew burst upon my temples. "Did I reveal — *all?*"

"Yes, Alice," was Aunt Anne's whispered reply. "You must have revealed all; because the revelation could not be more awful than it was. Not once alone, but a dozen times at least, I heard the ghostly secret, — the secret of our lost Marion's fate! Oh, Alice, Alice! did you really mean those words? Have you proofs of what you said? My mind refuses to entertain the horrifying thought that Marion came to her death at the hands of her own brother!"

"Hush, hush, Aunt Anne!" I cried wildly, seizing her by both hands and clasping them convulsively in my agitation. "Let no one hear you breathe such words as those! My mind, like yours, refuses to credit so monstrous a suspicion. God grant it is groundless!"

And then, still clasping her hands as we sat in the fire-light in my bedroom, I told her the story of my last night at Kildoona, concealing nothing, exaggerating nothing in that record of mystery and horror.

"But surely, surely," I urged, with frantic eagerness, "Richard's delirious ravings are not to be taken literally! He had been thinking of Marion, striving, perhaps, to unravel the mystery of her fate. He may have come to the conclusion at last that she met with foul play. And then, — and then—"

But my eager voice faltered and broke down. I could offer no satisfactory explanation of my brother's uncompromising words. Ah! I fancied I heard them again now, despite my efforts to repress them:

"Marion, Marion, have mercy! I did not mean to murder you that night. I tried to pull you back, but you fell over the black precipice, in spite of me!" And again:

"Ah! tell her how it happened! I did not intend to kill her. No! No! I always loved her. Marion, have pity! Marion, forgive me. Help! Help!"

What could I say, in the face of such words as these? Now that I recalled them, they rang upon my ears again, charged with tenfold their former significance and horror.

No, No! I could no longer shut out the blasting fact that Richard had, in truth, a dark and terrible reason for those words. By whatever means it had come to pass,— whether design or accident had brought about the fatal occurrence, — my heart told me, in that awful moment, that my lost sister had been done to death by her own brother's hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SPIRIT-FACE.

CHRISTMAS was rapidly approaching, and already Launce and Nora had begun to adorn the old-fashioned rooms at Rathronayne with holly and ivy, great shining clusters of glossy leaves and vivid red berries, wreaths and garlands of the trailing golden and white ivy; which brightened up the dark-red flock-papering and upholstery and the deep-moulded frames of the dusky oil-paintings on the walls.

Great fires roared up the wide chimneys; and, under other circumstances, this ancestral house, amid its wild hills, woods, and glens, would have been thoroughly enjoyable just now, as the storm and rain struggled for the mastery without, and the Atlantic breakers thundered in along the broken shingle below.

But a mill-stone seemed to be fastened about my neck. My fatal secret haunted me night and day. It was in vain that Brian Ronayne strove to cheer me. It was in vain that Nora laughed and chatted, conjuring up happy future scenes which should altogether atone for the sadness and mystery of the past.

Even Launce endeavored valiantly — dear compassionate heart! — to cast aside his own regrets, and to wear a smiling countenance whenever he approached me. But alas! I saw too clearly through the kindly mask; I read the deep-rooted sorrow of his great brown eyes; and, to my ears, his laughter was sadder than weeping, his hopeful words less endurable than the language of despair itself.

Aunt Anne and I guarded our dark secret well, scarce touching on that agitating topic even when we found ourselves alone.

Of what avail was it to discuss the matter? What could gloomy conjecture effect?

But as the days went by, this purposeless pondering over that mystery became more and more intolerable to me. At times a wild impulse seized upon me to shriek aloud my awful suspicions, — to free my mind, once and forever, from this maddening burden of secrecy and horror.

"I cannot bear it much longer!" I said to myself distractedly. "I cannot remain inactive. I must take some steps to arrive at the truth. What am I to do?"

Ah, what indeed! There was the puzzle. I shrank from revealing

my suspicions to Brian Ronayne, or to Father William. How could I, — fondly as I had loved Marion, — thus deliver up my brother to a fate which I dared not define! How could I take this full advantage of his delirous ravings, thus turning these awful wanderings of his frenzied brain into a fatal weapon against himself!

"No, no! I cannot be his destroyer!" I cried to my quaking heart. "His crime, — if, in truth, he is guilty of crime, — shall be its own avenger! But one thing I can do; one thing I must do forthwith: I will go over to Kildoona, — I will see Richard, — I will repeat to his face the words which I overheard that night; and I will demand an explanation from him."

Once I had framed this intention, I was feverishly impatient to realize it. As yet I had ventured out-of-doors but once since my recovery, and then it was merely to take advantage of half an hour's unexpected sunshine which had stolen down capriciously one day from between the deep-piled, wintry clouds.

"The walk to Kildoona may be a risk," I thought; "yet I will venture it. This suspense is killing me!"

But as if to render me desperate, the weather, which had been tolerably fine for the previous few days, broke at this juncture, and we had rain, rain, rain almost unceasingly, for the remainder of that week.

Then it cleared. A hard frost set in; and lo! Christmas-eve had stolen upon us — that day of days which always revived within my heart so many saddening memories.

I said nothing to Aunt Anne of my project. I breathed no word to any one in the house, and about four o'clock that evening I got away unobserved from Rathronayne, and was ere long hastening across the frost-bound hills to Kildoona,

The purple shadows of the early winter twilight were already gathering over the mountains, glens, and ocean, by the time I had reached the old stile which brings you into the grounds of Kildoona.

As I approached the house, my hurried pace grew slower. My heart was beating heavily. The nervous excitement which had thrilled me through and through since I had left Rathronayne, had supplied the lack of physical strength; but that I was still weak, and that this hurried walk over the hills was as yet too much for me, became evident, now that the reaction was setting in.

I leaned heavily against the rugged trunk of an oak tree, and for the moment I felt on the point of fainting from sheer fatigue.

"Yerra welcome, Miss Alice! Sure we thought we'd never agin have the pleasure iv seeing your purty face here!"

The jarring voice of Randal Darragh fell upon my ears from the shadows. I started and recoiled, and would have crept away amid the trees, only that Randal came hastily forward and placed his heavy hand upon my arm.

"I was just going to the cross roads, for Christmas candles," Randal went on to say, "when I seen your figure between me and the sky, as you came down the hill-path, Miss Alice; and then I waited to be sure who it was. I'm glad you took it into your head to come see your brother, Miss. He was wishin' to see you."

"Wishing to see me?" I repeated, averting my eyes from the furtive, searching glance, which Randal Darragh had fixed upon me, in the shadows. "Has he anything particular to say to me?"

"Well, you see, Miss, he was a bit surprised at the way you and Miss Anne and ould Nell thrated him. Why, but for my mother, he'd be in a bad way ever since. And there was another matter, too." And now Randal hesitated, and his glance became still more keen and disconcerting. "You heard some foolish things he said, that night you left Kildoona. His mind was wandherin', an' there was no head nor tail to anything that come from his lips. But you seemed frightened, Miss Alice; and Master Richard is onaisy till he explains things a bit."

"And I am more uneasy, until I hear his explanation," I said at once. "It was for this reason that I ventured over here this evening. Where is my brother?"

"In the Elm Parlor, Miss, lying in the arm-chair by the fire."

"Oh, he is better, then? He can leave his room?"

"La! yes, Miss; but he looks pulled down a bit, av coorse."

I was passing on without another word; but, somewhat to my surprise, Black Randal also turned and followed me.

"I thought you were going to the cross-roads," I said sharply. "I can find my way very well to the house!"

"I am going to the cross-roads, Miss; but I has a word to say to you first," was Randal's reply. "You'll want to be cautious in what you say to your brother, and *how* you say it! His timper is like fire-an-tow for the past week. Sometimes I'm afeared there's something wrong with his head!"

"If so, he may thank you for it!" was my reply, and I walked briskly onward, while Randal slunk away into the shadows.

Nance Darragh opened the door for me, and stared at me at first as though I were a ghost. She was a hideous woman, with a copper-yellow face, eyes like her son's, heavy black brows, a coarse, cruel mouth, and a bristling black mustache adorning her long, slavering upper lip. She stood in almost a menacing attitude, placing her unsightly person directly in my way, and keeping the door but partly open.

At this the blood mounted to my temples, and my flagging spirit asserted itself.

"Let me pass at once!" I said indignantly. "I am going to the Elm Parlor, to see my brother."

I brushed past her, not even listening to some muttered words which fell from her lips, and without waiting to knock entered the Elm Parlor, and crossed the floor to the hearth.

"I have come to see you, Richard," I said, almost ere I had distinguished my brother's figure reclining in a big arm-chair in the firelight. "Randal Darragh told me you had something to say to me."

Then I saw Richard's face distinctly, and I recoiled, with a gasp.

Again there flashed before me that face I had seen in the Glen Chapel, on this very night twelve months before. The eyes seemed to have sunk far back in the hollow sockets; the cheeks were colorless

and emaciated. The bright hair fell in unkempt, snaky locks over the forehead, and the long, thin fingers clasped and unclasped themselves nervously, while the rigidly compressed lips looked like lips of stone.

As my voice fell upon his ear he started violently, and his eyes fixed themselves upon my face with such a look of surprise, terror, suspicion, as checked effectually the impulsive movement I had made to take his thin hands in mine.

"So you have come at last," he said, his voice dying away to a sepulchral whisper. "Yes; Randal told you the truth. I wished to see you. You know yourself, I daresay, what I am about to talk of? You have not forgotten your last night in this house?"

"I shall never forget it!" was my rapid reply. "Never, never! I wish I could. Yet I still hope I was mistaken in my awful suspicions that night. Oh, tell me the truth, Richard! Free my mind, I implore of you, of this haunting terror! You know the words I overheard on that occasion. Randal, of course, told you. Tell me they were false, — mere ravings, without meaning. Tell me, swear to me, Richard, that you know nothing of the mystery of Marion's fate.

I fell upon my knees beside his chair, and lifted my eyes imploringly to his shocked, sinister face. Just then the fitful flame leaped up brightly, and in that clear light I was still more impressed with the dreadful havoc which the past weeks had wrought in Richard's countenance and figure,

"I should think, Alice," he said, after a pause, and his tones were icy-cold and stern, "that your own instincts, — not to speak of any effort of your intelligence, — should answer your questions satisfactorily. Marion bore the same relationship to me as to you. She was my sister, and — to speak truly — my favorite sister as well. There is no necessity to go over the past. But, I think you will remember that Marion and I were always good friends in the long ago; and, as I told you before, it was to Marion, and to her alone, that I wrote once, during my period of exile. All things taken into account, therefore, it does not, to say the least, seem probable that I have murdered my sister, — even supposing that the Atlantic Ocean did not happen to intervene between us just at the time of her disappearance!"

"Then those wild words were all groundless; meaningless ravings, and nothing else, Richard!" I urged, striving desperately to feel relieved at his words, and yet utterly unable to check the ominous sinking of my heart. "Oh, for pity's sake, swear to me, — yes, *swear* it! — that all my hateful doubts and fears of the past week or two may now be set aside forevermore! Swear to me, Richard, my dear brother, — swear to me, once and forever, that you know as little of the story of Marion's true fate, as *I* do this moment!"

As the passionate words rushed from my heart, — as, in my frenzied importunity, I stooped close to him, until my trembling lips almost touched his cheek, — a frightful change crossed his face.

The sickly pallor of a moment before gave place to a wave of crimson which swept to his temples, and seemed to glare in his eyes.

I recoiled from him with a smothered cry. That flushed face,

those convulsed features, brought back vividly before me the awful picture I had seen as I entered my brother's room on that night of my flight from Kildoona.

"So you want me to swear, do you!" he cried hoarsely, endeavoring, I fancied, to rise from his chair, and seemingly overpowered and held there by the fury of this sudden outburst of anger. "It was not enough for you and my affectionate aunt and faithful old servant to desert me in my hour of peril, — to fling me over to the mercies of hirelings! It was not enough for you to hold aloof from me ever since, as though Kildoona were plague-stricken, and to venture near it meant disease and death! It was not enough for you to come at last and tax me with the murder of my own sister, and hear an honest denial of that unnatural, that monstrous charge! No, no! — all these were insufficient. You must harass me, and torture me, and play on my weakened nerves to such a pitch that I feel as though I could, had I the strength this moment, strike you dead where you kneel! Away from me! I have denied your charge. Believe the denial, or reject it, as you will; but torture me no further! Begone!"

Again he strove to rise, and I sprung to my feet, with a gasp and a shiver. The bright flame still darted merrily up the chimney, and the room was full of that ruddy, pleasant light.

Why, I never knew — but at that instant my eyes suddenly fell upon the window directly facing the hearth. As yet the blinds had not been lowered, nor were the red hangings drawn.

As my eyes fell upon the pane I saw distinctly a human face pressed to the glass without, — a pale, oval face, with great, dark eyes, and a sweet, pathetic mouth.

As I stared spellbound, a look of recognition crossed that spirit-face, a smile gleamed in the dark eyes and gave life to the marble-like features.

The next moment I had crossed the firelit room in a bound — I had flung up the low window with trembling, eager hands.

"Marion!" I screamed wildly, incredulously, hysterically; and ere I could realize what had actually occurred, I was sobbing my heart out upon my lost sister's breast.

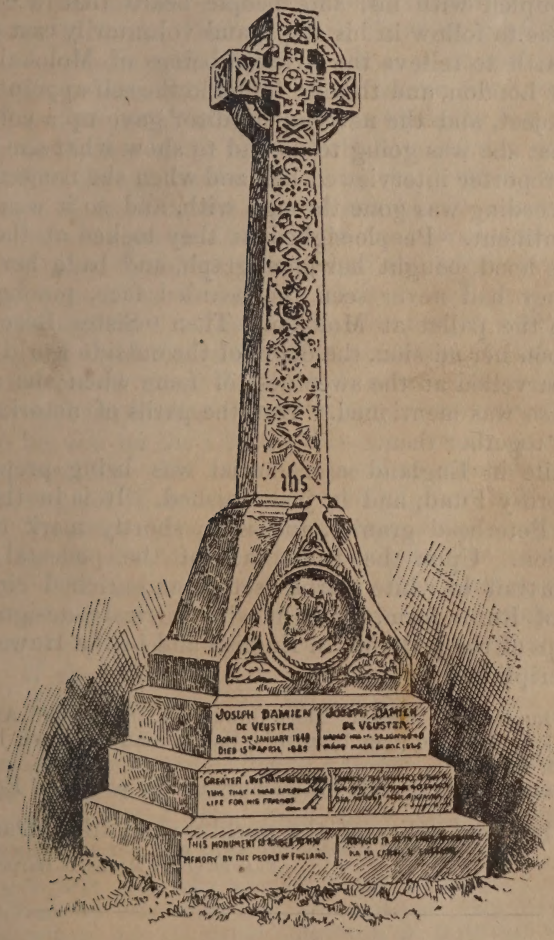
To be continued.

Trade-Schools Useful.

THE editor of the *Builder and Wood Worker* believes in trade-schools. It gives a young man, in a few months, he says, instruction that it would take him the same number of years to "pick up" hap-hazard in a shop, and accompanies this instruction with a technical and scientific teaching of the whys and wherefores of his work that the shop seldom or never furnishes. At the same time, it enables him to reach the stage at which he attains a value as a mechanic much earlier than if he went into a shop as a boy. He can commence with the trade-schools in his seventeenth or eighteenth year, and would be just as far advanced as the shop boy on completing his trade-school course, with the incalculable advantage, if he has wisely used his time, of possessing the foundation for an education that will ever help him.

Father Damien's Memorial.

THE paths of fame and notoriety lie perilously near together, sometimes so close that it is difficult to point out the dividing line. But fame is that which exists after the hero's death, even though the hero die unknown, while notoriety is like a bubble on the river; and there are degrees of fame, and the price paid is not of gold or silver, but often the joy of life. For many years Father Damien immured



himself in the leper colony of Molokai — gave up his life to save the souls of others, and the outside world knew it not. For many years he struggled, an obscure priest, on that horrible island of the Pacific, knowing that an awful death would be his; but his services and ministrations were not of this world, and he sought not fame. But the fame of a hero was his, after all — the sweet fame that is likened unto love, which is given freely, and cannot be bought by any man. Robert

Louis Stevenson found the man, and told the world about him, and perhaps a sweet breath of incense may have come to that lonely isle, and refreshed the passing hours of the martyr's life. For the incense was of the sweetest — the love and the prayers of the outside world which were given to the dying man. Yet he sought it not; and when the end came, and people wished to look upon the man, there were no photographs, save one that had been quickly made after his death in the rude habitation of a leper. That was fame, and the story reached the uttermost parts of the earth; and while men listened, another name was coupled with his, and people heard that a "Sister Rose Gertrude" was to follow in his steps, and voluntarily cast away all the joys of the earth to relieve the stricken beings of Molokai. This was given forth at London, and the city found in the self-appointed "Sister" a pleasing subject, and the newspaper editor gave up a column to tell the world what she was going to do and to show what she looked like. The London reporter interviewed her, and when she came to New York the same proceeding was gone through with, and so it was all the way across the continent. People sighed as they looked at the gentle face in the Sister's hood, bought her photograph, and bade her a sorrowful good-by. They had never seen the bearded face, pinched and wan, that lay upon the pallet at Molokai. Then "Sister Rose Gertrude" went forth upon her mission, the doors of the outside world were closed, and people marvelled at the sweetness of fame when the successor to Father Damien was mentioned. But the paths of notoriety and fame lay very near together then.

Meanwhile in England a memorial was being prepared by the National Leprosy Fund, and is just finished. It is in the form of a cross of red Peterhead granite, and is to shortly mark the grave of Father Damien. Upon the front face of the pedestal is a finely sculptured portrait in white marble, set in an enriched circular panel. The cross is of Runic form, wrought with intricate designs, and upon the lower steps of the pedestal, in English and in the Hawaiian tongue, are these inscriptions:

"Joseph Damien de Veuster. Born January 3, 1840; died April 15, 1885"

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. — John xv. 13."

"This monument is raised to his memory by the people of England."

This is the immortality of the world; yet Father Damien sought not the fame.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES, in Harper's Weekly.

A MAN who wanted to learn what profession he would have his son enter, put him in a room with a Bible, an apple, and a dollar bill. If he found him, when he returned, reading the Bible, he would make a clergyman out of him; if eating the apple, a farmer; and if interested in the dollar bill, a banker. When he did return, he found the boy sitting on the Bible, with the dollar bill in his pocket, and the apple almost devoured. He made a politician of him.

The Holy Coat at Treves.

WE find the following absurd item in a secular exchange:

BERLIN, July 25. The Pope has approved the exhibition of the "Holy Coat" at Frews and has sanctioned the forgiveness of sins of pilgrims who journey thither. Three steamers, each with nine hundred pilgrims aboard, have arrived from America.

Frews for Treves displays immense geographical knowledge. The statement that "the Pope has sanctioned the forgiveness of sins of pilgrims" shows that the Darkest Dark Ages in regard to Catholic doctrines and practices still prevails. It is a curious fact that the departure of three steamers for Treves with nine hundred pilgrims on board was never mentioned in any paper or shipping list. Treves was said to be the birthplace of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. With her son on the throne of the Cæsars, she carried out her pious design of marking the spot of our Lord's passion and death by churches. She sought on Calvary the true cross, and, according to ecclesiastical history, found it. She found the seamless robe worn by our Lord, and sent it to Treves, an ancient and great Roman city. Such is Catholic tradition. The shrine containing it was placed under the high altar, and amid the wars and troubles was at last lost sight of; but it was discovered about 1521, and became the object of great veneration throughout Germany and the neighboring countries. When Luther began his war on the Church this relic was an especial object of his wrath and hostility. He raved at it and thundered at it. Luther is gone, Lutheranism is but a name, yet pilgrims still flock by the thousands to Treves. Some forty years ago, John Ronge, a priest in Germany, threw off allegiance to the Church and began a new war on the Holy Coat. Protestants hailed him as a new Luther, and predicted the utter annihilation of Catholicity in Germany. Ronge is forgotten, the pilgrimage goes on, the Catholic body in Germany is stronger than it ever was. If the relic could survive all the attempts to destroy it for the last three hundred and fifty years, why not for eighteen hundred?

From an interesting and valuable Pastoral issued by the Bishop of Treves on the occasion of the exhibition for the first time during the present generation of the Holy Coat, the reputed seamless garment which our Saviour wore, we take the following:

"Perhaps you will ask me, my brethren, whether the veneration of the holy relic which our Cathedral possesses be founded on fact, whether we must acknowledge it to be the coat without seam which our Lord Jesus Christ wore on earth. I think it my pastoral duty to answer this question to the best of my knowledge and conscience. First of all we must remember that in this case there is no question at all of an article of faith. It is true a Catholic — unless his faith has suffered shipwreck — must not doubt in the least that we owe veneration to the relics of our Saviour and of the Saints, and that we justly venerate these relics. But when there is a question about the authenticity of a certain relic in particular, then everybody is perfectly free to form his opinion on sound and reasonable arguments. A Catholic who wantonly or without grave reasons doubts or

rejects the authenticity of a certain relic may appear arrogant and irreverent, but he is not for that to be considered erring in faith. The authenticity of a relic, like any other historical fact, is founded and proved on the testimony of man. The authenticity of no relic, be it the most eminent of the oldest Church of Christendom, falls under any precept of Catholic faith. According to a Decree of the Council of Trent, the Bishops are bound, before sanctioning the public exhibition of relics, to hear the opinion of pious and learned men, and then to give that decision which shall be dictated by truth and piety. Truth demands of us that we confide in the venerable and constant tradition of our diocese, that we never accuse our ancestors of credulity or of fraud unless there be very grave reasons for doing so. Such reasons have never been put forward. How could I venture to think that my predecessors in the See of St. Eucharius had been wanting in the necessary care and vigilance for a cause so eminently important and holy; that is, in examining the authenticity of such a relic, and that in spite of the solemn decrees of the Church, how could I presume to think that they had kept silence or connived at what they knew to be a fraud? Just at those times when this relic commanded more than usual attention, we find that the Church of Treves was ruled by excellent bishops, such as Egbert, Poppo, Eberhard, Ugo, Bruno, sons of very noble families, pious, saintly archbishops, prominent by their education as well as distinguished by their sacerdotal virtues. And is it likely that men like these should have ignored all the decrees of the Church concerning the veneration of the most prominent relic of their Cathedral and have behaved frivolously in so important a matter? No; the piety which we owe to the stainless memory of these Princes of the Church shrinks from such a suspicion. Simple fairness forbids such an imputation. I am certain — and you will pardon me for making this declaration — that I would not for all the world coöperate in such a fraud, in such a deception concerning the devotion of my people and my predecessors and brethren in the episcopal office — I can say it without any fear of exposing myself to the suspicion of false humility — these predecessors of mine were better than I am. Watching over the very old tradition of my Cathedral Church, and over the reputation and honor of its pontiffs, I must adhere to the conviction I have — that these traditions rest upon truth, that the archbishops of Treves neither erred nor were deceived. Indeed, I would fear to sin against the Church of Treves if I discarded as a worthless thing that relic which our ancestors regarded as their most precious treasure. I think it my duty, my dear brethren, without any reserve, to speak out this my conviction, yet without wishing to force it upon anybody. But in order to satisfy reasonable inquiries, and to solve some doubts, I have ordered a careful examination of the Holy Coat before it be solemnly exhibited. In the presence of the Chapter of the Cathedral and some competent judges, this examination took place last summer, and lasted several days. The result was that there was nothing found that contradicted the old traditions of the Church of Treves."

Catholic News.

The French Life-Saving Society

HAS granted medals to the Abbe Margerin, who threw himself between the soldiers and the mob at Fourmies, on the 1st of May, to save the existence of others at the risk of his own, and to a devoted nun, Sister Cecile, of Levallois Perret, near Paris, who yielded a portion of her own skin to be grafted on the arm of a burnt child in danger of death unless the sacrifice were made by some benevolent being. These are instances of true courage which renew one's faith in human nature, and make us refrain from despairing of the future of mankind.

Conferring the Pallium.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Katzer received the Pallium from His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, at the Cathedral in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 20th of August. There were present Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul; Archbishop Elder, Cincinnati; Bishop Vertin, Marquette; Bishop Hennessey, Wichita, Kan.; Bishop Bonacum, Lincoln, Neb.; Bishop Foley, Detroit; three hundred and seventy-five priests, and a great audience of the laity.

The Cardinal's Sermon on Conferring the Pallium.

"We have only to contemplate the scene before us to-day to be convinced that the Catholic Church of America is a family derived from many nations. It reminds us of the heterogeneous multitude that was assembled on the Day of Pentecost, and who all heard, each one in his own tongue, the wonderful works of God, proclaimed by the Apostles. Not so varied was the audience that listened to the Apostles on Pentecost Day as the congregations that arrive at our shores and kneel together at our altars. Many come to us from England, Ireland, and Scotland, from Germany and Austria, from France and Italy, from Poland and Bohemia, and commingle together in prayer with the great American Catholic body, that holds out to them the right hand of fellowship. Differing in language, in habit and tastes, they are all united in the bonds of a common religion, having 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in us all.' But thanks to God, the great Catholic Church of America is united not only by the bonds of common faith, but, what is more precious, it is united also by the bond of Christian brotherhood. I venture to say that in no country in Christendom are the members of the hierarchy more united and more compact, there are none who enjoy more intimate and cordial relations with one another, than the hierarchy of the United States. And this fraternal feeling is all the more to be admired, as a large proportion of the bishops of the country are descended from different nations of Europe.

"What a striking illustration of this brotherly spirit was exhibited at the Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884, when seventy-five bishops assembled together in solemn council to establish disciplinary laws for the Church in the United States. Well could the prelates gathered together chant the words of the Royal Prophet, 'Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.' And with almost literal truth might they exclaim in the language of Scripture, 'Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord, to God, in Thy blood, out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation, and hast made us a spiritual kingdom and priesthood.'

"This brotherly feeling was perhaps still more strikingly manifested at the recent centennial celebration in Baltimore, for on that occasion eighty-five bishops met together, not in obedience to the

command of a higher authority, but in obedience to the warm impulses of their own hearts, to commemorate with gladness the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in our cherished land one hundred years ago. And do we not find around us to-day another evidence of these same cordial relations when we contemplate so many bishops and priests coming from different and remote parts of the country, and uniting to pay honor to the distinguished prelate whom the Sovereign Pontiff has placed over this Archdiocese of Milwaukee?

"Woe to him, my brethren, who would destroy or impair this blessed harmony that reigns among us! Woe to him who would sow tares of discord in the fair field of the Church of America! Woe to him who would breed dissension among the leaders of Israel by introducing a spirit of nationalism into the camps of the Lord! Brothers we are, whatever may be our nationality, and brothers we shall remain. We will prove to our countrymen that the ties formed by grace and faith are stronger than flesh and blood.

"God and our country! this our watchword. Loyalty to God's Church and to our country! this our religious and political faith. Let us unite hand and hand in laboring for God's Church. The more we extend the influence of the Christian religion the more we will contribute to the stability of our political and social fabric. Let zeal for religion ever burn in our hearts: 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I do not remember thee, and ever place thee in the beginning of my ways.'

"Next to love of God should be love for our country. The author of our being has stamped in the human breast a love for one's country, and, therefore, patriotism is a sentiment commended by Almighty God himself. And if the Esquimau clings to his country, though living amid perpetual ice and snow, how much more should we be attached to this land of ours so bountifully favored by heaven; and if the Apostles inculcated respect for their rulers and obedience to the laws of the Roman empire, though these laws were often framed for the purpose of crushing and exterminating the primitive Christians, how much more devoted should we be to our civil government, which protects us in our person and property without interfering with our rights and liberty; and with what alacrity we should observe the laws of our country, which were framed solely with the view of promoting our peace and happiness?

"The Catholic community in the United States has been conspicuous for its loyalty in the century that has passed away. And we, I am sure, will emulate the patriotism of our fathers in the faith. Let us glory in the title of American citizens.

"We owe allegiance to one country, and that country is America. We must be in harmony with our political institutions. It matters not whether this is the land of our birth or of our adoption. It is the land of our destiny. Here we intend to live, and here we hope to die.

"And when our brethren across the Atlantic resolve to come to

our shores, may they be animated by the sentiments of Ruth, when she determined to join her husband's kindred in the land of Israel; and may they say to you as she said to her relatives: 'Whither thou hast gone I also shall go; where thou dwellest, I also shall dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; the land that shall receive thee dying, in the same will I die, and there will I be buried.'

"And now, Most Reverend Father in Christ, permit me to congratulate you on this auspicious occasion, or rather to congratulate the archdiocese over which the Holy Ghost, through the voice of Peter's successor, has been pleased to appoint you. The Pallium, with which I had the honor to invest you to-day, is a sacred emblem of your enlarged jurisdiction, and of the more intimate relations which will bind you to the Holy See.

"I am sure you will prove yourself eminently worthy of the new honor which has been conferred on you, and that you will exhibit toward the chair of Peter, and toward the person of the Sovereign Pontiff the same loyalty, and reverence, and filial affection which have marked your career as a priest, a professor, and a bishop of God. In this wider field of labor over which Providence has set you, you will have more ample scope for the exercise of those splendid talents and gifts of eloquence with which God has endowed you. You will be a father to all your children in Christ, and whatever special love you may naturally have, like Jacob for Joseph and Benjamin, will not diminish your affection for their children.

"And I have no doubt that your clergy and people will continue to exercise toward you that loyalty and obedience and generous coöperation which they have ever manifested toward your predecessors in the See of Milwaukee. They will hold up your hands as the children of Israel held up the hands of Moses. They will stand around you like valiant soldiers. They will rejoice in your prosperity, and grieve at every adversity that may befall you. They will take a loyal, personal, and warm interest in every work you may undertake in the cause of charity and religion, and for the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth.

"The most acceptable prayer that I can offer up for your Grace is this: May you emulate the apostolic virtues of your predecessors. May you receive their humble spirit, and may their mantle fall upon you as the mantle of Elias fell on Eliseus. May you walk in their footsteps, and leave the impress of your good deeds in the archdiocese as they have done. May you build on the broad and deep foundations which they have laid; and when your work is done, may you be able to say with them, 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, and now there is laid up for me a crown of glory which the Lord, the just Judge, will give unto me.'"

A PURE, simple, and steady spirit is not dissipated by a multitude of affairs; because he performs them all in the honor of God, and endeavors to be at rest within himself, and free from all seeking of of himself. — *Thomas à Kempis.*

Angels.

SCARCELY had the first man appeared in creation when the fallen Lucifer interfered, planned and contrived mischief against us, — and succeeded. This interference of the evil spirits in our affairs has continued from that to this, and shall continue to the end of time. The pages of both the Old and New Testaments furnish proofs enough of this fact. In Egypt, the magicians, by the power of the devil, imitated the miracles of Moses in order to deceive the Egyptians. In the history of Job and his trials we find the evil one specially permitted by God, under certain conditions, to afflict Job. The many cases of "possession" by evil spirits, in the time of our Saviour, show how great was the power which the demons were allowed to exercise before the coming of Christ. There was no wonder which our Lord worked more frequently than the "casting out of devils." He cured a woman who had been "bent down" under an "infirmity" for "eighteen years," and our Lord said it was "Satan hath bound her for eighteen years." (Luke xiii.) Nor did Christ take away all power over us from Satan; He foretold to Peter that "Satan desired to sift him," and the other apostles, "as wheat." (Luke xxii.) Again we are told that "Satan entered into Judas." Our Lord, speaking of those who hear the word of God without profit, said: "Immediately Satan cometh and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts." (Mark iv.) In the Acts of the Apostles we are told that it was "Satan tempted Ananias that he should lie to the Holy Ghost." (v. 3.) St. Paul tells us that he himself was "buffeted by an angel of Satan." (II. Cor. xii.) The same Apostle puts us on our guard by telling us that "Satan himself transformeth himself into an angel of light." (II. Cor. xi.) And, in short, St. Peter warns us against the devil, and calls upon us to "watch, because," says he, "your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour." (I. Peter v. 8.) From which passages, and from many others, it is plain that the devil always had and will have great power over mankind."

Besides this general action of the demons against us, it is asserted by theologians and spiritual writers that each one of us is accompanied or followed by an evil spirit for the purpose of tempting us. Even the great St. Thomas speaks of this as an admitted fact. (Questio cxiii., Art. 4.) Of course this power is *always limited by God Himself*, and the demons can do nothing whatever against us without His permission. Temporal injuries, such as loss of property, sickness, and other afflictions, they, no doubt, cause us, as they did to Job, by God's special consent. These things they can do without our will or consent. Again, they can tempt us to spiritual harm, by God's permission, without our will; but they can never force us to sin without our full consent. This is our shield against them. They can allure and tempt and entice us, but cannot compel us.

Now, if the evil spirits have such power, surely the good

angels are not powerless with regard to us. We should reasonably expect that the good angels have power against the bad angels; are interested in our struggles; and assist us against them. This expectation of reason is fulfilled. This is the teaching of the Church. This beautiful and consoling truth is embodied in the doctrine of "Guardian Angels."

And first, as from the Sacred Scriptures we learn that the evil spirits busy themselves against us in a general way, so, on the same authority, we know that the good angels have always been occupied and engaged for the benefit of mankind. God promised the protection of an angel to the Israelites in their journey to the promised land. "Behold, I will send my angel who shall go before thee and keep thee in thy journey, and bring thee into the place that I have prepared. Take notice of him and hear his voice and do not think him one to be contemned." (Exodus xxiii.) The Church teaches that every child of Adam, from the moment of birth, has an angel appointed to take charge of him, to guard him and warn him, by a certain spiritual illumination, against the snares of his spiritual enemies. This guardian angel never abandons him, no matter how wicked he become, but remains with him until death. We cannot know in this life all the good that comes to us individually, nor all the evil that is averted from us, by the guardianship of the angels. With regard to infants, from birth to the use of reason, it seems the special charge of their angels to protect them from the evil designs of the demons. "Take heed," says our Lord, "that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven." (Matt. xviii.) After the use of reason, the sinner, in mortal sin, has much to fear from the malice of the demons. Death, whilst he is in that state, would bring him damnation, and if the merciful providence of God did not protect the sinner's life, the devils would very quickly hurry him out of this life. Again, when Judith had returned to the Israelites from the camp of the Assyrians, bringing with her the head of Holofernes, she said: "But as the Lord liveth, His angel hath been my keeper, both going home, and abiding there, and returning from thence hither." (Judith xiii.) We know, too, from the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, that an angel delivered St. Peter from prison. The patriarch Jacob, blessing his grandsons, said: "The angel that delivered me from all evils, bless these boys." (Genesis xlviii. 16.) David, in his ninetieth psalm, speaking to those who, as he says, "dwell in the aid of the Most High," tells what protection God gives to the just and what evils they shall escape, and says: "He hath given His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." It is the opinion of theologians that each nation, province, city, parish, college, religious order, etc., has an angel specially charged with its care. In the prophecy of Zacharias is described a vision of angels which he had, in which he beheld the guardian angels of nations and provinces, and a greater angel, — supposed to be St. Michael the Archangel, who is the guardian of the Church of God, — and they having reported

to him (St. Michael) that "all the earth was at rest," St. Michael prays to God for Jerusalem, the city entrusted to his charge. The Angel's prayer begins: "O Lord of Hosts, how long wilt thou not have mercy on Jerusalem," etc. "And," says the prophet, "the Lord answered the angel that spoke in me, good words, comfortable words." (Zach i.)

In the Apocalypse of St. John there are many descriptions of the active part taken in human affairs by the angels. He saw angels "standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds, that they should not blow upon the earth." (Apoc. vii.) "Before the throne of God he saw the angels offering up the prayers of the saints." (Apoc. viii.) St. Paul speaking of the angels shows what was his belief: "Are they not all ministering spirits sent to minister for those who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?" (Heb. i.) Another remarkable example of the ministry of angels is that read in the book of Tobias, where the angel Raphael, under the form of a young man, accompanied the young Tobias in a long journey. Young Tobias himself relates to his father all that Raphael did for him: "He conducted me and brought me safe again; he received the money of Gabelus; he caused me to have my wife; and he chased from her the evil spirit; he gave joy to her parents; myself he delivered from being devoured by the fish; thee also he hath made to see the light of heaven, and we are filled with all good things through him." (Tobias xii.) The foregoing are but a few of the many proofs found in the sacred Scriptures of the active services rendered by the angels to the human race. The fact, then, of the guardianship of the angels over us, collectively and individually, as taught by the Church, is clear enough in the Bible to be believed by those who rely on the Bible alone.

In that guardianship we see the great value of a human soul that is waited upon by God's blessed angels. We are reminded by it of how serious is our struggle here, for, "our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, . . . but against the spirits of wickedness in the high places." (Ephes. vi. 12.) The great love and providence of God is also manifest in it, seeing that He safeguards us against those "spirits of wickedness" by placing his holy angels as sentinels over us. "He hath given His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." (Ps. xc.) The continual presence and protection of the angels, whilst giving us confidence and happiness, should have a marked influence on our conduct. That presence ought to restrain us from sin and urge us to the practice of virtue. God's warning to the Israelites in their journey is just as applicable to ourselves in this journey of life: "Behold, I will send my angel who shall go before thee in thy journey and bring thee into the place that I have prepared. Take notice of him and hear his voice, and do not think him one to be contemned." (Exodus xxiii.)

REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

IT is a great blindness and a great misery to seek rest where it is impossible to find it. — *St. Teresa.*

Columbus the Inspired.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honor to pursue.
So when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to sooth the heart-sick, or confront
Sedition; schooled with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief and the base pangs of want.
But when he saw that promised land arise
In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod,
Then softening nature melted in his eyes:
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God;
And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod.

Aubrey De Vere.

Cardinal Rampolla to Cardinal Gibbons.

In connection with the Cahensley Memorial to the Pope, advocating the appointment of foreign Bishops in America for the foreign immigrants to the States, Cardinal Rampolla, as is well known, communicated with Cardinal Gibbons on the subject. The following is the translated text of the Cardinal-Secretary of State's letter:

"Eminent Lord:— The Holy See cannot be other than satisfied to see that associations are organizing amongst you with the intent to procure for the numerous Catholic emigrants to America the assistance that is needed for their material, and in chief for their spiritual, interests. Meanwhile we have come to learn that certain of these associations, the German one of St. Raphael, for example, among the means foreshadowed for the attainment of this end, propose to obtain, for each group of emigrants there should be landed, according to their nationality, a representative among the members of the American Hierarchy devoted peculiarly to their interests. From the news received from America on the subject, it would appear that an important agitation would most likely be formed against such a project, and that the Episcopate itself was about to take the matter into consideration by special meetings. Now, the Holy See, having maturely sifted the project, finds it neither opportune nor necessary, and does not believe it to be its duty to introduce any change into the customary practice in providing bishops for the dioceses of America; but it will continue to weigh well, as is just, the propositions of the bishops. Therefore, the Holy Father has commissioned me to address your Eminence, with the intention, not only of dissuading you from aiding or favoring this movement, evolved out of ill-founded fears, but also to request you to strive, together with your Episcopal colleagues, for the re-establishment of peace, in the certain confidence that the august Head of the Church has no design of accepting any proposi-

tion which could give rise to any trouble, so long as it is possible to provide for Catholic emigrants from various countries the help of national priests, as has hitherto been the custom. In fulfilling the mandate confided to me by his Holiness, I have the honor to give you the assurance of the profound respect with which I humbly kiss your hand. Your Eminence's humble and devoted servant,

M. CARD. RAMPOLLA.

Statistics Relating to the Church in the United States.

THE census office has issued a bulletin devoted to statistics of churches representing all the Catholic bodies which have congregations in the United States. The Roman Catholic Church has congregations in every state and territory in the union, including Alaska and the District of Columbia.

The Church is divided into thirteen provinces, which embrace thirteen archdioceses, sixty-six dioceses, five vicariates apostolic, and one prefecture apostolic. It has 10,221 organizations or congregations, of which 1,496 or fourteen per cent. meet in halls, school-houses, and public places. The Church owns 8,765 houses of worship, including cathedrals, churches, and chapels, valued at $118,381,516. It has a total of 6,250,045 communicants, of whom one-half are to be found in the dioceses in the five states of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio. The archdiocese of New York, comprising the counties of New York, Westchester, Putnam, Ulster, Sullivan, Dutchess, Orange, Rockland, Clinton, and Richmond, has 472,806 communicants, with church property valued at $8,992,525. The archdiocese of Boston, embracing the counties of Essex, Middlesex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Plymouth, comes next in number of communicants, reporting 419,660, with church property valued at $6,479,078; and that of Chicago, including Cook, and seventeen other counties, is third, with 326,640 communicants, and church property valued at $6,457,064. The total number of communicants, 6,250,045, are attached to 10,221 organizations (churches, chapels, and stations), making an average of 611 communicants to each congregation. Of the 10,221 organizations, 1,469 or 14.4 per cent. worship in halls, school-houses or private houses, which, exclusive of private houses, represent a seating capacity of 69,159, while the 8,765 edifices owned by the Church have a seating capacity of 3,366,633, making a total of 3,435,792 for the whole church, which is somewhat more than half the number of communicants. Some of the parishes which have no church edifices, but use temporarily such accommodations as private houses can afford, are very large. One of these parishes reports no fewer than 14,000 communicants. In eleven of the eighty-five sees, including the archdioceses of New Orleans, Philadelphia and San Francisco, every organization has its own church edifice. The total value of church property, including edifices, the ground on which they stand, furniture, bells, etc., is $113,381,516. The average value of each edifice, is, therefore, about $13,500. The metropolitan see of

New York, with its 472,806 communicants, has church property valued at $9,000,000; that of Chicago comes second, with property worth $6,457,064; and that of Boston, third, with a total of $6,379,078; Brooklyn comes fourth, with a valuation of $5,751,907; and Newark fifth, with $4,297,482. These five sees have more than a fourth of the entire valuation of the Church. In the distribution of communicants the archdiocese of New York comes first, with 472,808; Boston, second, with 419,668; Chicago, third, with 326,640; Philadelphia, fourth, with 251,162; Brooklyn, fifth, with 228,785; St. Paul, sixth, with 204,484, and Baltimore, seventh, with 192,597. There are twenty-two sees which contain upward of 100,000 communicants each. The seating capacity is for church edifices only, exclusive of halls and school buildings, and the communicants are those belonging to parishes having church edifices.

It will be observed that the proportion of communicants to seating capacity varies in the different archdioceses. In Baltimore, Boston, and Chicago it is less than three to one; in New York more than three to one; in New Orleans, nearly four to one; in Oregon, Philadelphia, St. Paul, and San Francisco upward of two to one; in Cincinnati and Milwaukee less than two to one; while in Santa Fe, it is less than one. The average in the thirteen metropolitan sees is about two and one-fourth to one.

The Roman Catholic, says the bulletin, was the first Christian worship established in the territory now constituting the United States. The first Catholic see erected was that of Baltimore, which dates from 1789. In 1808 it was constituted an archdiocese.

The Catholic Woman.

In the midst of the agitation which is upon us with regard to the introduction of women to public life, there are a few reflections which ought to have some weight. As a cold matter of truth, woman has a right to be all that God intended her to be, when He created Eve and her daughters as the helpmates to men; she is not of less importance to her religion or her country than the original type of humanity. He is of more importance, and uses more strength in his department of life, but surely his strength is not more effective, nor his mission more noble than the obligations and duties of woman in her sphere. He would render himself ridiculous by forsaking his work for the care of household, and kitchen, and nursery, and she would make herself, we think, an anomaly, by infringing on the public avocations of man. But all the while the masculine women of the present day are urging legislature after legislature to fasten on their sex the most suicidal policy of the nineteenth century. The Catholic woman of our land occupies a dignified, elevated, and confident standpoint; she knows that the true and consistent action of her Church, as the champion and protector of woman's rights, from its first establishment to the present time, is a sufficient assurance of its future course; and she has no cause for fear that an institution, through which the

Almighty sways the moral forces of the world so potently as to bring to naught the raging of the heathen, and render all the factional efforts of Protestantism powerless, will prove a broken reed for support in the hour of danger. How tenderly and anxiously the Church guards with patient and zealous care the rights, the duties, the obligations, the happiness and honor of woman. If her vocation leads to a life of holy celibacy, she lends the help of prayer, and the many noble institutions that dot our land are as so many impregnable fortresses of purity. If her happiness is best suited to the honor of marriage, she demands the most devoted love and constant care from the husband; and in the perils of maternity her voice is always heard in supplication for the distressed wife, that her pains may end in joy. But where can we find the Catholic woman who is anxious for suffrage at the ballot-box? She well knows that she has everything to lose and nothing to gain in such a movement. It would be in vain for her to forget the ordinance of her Master: "Thou shalt be under thy husband's power, and he shall have dominion over thee."

Catholic Telegraph,

The Great Catholic Artist.

THE famous Polish musician, Mademoiselle Janotha, has been delighting London audiences by her marvellous skill as a pianist. This gifted young lady has, as might indeed have been expected, been interviewed by a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The beautiful daughter of Poland proved herself not only a fearless Catholic, a fervent patriot, but a shrewd observer of English character and customs. The reporter thus describes the inverview: "On the morrow of my visit Mdlle. Janotha was leaving London to fulfil several engagements in Poland, and an allusion to her native country at once touched the chord of her enthusiasm. 'Here in London, with your gracious Queen, and your political happiness,' she exclaimed, 'you can have no conception of their patient suffering. But it is the spirit of nationality and religion which sustains the people. Our hope has never died; it is now chiefly centered, I am afraid, in war between Russia and Germany, which would give Poland her opportunity. Yes, we may have some hope in the Russian people themselves, should they succeed in obtaining constitutional government. As it is, they are even more to be pitied than our country. In Poland every child is brought up with a patriot's faith in the future of his country. Then they have such faith in God. There is no middle class in Poland, only the peasantry and the nobility; and it is a great sight to see the peasantry on Sundays going to church. They are so intelligent, so kindly, and the women folk so picturesquely dressed with their colored cloaks and kerchiefs. Why, do you know, that every year Mary, the Mother of God, is crowned Queen of Poland? In an old monastry at Cracow there is a picture of the Virgin which was painted by St. Luke. You are incredulous! But, believe me, the picture is genuine and authentic. It was brought

from Rome some centuries ago, and every king of Poland used to lay rich jewels before the picture for the use of the poor. Rich and poor go to the monastry to see the picture; and I well remember as a child, I was taken to see it by my god-father, who was abbot of the monastry.' Whenever Mdlle. Janotha's name is mentioned in society it is with something like reverend awe, for it is known that she goes to six o'clock Mass every morning, and dutifully makes the sign of of the cross before taking her seat at the piano. Whenever moved by religious fervor, Mdlle. Janotha's low voice was broken by a tremor. 'I cannot help thinking,' she exclaimed, 'that with all your skill, success, and prosperity, there is too little faith in England, too little belief in immortal life. We Catholics, of course, have an infinite trust in the Mother of God. Even the philosophic Germans have some sort of belief in the immortality of the spirit. As Madame Schumann said to me: "We live, we die; in a few years I shall be no more, but the spirit will return in some other shape." In England there seems to be too little of the ideal. Your clergymen preach excellent sermons, but it is often between luncheon and dinner, at which care is taken to have the choicest food and finest wine. In Poland the priests care for none of these things; their life is one of long martyrdom.'"

Don'ts for Subscribers.

DON'T think that the editor loses any sleep if you stop your paper or magazine.

Don't forget to send the amount due when you order your paper discontinued.

Don't forget to send your old as well as your new address when you change your paper.

Don't keep the paper waiting a year or even longer for your subscription, but pay promptly.

Don't get angry when you receive a bill, but go to the nearest post-office and remit the amount to us.

Don't forget that it is just as great a sin to defraud a paper out of its just dues as it is to cheat the butcher or the baker.

Don't let it escape your memory that the new postal laws makes it a larceny to take a paper and refuse to pay for it.

Don't call at this office and tell us how to run the paper, saying, "Why don't you put in this?" or "Why don't you leave out that?" It is better to start a paper of your own.

Don't think that because you are good for the amount, that we ought not to be in a hurry to get it; but remember that so long as it is in your pocket it does us no good.

Don't send an obituary resolution about a deceased member of your society and expect us to print it free. We cannot do it as long as printers want pay, and paper dealers sell for money.

Don't blame us if there is not a notice of the last meeting of your society. It was your fault as much as any one else, for all you had to

do was to send an account of the affair, and, if worthy, you would have seen it in the MAGAZINE.

Don't forget, dear readers, that those who defraud a paper out of what is due, will have to settle the bill in the next world, in a place where no paper can be published on account of the calorific state of the atmosphere.

Don't get excited and stop your paper if you see something in it that does not agree with your ideas, but remember that there is a chance, and a large one too, of your being wrong, and the article may call forth words of praise from nine-tenths of the subscribers.

Advice to Young Men.

AN ever-entertaining subject of the hour is how to become a millionaire. So, whenever an essay from our millionaires appears in some magazine, or takes the form of a book, young men rush with eagerness to the fountain of consolation. Not seldom, such advice as may be found in these devotions to the dollar, are misleading; but occasionally the work of a writer on this subject has a sound ring. Looking over some words of counsel given by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, we find excellent words of encouragement to young men, persuasive of honesty, industry, and good moral behavior. The key-note to the venerable Philadelphian's advice is, not to be ashamed to perform any honest kind of work, not merely to do the work absolutely required by one's employer, but to put one's heart into the work, and to make the employer feel that his employe is more useful to him than he had expected. Mr. Childs speaks of kid glove sort of work being the rage of the day! It is, unhappily; few care to turn up their sleeves, and most young men dislike to carry bundles, as Mr. Childs says he does even to this day. But very pithily observes this sensible man of business, and philosophically, at least, that men are all brothers, and what is worthy of one is not unworthy of any one. All this, very good as it is, we should not care to have brought before our readers, were it not that Mr. Childs takes occasion to strike a strong blow at a dangerous error of the times, with which young men are imbued in starting on a commercial or political career. "I have always believed," writes Mr. Childs, "that it is possible to unite success in business with strict moral integrity. I am aware that many people think that the ethics of business or of politics are quite distinct, and that a man may do things in his public employment which he will not think is right to do in his domestic and private life. I do not agree with this view, and if the record of my life has any value, it is in showing that at least it is not necessary to success in business that a man should indulge in 'sharp' practices. But even if it were necessary, still it would not follow that it is worth while. There are higher satisfactions than the mere getting of money, and riches cannot compensate a man for the consciousness of having lived a dishonorable and selfish life."

Colorado Catholic.

The Earl of Aberdeen in Boston.

HOME RULE:—THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD.

BENEATH the roof of the Vendome was sheltered one of the most famous of English public men, with an honorable title and a long and distinguished ancestry, but who is, withal, a representative of the people, and a throughly democratic, patriotic man, possessing the respect and admiration of the public of Great Britain.

Incidental to his tour of this country he stopped over in Boston, where he arrived the evening of the 7th of September.

A representative of the Boston Daily Globe interviewed the Earl.

The representative inquired — "What do you think of the prospect of Liberal success?"

"Excellent, sir, excellent. Two more years, and the present Parliament's lease of life will expire by the seven years' limitation of law. Throughout the domain, the signs indicate the defeat of the Conservative ministry. The English people love and revere Gladstone, and the liberal educational advancement of the people has grown into a tide that no barrier of Conservative class ideas will be able to stem."

"Are the Irish people as strong in their belief that Gladstone and his party are sincere in their devotion to the cause of home rule as ever?"

"Yes, they are; with, of course, a slight defection of Mr. Parnell's personal followers. But, outside of this, there is that sentiment in favor of it among the great masses of the English people that adds to the brightness of its outlook. Home rule must come from England, and to-day the opinions of the common people are the levers of public opinion."

"How is the present dissatisfaction among the members of the Irish party regarded in England?"

Certainly not with any diminishing of a firm belief in the Liberal policy, embodying, as it does, the measure of home rule sought for by the Irish people."

"Has Mr. Parnell's separation from the Liberals had any effect in causing the Liberal party to lessen its desires to fight and work for home rule?"

"No, sir. We are just as strong for home rule as ever. The Liberal party, Mr. Gladstone or myself have not changed our intentions one iota. Certainly, Mr. Gladstone is as enthusiastic as of yore to the cause of Ireland, and Mr. Parnell's charges and disaffection make no difference regarding the future policy."

"How do you regard Parnell's present strength?"

"Well, you can judge of that for yourself. The election of Sir John Pope Hennessy, and subsequent elections, have shown that he certainly is fast losing the hold that he once possessed."

"Do you think that there is any possibility of a reconciliation between Mr. Parnell and Gladstone?"

"No, I do not under the present circumstances of the dispute

between them, and of Mr. Parnell's charges made against the ex-Premier. The action of Mr. Parnell or the opposition faction is not regarded with the significance among English people that it is here. Home rule is wanted by the Irsh people, and they certainly will rally to a party that offers it to them."

The earl then branched into the action of the clergy in the recent split in the Irish party. He warmly defended the clergy. "I have heard since here, that the action of the clergy in taking part in politics has been somewhat criticised; but any such criticism is unjust, for this reason: it is not the custom in America, I understand, for clergymen to take part in politics; in Ireland it is, and that is the difference. For years the clergy have been looked to for advice on matters political. Nobody attempts to discountenance it, and certainly among the Irish they have always — not by their own wish, but by the wishes of their people — acted as advisers in the elections. Now, when the trouble concerning Mr. Parnell took place, the clergy didn't jump in and cry him down. They remained perfectly calm and passive. What did the Irish people do? They saw the inevitable trouble ahead, and watched with drooping spirits the approach of a fierce internal dissension. As they have always done, they turned toward the clergy, and the latter, forming as they did such an important factor, were asked to place themselves on record. If they had refused to interfere, or hesitated after the eyes of the masses were turned toward them, people would say, 'why do you now hesitate?' There was never an instance when the clergy were not the guiding spirits in Irish politics, for Irish politics mean more than they do here. They are something more than what the word signifies, for they concern the very liberty of the people.

"They took the only path open to them, and that was the path that was directed on the grounds of morality, outside of any other consideration. They certainly could not indorse Parnell; do you think so?" The Earl then asked about the support that the home rule cause received in America; whether its sympathizers were confined to the people of Irish birth or ancestry or not, and of the feeling that existed against England and Englishmen in this country, if any existed.

When he was told that governors, senators, representatives, business men and public men, without regard to political or race considerations, were numbered among the friends of Ireland, he expressed himself as much pleased; and when the notable reception tendered to the Irish envoys in Boston was described to him, his eyes fairly twinkled with delight.

"As the Conservative party stands to-day," he said, "Mr. Parnell's attitude toward them has made no effect to any outward appearance. They have not committed themselves, and have not made any advances to him to secure his support."

ALL things grieve and afflict man if he will not bear them for the love of God — *St. Teresa.*

Convent Florists.

A WRITER in the Woman's Herald gives the following sketch of the Order of Bernardine Nuns and their work: "On the southern shores of the Bay of Biscay live the fairest lady gardeners of France, amongst the sand dunes of the village of Anglet. They are the cullers of camellias. Clothed in white they pass their life in silence. Always at work, but carefully veiled, and in a dress which disguises even their beauty of form, the gardeners permit no one outside their own Order to look upon their loveliness. The vow of silence is self-imposed; for some, if not all among them, would bury their past; and extreme, even indulgent kindness to its own sex, is, perhaps, the strongest point of the Sisterhood. Fifty years ago, earning a wretched livelihood by the sale of vegetables which he grew about the sand-hills, an old man was found in a straw hut at Anglet, sick unto death. A woman, a lady, nursed him kindly, and, to soothe his querulous moments, looked to his carrots and turnips between them. She was a stranger, except that at the instance of the Abbe Cestiac it was known that she had lately come from Paris, and that several other women had determined to share her life of austerity. No one could tell aught of her history. The old man died, nobody claimed his territory nor the waste close by. Then the women set to work vigorously to reclaim the sand-hills, guided by their head. God prospered everything she touched, but the work was hard! To-day, one hundred women tend a smiling garden, — a garden of camellias, once a sand waste. They are their own carpenters, bakers, joiners, and shoemakers. A little farm and a dairy — which, except for the occasional help of a laborer for heavy work, the gardeners manage themselves — add greatly to their profit and pleasure. Everybody works, '*nourrie*' by the common purse. They form an Order called the Bernardines." Their establishment is a refuge for helpless women, for destitute children, all laboring, all supported in peace and happiness by the culture of a single flower.

AN attempt was made recently in Chicago to have the Bible of the Church of England introduced into the public schools, and it proved unsuccessful. The petitioners for Bible reading were informed by the committee on school management that, "after hearing the arguments advanced in favor of Bible reading," they have decided that "for the general welfare of the schools the prayer of the petitioners ought not to be granted." Although the reason why the Chicago public-school managers rejected Bible reading is not given, except in a general way, it must be that they knew the state has no right to teach religion or to help one kind of religionists to force its belief on others of an opposite religious belief. The Chicago public-school managers have not only shown that they are logical and understand the question of state rights, but also that they had the courage to enforce their convictions.

HE who sincerely loves God walks assuredly in the royal road.

A Water-Lily in July.

Oh, perfect flower, arrayed in virgin white,
And hiding in thy heart a golden crown,
Pride of some inland pool, serenely bright,
Set, like a diamond, in the marshy down!
Thou 'mindest me of Mary, Virgin Queen,
Our white-robed Mother with her crown of gol
Floating, a silvern Lily, on the stream
Of God's great love and graces manifold!
Deep in her sinless heart He hid His power,
Slumbered, a Babe upon her snowy breast;
The fragrance of this one, rare, perfect Flower
Enamored and refreshed Him in His rest,
Till soft he blessed each lily's fairy bell
For her sweet sake, Lily of Israel!

Eleanor C. Donnelly, in Ave Maria.

The Stupid Men of To-Day.

Talleyrand, looking back, declared that he who had not lived before the French Revolution knew nothing of the charm of living. Now, however, in England, at least, conversation, like letter-writing and a hundred other social joys of a quiet and leisurely age, is fled, and in their place we have telegrams, slang, and slovenliness. There seems to be a general agreement that, in our time, conversation is in a bad way. Without repose, without a certain strain of Old World courtesy, without manners, in short, conversation is impossible. Many will agree with M. Renan, who finds this to be a pushing, selfish, democratic age, of which "first come first served" is the rule, and which has ceased to pay any heed to civility.

Nor is this a question only of manners. When the philosopher Schopenhauer used to dine in tail coat and white tie at the *table d'hote*, in Frankfort, he used daily to place a gold piece beside his plate. "That," he explained when asked, "is to go to the poor whenever I hear the officers discuss anything more serious than women, dogs, and horses." The gold piece always reappeared, and I fear it would do so in places nearer than Frankfort. Forty years ago Sir Arthur Helps, in Friends in Council, pronounced the "main current of society dreary and dull." It has not improved since. A Fortnightly reviewer recently referred to the decay of the art of conversation. The men of the "Mermaid" or the friends of Falkland or of Johnson would be disgusted with the "wealthy-curled darlings of our nation." A society journal speaks of the "thin, smart, bald talk of the present day," and Mr. Mallock, in that rather impudent but clever book, The New Republic, says "that men are just as immoral as in the time of Charles II., and much more stupid. Instead of decking their immorality with the jewels of wit, they clumsily try to cover it with the tarpaulin of respectability. The fop of Charles' time aimed at being a wit and a scholar. The fop of ours aims at being a fool and a dunce."

The Gentleman's Magazine

The Disagreeable Truth about Politics.

LIVING under a republican form of government, we are excited to a degree of gratitude which is not disturbed by the consciousness that it is merely a form and not a reality. Our theory is wellnigh perfect; but many of our practices would be better if we should put a live coal under them and fan it into a blaze.

It may be a hard saying, but it must sooner or later come from the lips of some one, that politics is now a business, a trade, a profession. The end in view is not the welfare of the masses, but the personal advantage of the office-seeker. His opinions are, in the great majority of instances, a mercantile commodity, for sale to any who have use for such wares. His vote is also in the market for lobbyists.

In a word, politics is not patriotism adulterated with deviltry, but deviltry with a slight admixture of honor and honesty.

There are some men in public life who wear their hearts on their sleeves; there are others who have no use for an intrusive conscience. The former will receive my statements more in sorrow than in anger; the latter will become indignant, because guilty.

Do you say, with becoming pride, that the people are always master of the situation? The people are indeed, king; but the monarch sleeps most of the time, and the power behind the throne runs the empire to suit himself. It is the king's bosses whom I criticise. You would be more exact if you said the people always can be and should be masters. The changed assertion covers sarcasm, hides a disagreeable insinuation of negligence.

In some great emergency, and when thoroughly roused, the people have their own way. So does a landslide, an earthquake, a cyclone. At such times popular indignation becomes frenzy. The plans of wily politicians are torn to shreds; this man is wrenched from office, that man arrested for malefeasance, the other man packs his gripsack, gives vent to his remorse — at being found out — and takes the next train for Canada. In such contests the people are always victors.

The spectacle of the puissant multitude clamoring for honesty in high places, and wreaking a righteous vengeance on rogues, pilferers, and conspirators, would seem to be very impressive, but I am cynical enough to think it amusing. These expressions of popular feeling are merely ebullitions, spring-tides, freshets. They show what the people ought to do all the time, and suggest the pathetic and painful truth that they never do them unless exasperated beyond the point of endurance.

But we — the masses — swing from extreme violence to utter indifference; we are either insane with excitement or in a condition of coma. The athletic exercise necessary to the performance of our whole duty taxes our resources so severely that we indulge in it only once in twenty years, and then subside for a long rest. The politician — shrewd rogue — is acquainted with that peculiarity. When the people become restless, when Vesuvius belches forth smoke and cinders, he suddenly changes to a monk as his prototype did when he was sick.

He is the first to cry "Stop thief!" From a spoilsman soaked to the reeking point in all conceivable and inconceivable rascality, he suddenly turns patriot, and obstreperously demands reform.

When one line of business ceases to pay, he changes his tactics and has a new line of goods for sale. He leads the party that would build barricades in the name of liberty, equality, and his own pocket, and more than probably he will play the unsuspecting people so shrewdly that in the end he may be appointed to the very place as a white-winged reformer, which he tried in vain to purchase corruptly when he was a raven-winged rogue.

I hate these so-called citizens' movements, because such creatures as I have described are the only ones who benefit by them. They are generally little better than a ghostly burlesque. Starting out with the best of intentions, the crusaders, bearing shields untarnished by dishonor, and wielding swords which have been consecrated at the altar of truth, when they come to the work of organization they fall into the hands of some of the "old stagers," who sell them out unscrupulously for such loaves and fishes as may be obtainable for themselves.

Our difficulty is that we have a government which ought to rest evenly on the shoulders of all good citizens; but which really rests on the shoulders of a few rogues and pilferers. In private life, our ambition is to do everything ourselves; in our life as citizens our chief object is to do as little as possible, and, if possible, nothing.

Then we growl and grumble because we are misgoverned, want mass-meetings called as protests, and fail to attend them when they are called.

When honesty is indifferent, rascality flourishes. If, therefore, rascality flourishes in your district, it is safe to say that you have neglected your duty, and the rogues have simply taken advantage of the fact.

GEORGE HEPWORTH, in the Chautauquan.

Wonderful Memories.

OF M. de Lacepede, a well-known French writer on natural history, it is recorded that he composed and corrected his works from beginning to end before he wrote them down. A similar practice is ascribed to Prescott, the American historian, who, it is said, used to compose and finish his narratives in his mind before a word of them was committed to paper.

That a man should be able thus to store his own writings in his memory is harder to understand than that he should recall the writings of another, because in the one case every word is immutable, whereas in the other nothing is absolutely fixed. It is a significant fact that a powerful memory is more generally coveted than is either the imaginative or the ratiocinative faculty. This is apparently because a strong memory can be turned to so many uses, not only in literature, but in the conduct of life.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

"Constant Dropping Wears the Stone."

LITTLE things have mighty power, —
Insects form the coral reef,
Stone on stone builds up the tower,
Seedlings come to bough and leaf.
Grains of sand hem in the ocean,
Where its wild waves high are thrown;
Trifles keep the earth in motion —
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
'Twill return in many days,
If you help God's sons and daughters
Wandering in life's weary ways.
Little deeds, when good, are splendid,
Leaving you near God's bright throne,
When your life on earth has ended —
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

Little pens, if tipped with fire,
Cause the revolution's shock;
Little blows that never tire,
Fell the oak and blast the rock.
Little steps ascend the mountain,
Little wings long leagues have flown,
Little drops fill up the fountain —
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

Little leaks cause ships to founder,
Little sparks explode the mine;
Little men, if they surround her,
Make their land in honor shine.
Little streamlets swell the river;
Little notes on trumpets blown,
Sound the charge where squadrons quiver —
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

Little wrongs seem mean and trifling,
Yet they all mount up in time;
Though a land its wrath be stifling,
Some day it bursts out sublime.
Step by step you goad a people,
Till yourself like grass are mown,
And the tocsin shakes the steeple —
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

There's a small chain girds the world,
Where the sun gets up or sinks, —
Bent and strained and downward hurled,
Tiny shamrocks form its links.
Yet Erin's sons it keeps united,
Till a nation they have grown;
Wrong shall some day be requited —
"Constant dropping wears the stone."

Fairy Tales.

VII. — The Huntsman's Son.

A LONG, long time ago, there lived, in a little hut on the borders of a great forest, a huntsman and his wife and son. From his earliest years the boy, whose name was Fergus, used to hunt with his father in the forest, and he grew up strong and active, sure and swift-footed as a deer, and as free and fearless as the wind. He was tall and handsome; as supple as a mountain ash, his lips were as red as its berries; his eyes were as blue as the skies in spring, and his hair fell down over his shoulders like a shower of gold. His heart was as light as a bird's, and no bird was fonder of green woods and waving branches. He had lived since his birth in the hut in the forest, and had never wished to leave it, until one winter night a wandering minstrel sought shelter there, and paid for his night's lodging with songs of love and battle. Ever since that night Fergus pined for another life. He no longer found joy in the music of the hounds or in the cries of the huntsmen in forest glades. He yearned for the chance of battle, and the clang of shields, and the fierce shouts of fighting warriors, and he spent all his spare hours practising on the harp and learning the use of arms, for in those days the bravest warriors were also bards. In this way the spring, and summer, and autumn passed; and when the winter came again it chanced that on a stormy night, when thunder was rattling through the forest, smiting the huge oaks and hurling them crashing to the earth, Fergus lay awake, thinking of his present lot, and wondering what the future might have in store for him. The lightning was playing around the hut, and every now and then a flash brightened up the interior.

After a peal, louder than any which had preceded it, Fergus heard three loud knocks at the door. He called out to his parents that some one was knocking.

"If that is so," said his father, "open at once; this is no night to keep a poor wanderer outside our door."

Fergus did as he was bidden, and as he opened the door a flash of lightning showed him, standing at the threshold, a little wizened old man, with a small harp under his arm.

"Come in, and welcome," said Fergus, and the little man stepped into the room.

"It is a wild night, neighbors," said he.

"It is, indeed, a wild night," said the huntsman and his wife, who had got up and dressed themselves; "and sorry we are we have no better shelter or better fare to offer you, but we give you the best we have."

"A king cannot do more than his best," said the little man.

The huntsman's wife lit the fire, and soon the pine logs flashed up into a blaze, and made the hut bright and warm. She then brought forth a peggin of milk and a cake of barley-bread.

"You must be hungry, sir," she said.

"Hungry I am," said he; "but I wouldn't ask for better fare than this if I were in the king's palace."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said she, "and I hope you will eat enough, and that it will do you good."

"And while you are eating your supper," said the huntsman, "I'll make you a bed of fresh rushes."

He started up, and whom should he see but the little wizened-faced old man.

"Don't put yourself to that trouble," said the little man. "When I have done my supper I'll lie down here by the fire, if it is pleasing to you, and I'll sleep like a top until morning. And now go back to your beds and leave me to myself, and maybe some time when you won't be expecting it I'll do a good turn for your kindness to the poor wayfarer."

"Oh, it's no kindness at all," said the huntsman's wife. "It would be a queer thing if an Irish cabin would not give shelter and welcome in a wild night like this. So good-night, now, and we hope you will sleep well."

"Good-night," said the little man, "and may you and yours never sup sorrow until your dying day."

The huntsman and his wife and Fergus then went back to their beds, and the little man, having finished his supper, curled himself up by the fire, and was soon fast asleep.

About an hour after a loud clap of thunder awakened Fergus, and before it had died away he heard three knocks at the door. He aroused his parents and told them.

"Get up at once," said his mother, "this is no night to keep a stranger outside our door."

Fergus rose and opened the door, and a flash of lightning showed him a little old woman, with a shuttle in her hand, standing outside.

"Come in, and welcome," said he, and the little old woman stepped into the room.

"Blessings be on them who give welcome to a wanderer on a wild night like this," said the old woman.

"And who wouldn't give welcome on a night like this?" said the huntsman's wife, coming forward with a peggin of milk and a barley-cake in her hand, "and sorry we are we have not better fare to offer you."

"Enough is as good as a feast," said the little woman, "and now go back to your beds and leave me to myself."

"Not till I shake down a bed of rushes for you," said the huntsman's wife.

"Don't mind the rushes," said the little woman; "go back to to your beds. I'll sleep here by the fire."

The huntsman's wife went to bed, and the little old woman, having eaten her supper, lay down by the fire and was soon fast asleep.

About an hour later another clap of thunder startled Fergus. Again he heard three knocks at the door. He roused his parents, but he did not wait for orders from them. He opened the door, and a flash of lightning showed him, outside the threshold a low-sized, shaggy, wild-looking horse. And Fergus knew it was the Pooka, the wild horse of the mountains. Bold as Fergus was, his heart beat quickly as he saw fire issuing from the Pooka's nostrils. But, banishing fear, he cried out: —

"Come in, and welcome."

"Welcome you are," said the huntsman, "and sorry we are that we have not better shelter or fare to offer you."

"I couldn't wish a better welcome," said the Pooka, as he came over near the fire and sat down on his haunches.

"Maybe you would like a little bit of this, Master Pooka," said the huntsman's wife, as she offered him a barley-cake.

"I never tasted anything sweeter in my life," said the Pooka, crunching it between his teeth, "and now, if you can give me a sup of milk, I'll want for nothing."

The huntsman's wife brought him a peggin of milk. When he had drunk it, "Now," says the Pooka, "go back to your beds, and I'll curl myself up by the fire and sleep like a top till morning."

And soon everybody in the hut was fast asleep.

When the morning came the storm had gone, and the sun was shining through the windows of the hut. At the song of the lark Fergus got up, and no one in the world was ever more surprised than he when he saw no sign of the little old man, or the little old woman, or the wild horse of the mountains. His parents were also surprised, and they all thought that they must have been dreaming, until they saw the empty peggins around the fire, and some pieces of broken bread; and they did not know what to think of it all.

From that day forward the desire grew stronger in the heart of Fergus for a change of life; and one day he told his parents that he was resolved to seek his fortune. He said he wished to be a soldier,

The Pooka, the wild horse of the mountains.

and that he would set out for the king's palace and try to join the ranks of the Feni.

About a week afterwards he took leave of his parents, and having received their blessing, he struck out for the road that led to the palace of the High King of Erin. He arrived there just at the time when the great captain of the Fenian host was recruiting his battalions, which had been thinned in recent batttle.

The manly figure of Fergus, his gallant bearing and handsome face, all told in his favor. But before he could be received into the Fenian ranks he had to prove that he could play the harp like a bard, that he could contend with staff and shield against nine Fenian warriors, that he could run with plaited hair through the tangled forest without loosening a single hair, and that in his course he could jump over trees as high as his head, and stoop under trees as low as his knee and that he could run so lightly that the rotten twig should not break, under his feet. Fergus proved equal to all the tests, thanks to the wandering minstrel who taught him the use of the harp, to his own

brave heart, and to his forest training. He was enrolled in the second battalion of the Feni, and before long he was its bravest and ablest champion.

At that very time it happened that the niece of the High King of Erin was staying with the king and queen in their palace at Tara. The princess was the loveliest lady in all the land. She was as proud as she was beautiful. The princes and chieftains of Erin in vain sought her hand in marriage. From Alba and Spain, and the far-off isles of Greece, kings came to woo her. From the northern lands came vikings in stately galleys with brazen prows, whose oarsmen tore the white foam from the emerald seas as they swept towards the Irish coasts. But the lady had vowed she would wed with no one except a battle champion who could excel in music the chief bard of the High King of Erin, who could outstrip on his steed in the great race of Tara the white steed of the plains, and who could give her as a wedding robe a garment of all the colors of the rainbow, so finely spun that when folded up it would fit in the palm of her small white hand. To fulfil these three conditions was impossible for all her suitors, and it seemed as if the loveliest lady of the land should go unmarried to her grave.

It chanced that once, on a day when the Fenian battalions were engaged in a hurling-match, Fergus beheld the lady watching the match from her sunny bower. He no sooner saw her than he fell over head and ears in love with her, and he thought of her by night, and he thought of her by day, and believing that his love was hopeless, he often wished he had never left his forest home.

The great fair of Tara was coming on, and all the Feni were busy from morning till night practising feats of arms and games, in order to take part in the contests to be held during the fair. And Fergus, knowing that the princess would be present, determined to do his best to win the prizes which were to be contended for before the ladies' eyes.

The fair began on the first of August, but for a whole week before the five great roads of Erin were thronged with people of all sorts. Princes and warriors on their steeds, battle champions in their chariots, harpers in hundreds, smiths with gleaming spears and shields and harness for battle-steeds and chariots; troops of men and boys leading race-horses; jewellers with gold drinking-horns, and brooches, and pins, and ear-rings, and costly gems of all kinds, and chess-boards of silver and gold, and golden and silver chessmen in bags of woven brass; dyers with their many-colored fabrics; bands of jugglers; drovers goading on herds of cattle; shepherds driving their sheep; huntsmen with spoils of the chase; dwellers in the lakes or by the fish-abounding rivers with salmon and speckled trout: and countless numbers of peasants on horseback and on foot, all wending their way to the great meeting-place by the mound, which a thousand years before had been raised over the grave of the great queen. For there the fair was to be held.

On the opening day the High King, attended by the four kings

of Erin, set out from the palace, and with them went the queen and the ladies of the court in sparkling chariots. The princess rode in the chariot with the High Queen, under an awning made of the wings of birds, to protect them from the rays of the sun. Following the queen were the court ladies in other chariots, under awnings of purple or of yellow silk. Then came the brehons, the great judges of the land, and the chief bards of the high court of Tara, and the druids, crowned with oak leaves, and carrying wands of divination in their hands.

When the royal party reached the ground, it took its place in enclosures right up against the monumental mound. The High King sat with the four kings of Erin, all wearing their golden helmets, for they wore their diadems in battle only. In an enclosure next the king's sat the queen and the princess and all the ladies of the court. At either side of the royal pavilions were others for the dames and ladies and nobles, and chiefs of different degrees, forming part of a circle on the plain, and the stands and benches for the people were so arranged as to complete the circle, and in the round green space within it, so that all might hear and see, the contests were to take place.

At a signal from the king, who was greeted with a thunderous cheer, the heralds rode round the circle, and having struck their sounding shields three times with their swords, they made a solemn proclamation of peace. Then was sung by all the assembled bards, to the accompaniment of their harps, the chant in honor of the mighty dead. When this was ended, again the heralds struck their shields, and the contests began. The first contest was the contest of spear-throwing, between the champions of the seven battalions of the Feni. When the seven champions took their places in front of the royal enclosure, every one, even the proud princess, was struck by the manly beauty and noble bearing of Fergus.

The champions poised their spears, and at a stroke from the heralds upon their shields the seven spears sped flashing through the air. They all struck the ground, shafts up, and it was seen that two were standing side by side in advance of the rest; one belonged to Fergus, the other to the great chief, Oscar. The contest for the prize then lay between Oscar and Fergus, and when they stood in front of the king, holding their spears aloft, every heart was throbbing with excitement. Once more the heralds struck their shields, and, swifter than the lightning's flash, forth went the spears, and when Fergus's spear was seen shivering in the ground a full length ahead of the great chief, Oscar's, the air was shaken by a wild cheer that was heard far beyond the plains of Tara. And as Fergus approached the high king to receive the prize, the cheers were renewed. But Fergus thought more of the winsome glance of the princess than he did of the prize or the sounding cheers. And Princess Maureen was almost sorry for her vow, for her heart was touched by the beauty of the Fenian champion.

Other contests followed, and the day passed, and the night fell, and while the Fenian warriors were revelling in their camps, the heart

of Fergus, victor as he was, was sad and low. He escaped from his companions, and stole away to his native forest, for —

"When the heart is sick and sorest,
There is balsam in the forest, —
There is balsam in the forest
For its pain."

And as he lay under the spreading branches, watching the stars glancing through the leaves, and listening to the slumb'rous murmur of the waters, a strange peace came over him.

But in the camp which he had left, and in the vast multitude on the plains of Tara, there was stir and revelry, and babbling speculation as to the contest of to-morrow, — the contest which was to decide whether the chief bard of Erin was to hold his own against all comers, or yield the palm. For rumor said that a great Skald had come from the northern lands to compete with the Irish bard.

At last, over the Fenian camp, and over the great plain and the multitude that thronged it, sleep fell, clothing them with a silence as deep as that which dwelt in the forest, where, dreaming of the princess, Fergus lay. He awoke at the first notes of the birds, but though he felt he ought to go back to his companions and be witness of the contest which might determine whether the princess was to be another's bride, his great love and his utter despair of winning her so oppressed him, that he lay as motionless as a broken reed. He scarcely heard the music of the birds, and paid no heed to the murmur of the brook rushing by his feet. The crackling of branches near him barely disturbed him, but when a shadow fell across his eyes he looked up gloomily, and saw, or thought he saw, some one standing before him. He started up, and whom should he see but the little wizened old man who found shelter in his father's hut on the stormy night.

"This is a nice place for a battle champion to be. This is a nice place for *you* to be on the day which is to decide who will be the successful suitor of the princess."

"What is it to me," said Fergus, "who is to win her, since I cannot?"

"I told you," said the little man, "the night you opened the door for me, that the time might come when I might be able to do a good turn for you and yours. The time has come. Take this harp, and my luck go with you; and in the contest of the bards to-day, you'll reap the reward of the kindness you did when you opened your door to the poor old wayfarer in the midnight storm."

The little man handed his harp to Fergus and disappeared as swiftly as the wind that passes through the leaves.

Fergus, concealing the harp under his silken cloak, reached the camp before his comrades had aroused themselves from sleep.

At length the hour arrived when the great contest was to take place.

The king gave the signal, and as the chief bard of Erin was seen ascending the mound in front of the royal enclosure, he was greeted

with a roar of cheers, but at the first note of his harp, silence, like that of night, fell on the mighty gathering.

As he moved his fingers softly over the strings, every heart was hushed, filled with a sense of balmy rest. The lark soaring and singing above his head paused mute and motionless in the still air, and no sound was heard over the spacious plain, save the dreamy music. Then the bard struck another key, and a gentle sorrow possessed the hearts of his hearers, and unbidden tears gathered to their eyes. Then, with bolder hand, he swept his fingers across his lyre, and all hearts were moved to joy and pleasant laughter, and eyes that had been dimmed by tears sparkled as brightly as running waters dancing in the sun. When the last notes had died away, a cheer arose, loud as the voice of the storm in the glen, when the live thunder is revelling on the mountain tops. As soon as the bard had descended the mound, the Skald from the northern lands took his place, greeted by cries of welcome from a hundred thousand throats. He touched his harp, and in the perfect silence was heard the strains of the mermaid's song, and through it the pleasant ripple of summer waters on the pebbly beach. Then the theme was changed, and on the air was borne the measured sweep of countless oars and the swish of waters around the prows of contending galleys, and the breezy voices of the sailors, and the sea-bird's cry. Then his theme was changed to the mirth and laughter of the banquet-hall, the clang of meeting drinking-horns, and songs of battle. When the last strain ended, from the mighty host a great shout went up, loud as the roar of winter billows breaking in the hollows of the shore; and men knew not whom to declare the victor, the chief bard of Erin or the Skald of the northern lands.

In the height of the debate the cry arose that another competitor had ascended the mound, and there, standing in view of all, was Fergus, the huntsman's son. All eyes were fastened upon him, but no one looked so eagerly as the princess.

He touched his harp with gentle fingers, and a sound low and soft as a faint summer breeze passing through forest trees stole out, and then was heard the rustle of birds through the branches, and the dreamy murmur of waters lost in deepest woods, and all the fairy echoes whispering when the leaves are motionless in the noonday heat; then followed notes cool and soft as the drip of summer showers on the parched grass, and then the song of the blackbird, sounding as clearly as it sounds in long silent spaces of the evening, and then in one sweet jocund burst the multitudinous voices that hail the breaking of the morn. And the lark, singing and soaring above the minstrel, sank mute and motionless upon his shoulder, and from all the leafy woods the birds came thronging out and formed a fluttering canopy above his head.

When the bard ceased playing, no shout arose from the mighty multitude, for the strains of the harp, long after its chords were stilled, held their hearts spellbound.

And when he had passed away from the mound of contest, all knew there was no need to declare the victor. And all were glad the

comely Fenian champion had maintained the supremacy of the bards of Erin. But there was one heart sad,— the heart of the princess; and now she wished more than ever that she had never made her hateful vow.

Other contests went on, but Fergus took no interest in them; and once more he stole away to the forest glade. His heart was sorrowful, for he thought of the great race of the morning, and he knew that he could not hope to compete with the rider of the white steed of the plains. And as he lay beneath the spreading branches during the whole night long, his thoughts were not of the victory he had won, but of the princess, who was as far away from him as ever. He passed the night without sleep, and when the morning came he rose and walked aimlessly through the woods.

A deer starting from a thicket reminded him of the happy days of his boyhood, and once more the wish came back to him that he had never left his forest home. As his eyes followed the deer wistfully, suddenly he started in amazement. The deer vanished from view, and in his stead was the wild horse of the mountains.

"I told you I'd do you a good turn," said the Pooka, "for the kindness you and yours did me on that wild winter's night. The day is passing. You have no time to lose. The white steed of the plains is coming to the starting-post. Jump on my back, and remember, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

In half a second Fergus was bestride the Pooka, whose coat of shaggy hair became at once as glossy as silk, and just at the very moment when the king was about to declare there was no steed to compete with the white steed of the plains, the Pooka, with Fergus upon his back, galloped up in front of the royal enclosure. When the people saw the champion a thunderous shout rose up, that startled the birds in the skies, and sent them flying to the groves.

And in the ladies' enclosure was a rustle of many-colored scarfs waving in the air. At the striking of the shields, the contending steeds rushed from the post with the swiftness of a swallow's flight; but before the white steed of the plains had gone half-way round, Fergus and the wild horse of the mountains had passed the winning-post, greeted by such cheers as had never before been heard on the plains of Tara.

Fergus heard the cheers, but scarcely heeded them, for his heart went out through his eyes that were fastened on the princess, and a wild hope stirred him that his glance was not ungrateful to the loveliest lady of the land.

And the princess was sad and sorry for her vow, for she believed that it was beyond the power of Fergus to bring her a robe of all the colors of the rainbow, so subtly woven as to fit in the palm of her soft, white hand.

That night also Fergus went to the forest, not too sad, because there was a vague hope in his heart that had never been there before. He lay down under the branches, with his feet towards the rustling waters, and the smiles of the princess gilded his slumbers, as the rays of the rising sun gild the glades of the forest; and when the morning

came he was scarcely surprised when before him appeared the little old woman with the shuttle, whom he had welcomed on the winter's night.

"You think you have won her already," said the little woman, "and so you have, too; her heart is all your own, and I'm half inclined to think that my trouble will be thrown away, for if you had never a wedding robe to give her, she'd rather have you this minute than all the kings of Erin, or than all the other princes and kings and chieftains in the whole world. But you and your father and mother were kind to me on a wild winter's night, and I'd never see your mother's son without a wedding robe fit for the greatest princess that ever set nations to battle for her beauty. So go and pluck me a handful of wild forest flowers, and I'll weave out of them a wedding robe

In the twinkling of an eye she wove with her little shuttle a wedding robe.

with all the colors of the rainbow, and one that will be as sweet and as fragrant as the ripe, red lips of the princess herself."

Fergus, with joyous heart, culled the flowers, and brought them to the little old woman.

In the twinkling of an eye she wove with her little shuttle a wedding robe, with all the colors of the rainbow, as light as the fairy dew, as soft as the hand of the princess, as fragrant as her little red mouth, and so small that it would pass through the eye of a needle.

"Go now, Fergus," said she, and may luck go with you; but in the days of your greatness, and of the glory which will come to you when you are wedded to the princess, be as kind, and have as open a heart and as open a door for the poor as you had when you were only a poor huntsman's son."

Fergus took the robe and went towards Tara. It was the last day of the fair, and all the contests were over, and the bards were about to chant the farewell strains to the memory of the great queen. But before the chief Bard could ascend the mound, Fergus, attended

by a troop of Fenian warriors on their steeds, galloped into the enclosure and rode up in front of the queen's pavilion. Holding up the glancing and many-colored robe, he said:

"O Queen and King of Erin! I claim the princess for my bride. You, O king, have decided that I have won the prize in the contest of the bards; that I have won the prize in the race against the white steed of the plains; it is for the princess to say if the robe which I give her will fit in the hollow of her small white hand."

"Yes," said the king. "You are victor in the contests; let the princess declare if you have fulfilled the last condition."

The princess took the robe from Fergus, and closed her fingers over it, so that no vestige of it was seen.

"Yes, O king!" said she, "he has fulfilled the last condition; but before ever he had fulfilled a single one of them, my heart went out to the comely champion of the Feni. I was willing then, I am ready now, to become the bride of the huntsman's son."

The End.

How to Save Boys.

WOMEN who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for love of liquor,— very few people like the taste of liquor — they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it that their homes compete with the public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dulness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends on you. Believe, if possible, that with exertion and right means a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

A BOY, remarkable for his dulness, laughed at a mouse, which was coming down the bell rope in the chapel. His teacher told him he would not punish him if he wrote a composition on the mouse, and the boy wrote:

A mouse, for want of stairs,
Came down the rope to say his prayers.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1891.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

JOHN DILLON will assume the leadership of the Irish parliamentary party when parliament reassembles.

SPEAKING of the Encyclical of the Holy Father, a French journal uses an expression which it will be worth while to remember. It says — "The Encyclical is the beginning of the twentieth century."

The Indians and Mr. Morgan.

THE statement which His Eminence the Cardinal recently made concerning Mr. Morgan and the Catholic Bureau of Indian affairs takes all malice from Mr. Morgan's action, and sets the administration on good terms with the Catholic public, says the Catholic Review. The whole trouble seems to have been a family jar more than anything else, in which the Commissioner got irritable and the Bureau was indiscreet. Mr. Morgan has not only assured the Catholics through the Cardinal that the Indian schools will receive their regular allowance and something more, but he has done this with a good will, which is as pleasant to Catholics as it is creditable to himself.

THE man who enters the Catholic editorial chair and is afraid to risk an occasional blunder has mistaken his calling and is of but little use in the battle of truth. — *Cardinal Gibbons.*

CANON O'HANLON, who recently sent the seventh volume of his "Lives of the Irish Saints" to Mr. Gladstone, received a very grateful note of thanks, in which the ex-Premier, speaking of Ireland, said: "May those who shall hereafter be added to the roll, reap in joy what has been so long sown in tears."

AMONG the passengers on the steamer Gallia, which arrived recently at New York, was Very Rev. Father Bernard Dux Andermotte, Superior General of the Capuchin Fathers. He will visit every monastery of the Order in this country, and will preside at the convention of the Order, which is to be held at Detroit in September.

The Desertion of the Tenants.

NOTHING more base or cold-blooded has been witnessed for a long time than the proceedings at Mr. Parnell's League, when the announcement was made of the determination arrived at by that personage and his colleagues to throw the evicted tenants overboard. This is Mr. Parnell's answer to Mr. Dillon's demand that he would release a portion of the Paris funds for their support.

REV. F. P. MCGEE, formerly pastor of St. Mary's parish in Bridgeport, Conn., has fallen heir to seventy thousand dollars through the recent death of an uncle in Ireland.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM has reared its ugly head in Lynn, Mass. Principal John A. O'Keefe, of the high school, has been dropped because he is a Catholic. He is an excellent educator and a man of splendid character, but the bigots were too strong for the committee and they carried their point.

OCTOBER is the month of the Holy Angels. Rev. James McKernan gives us an interesting article on this subject in another part of our MAGAZINE.

WHEN you hear a man say he has lost all faith in humanity put him down as one who is not on good terms with his own conscience.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM is urging the enactment of laws for the repression of drunkenness and the punishment of drunkards. He ascribes the increase of crime in Germany to the use of poisonous and unwholesome ingredients in the manufacture of beer and spirits. He wants the people to drink less, and the brewers to supply a better article of drink.

THERE are over 20,000 acres of tobacco land in Pennsylvania, with a yield of 28,672,787 pounds.

JOHN CAVEN who died at Springfield, Mass., July 23, was one hundred and five years old. He was born in county Kerry, Ireland, and spoke Gaelic almost entirely. Although living in the United States for forty years he never learned to speak English fluently. His strength kept up to a remarkable degree and he was able this summer to work on the farm. He was considerably bent. He walked to church regularly, attending the Catholic Church at Chicopee Falls.

Hon. Frank Smith.

SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN, having resigned his portfolio as Minister of Public Works in the Dominion Cabinet, Hon. Frank Smith has been placed at the head of this important department. It is a source of gratification to all Canadians, both Catholic and Protestant, that one so able as he has been placed at the helm of the Public Works. Of his ability to successfully manage the department no one for a moment doubts. A business man, none fitter than he to cope with the varied and multitudinous questions and tasks which this department entails, and to completely reorganize it. His whole life has been a series of successful ventures, brought about by shrewdness and attention to details; as witness the Toronto Street Railway Co., which, when he assumed possession, was an absolute failure, now is one of the most valuable properties in the Dominion. His management of this concern alone is a guarantee that the department will be well administered. One of the foremost men of the day, no breath of scandal has ever attached to his name. The reverse the case; the name of Frank Smith being a synonym for all that is honest and trustworthy. It is undoubtedly the wish of all interested in the welfare of Canada that one so able as he should, when reorganization takes place, remain permanently at the head of the department, says the Catholic Weekly Review of Toronto.

The Irish Residents in Rome

HAVE just heard with surprise and sorrow, says the Roman correspondent of the Irish Catholic, that the venerable rector of their college, his Grace Monsignor Kirby, has thought it right, on account of his advanced age, to offer his resignation to the bishops for the benefit of the college. It is said that this has been accepted, and that a new rector, *pro tem*, has been appointed in the person of the Very Rev. Dr. Michael Kelly, of the House of Missions, Enniscorthy, an old Roman student. Father Kelly has already arrived in Rome and entered upon his duties, where he has gained in a few days the affection and respect of the students, and of those of the Irish colony who have had the fortune of meeting him. The sorrow of parting with Monsignor Kirby has been much softened by the knowledge that he will still remain in Rome and at the college, where all wish for him many years of peace and happiness, in the retirement — as the Irish Bishops say — so well earned by half a century's work for the glory of Ireland in her priesthood.

THE Emperor of Germany, says the New York Times, does not take at all kindly to women of literary or learned proclivities, and is said to have once remarked: "That for his part he preferred a lady with a talent for making jams, to one with an aptitude for discussing the Constitution." Now if his imperial majesty will come over to America he will find a large number of ladies who can not only intelligently discuss the Constitution, German or American, but can also make truly delicious jams. It is evident this young Hohenzollern does not appreciate the versatility of the *fin du siecle* woman.

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK, of St. Louis, who celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday and the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood recently, is the beau ideal of a Church dignitary. In addition to his accomplishments as a scholar, author, and linguist, he is a man of boundless generosity and charity. All the income of his diocese during his long administration of it has been devoted to the aid of poor parishes and to the establishment of institutions of charity. Unlike most Prelates, he is an able business man. Once when a letter addressed simply "To the best business man in St. Louis," reached the post-office there, the postmaster sent it to the Archbishop. At one time he loaned the city of St. Louis one hundred thousand dollars for a year without interest. His private life has been simple, and as an illustration of his sense of justice he refused, in war times, to read a newspaper, lest his sympathies should be swayed to either side.

EDMUND DWYER GRAY, proprietor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, was among the most faithful of Parnell's friends, but in his letter explaining his position, he wrote: "Now that Dillon and O'Brien have definitely declared themselves against the leadership of Parnell, I can no longer, in justice to myself, withhold the fact that for some time past my views have been almost similar to those expressed by these gentlemen.

THE Propaganda has just started a colony of nuns to the Sandwich Islands; they are commanded by an Irish lady, Miss McCannon. They belong to the Order of the Sacred Heart of Picpus, and are one from Ireland, one from Germany and three from France.

Great Britain's Army.

THE annual army returns of Great Britain recently made up at the war office, discloses some curious information as to the nationality and religion of the 100,174 soldiers of the United Kingdom. Of these, 78,089 were born in England, 7,743 in Scotland, 12,693 in Ireland, 1,344 in India or the colonies. As to religion, 70,697 are set down as belonging to the Church of England, 7,424 as Presbyterians, 5,219 as Wesleyans, 722 as Protestants of other sects, and 16,063 as Catholics.

According to the latest returns, the following are the nationalities of non-commissioned officers and men serving at home and abroad: English, 150,048; Scotch, 16,838; Irish, 30,302; born in India or colonies, 4,907; foreigners, 136; not reported, 530.

In 1885, 158 foreigners were returned; in 1886, 153. There is a noticeable difference in the comparative numbers of Englishmen and Irishmen in the army now and twenty years or so ago. In 1868 there were: Englishmen, 106,810; Irishmen, 55,583. That is to say, there were not twice as many Englishmen as Irishmen, Now the former are in the proportion of three to one. There has been no material difference among the Scotch, though their proportionate number is slightly smaller than it was.

To Reorganize the Catholic Missions.

THE Holy See has just appointed an extraordinary commission of Cardinals to reorganize the Catholic missions. Two years ago Cardinal Simeoni prepared and communicated to the Pope a plan of reforms, in order to better regulate the action of the Propaganda. Leo, who has always been in favor of the missions taking a leading part in the work of colonization, has revived these projects of reform. The inquiry of the Commission of Cardinals will, is is said, extend over the whole of the apostolic works.

Union Institution for Savings.

WE direct attention to the advertisement of this well-conducted and well-managed institution. With ex-Mayor O'Brien and Treasurer Pelletier as president and treasurer, no better evidence can be given of great care of the peoples money.

IT is now judicially decided in England that if Protestants want to set up an image of Christ, or of His Mother, the Blessed Virgin, in their churches, they have the right to do so.

Christian Brothers as Educators.

FOUNDED in France in 1684 by the venerable Abbe de la Salle, the Christian Schools have rapidly increased in numbers and usefulness until now they wellnigh encircle the globe with a band of houses that have sprung up in Europe, Great Britain, North and South America, China, Japan, Africa and Australia. Ten years ago, when statistics were prepared, the Brothers had under their charge over 2,000 schools, attended by nearly 826,000 pupils, of whom 286,000 were receiving gratuitous instruction. Nearly 12,000 Brothers, 5,000 professors and 2,500 novices were employed in the schools. Since then the Order has grown materially.

Changes Among the Order.

Rev. Brother Isaac John, Vice-President of Manhattan College, has been appointed President of De La Salle Polytechnic Institute, New York. Rev. Brother Castoris, late Director of Manhattan Business College, of New York, has been appointed Director of St. James's Commercial Academy, Brooklyn; he succeeds Rev. Brother John Evangelist, who had been transferred to St. Peter's High School, New York. Rev. Brother Tatian, of Manhattan Business College, as also Rev. Brother James of the same establishment, have also been changed. The former had been named Director of St. James's Parochial School, N. Y., and the latter goes to Brooklyn as teacher of the first-class St. James's Commercial Academy. Rev. Brother Rodolphus, late Director of Syracuse Catholic High School, has been appointed President of the Burlington Catholic College, of which the Christian Brothers assume charge this coming year. Rev. Brother Noah, late Inspector-General of the Christian Brothers' Schools in America has been appointed Director of the Waltham Catholic High School. His chief assistant will be Rev. Brother Baldwin, late principal of St. James's Parochial School, New York.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M. P., having through the kindness of his wife's family escaped the net of insolvency in which he had become involved, and thereby preserved his place in Parliament, has retired to the west coast of Ireland to complete a novel on Irish subjects, which he began writing while in prison. The O'Brien's have taken a pleasant cottage at a place at once convenient and secluded.

A Non-Catholic Magazine on Rome's Artistic Degeneracy.

THE Rome of 1870 was dirty but dignified; inconvenient for people with modern tastes, but most comfortable for those who had adapted themselves to its mediæval ways. The Rome of 1890 is comfortable for nobody; the acres of new palaces that were to be are mainly huge, ugly tenement houses, stuccoed flimsies, abhorrent without, and inhospitable within — a tasteless waste, where the highest virtue is fragility, and the noblest destiny demolition. The transformation of Rome during the past twenty years is unique in the history of civilization for barbarism, extravagance, and corruption; never since the world began was so much money spent to do so much evil. — *Atlantic Monthly.*

The Power of Music.

WE heard the organ and were tempted to enter, for this is the one Catholic Church of Nuremburg. The delicious sound of the organ and voices drew us further in among the standing people, and we stayed there, I don't know how long, till the music ceased. How the music warmed our hearts! I loved the good people about me. . . . How music that stirs all one's devout emotions, blends everything into harmony, makes one feel part of one whole, which one loves, like losing the sense of a separate self. Nothing could be more wretched than the painted St. Veronica holding out the sad face on the miraculous handkerchief; yet it touched me deeply, and the thought of the Man of Sorrows seemed a more close thing, not a mere hearsay. — *George Eliot.*

AT San Sebastian, where the Spanish Court is staying, the little king and his sisters are seen every morning on the beach with their mother, and all seem to enjoy excellent health.

Press Comments.

SAN FRANCISCO Monitor: DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for August continues on its well-deserved career of prosperity, and like good wine, it seems to improve with age. The current issue is No. 2, of Volume 26, and it is fully up to the high standard which Mr. Donahoe set up for himself when he first established this useful publication.

THE Catholic Home, published in Chicago, Ill., has the following about one of the most useful of the editorial staff of The Pilot: "The appointment of Miss Katherine Conway as president of the Press Department in connection with the 'Queen Isabella Association,' has given unusual satisfaction, to judge from the congratulatory tone of Protestant as well as Catholic editors on this head. Her long-standing connection with the editorial department of the Boston Pilot, and her well-known candor and sincerity, will work wonders for the popularity of the Queen Isabella Association interests during the coming Columbian celebration, especially among Catholics, to whom her name and prestige will give an assurance to the claim of this Association upon their practical support. Miss Conway's pen will not be idle, and Statue Fund certificates will be familiar with Catholic homes, proving that Catholics are not unmindful of their honor in a matter which concerns them, of all others, before the eyes of the world. We may congratulate ourselves that one of our own has been appointed to so honorable a place, even if it brings with it no emolument. It brings what is better: an opportunity to show of what genuine stuff Catholic editors are made, intellectually as well as morally and religiously."

The Venerable Monsignor Kirby.

AFTER half a century of service to the students of the Irish College at Rome, the Most Rev. Rev. Tobias Kirby, titular Archbishop of Ephesus, and rector of that institution, has resigned his rectorship. Monsignor Kirby is well known, not only in Rome, where he has lived so many years, but to every Irish visitor, lay or ecclesiastical, who has come for many years past to the Eternal City from Ireland, America, Africa, or Australia. In every possible case, says the Boston Pilot correspondent, he has striven to render the visits of his fellow-countrymen to Rome profitable to them, spiritually and intellectually. Now, after lengthened service, he resigns his position, feeling that the weight of years presses heavily upon them. A fellow-student of Leo XIII. in college, he is five years older than the Pontiff. Whenever he visited the Vatican, it was evident to all that the Pope had not forgotten the friend of his youth, and, a few years ago Leo XIII. had the essay written in college by Monsignor Kirby, in a competition in which the future Pontiff was victorious, printed at his expense, considering that Monsignor Kirby's production deserved premanence and publication. The aged rector will be succeeded, for the time being, by the Rev. Michael Kelly, who has the respect of Monsignor Kirby and the esteem and affection of the students. The retired rector will continue to live at the Irish College.

Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry,

PROMINENT in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, was once looked upon as a confirmed bigot, but, being a man of clear head and sound heart, the example of Catholic charity in New York has had the effect that good example always has. It has converted him from his dislike of institutions under Catholic control. He declared recently in public that the Catholic Protectory in New York was an institution second to none in the United States. It is not only a model from a religious stand-point, but a crowning success. Mr. Gerry is an expert; his words count for much, says the *Ave Maria*.

The Son of Gen. McClellan

Is a worthy son of a worthy sire. When "Little Mac" died he left only a small property, which Col. Mc.Clellan immediately turned over to his mother in order to secure her comfort in her declining years. He is now making his mark in the world and gathering in its ducats, having the responsible position of treasurer of the Brooklyn bridge.

Progress of the Church in a New England City.

SPLENDID SERMON OF THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

NOWHERE in America is the development of the Catholic Church a matter of so great interest and significance as in New England; for nowhere, at the outset, and for long thereafter, had it to contend against greater odds. Anti-Catholic prejudice was strongly entrenched here when it had been largely overcome in other sections of the country; and the opening of a new church, and still more of a new school in New England, never failed to bring all the local bigotry to the surface.

But now, in the most hopeful sense of the poet's much quoted words, "the old order changes;" and last Sunday, August 30, in erstwhile Puritan Salem, the laying of the corner-stone of the new Church of St. James brought out not only a great gathering of Catholics to rejoice in their growth and strength, but also not a few non-Catholics, including the Mayor and some of the city officials, to look with friendly eyes on the same devlopement, and congratulate the priest and people on their share in it.

It is not yet a year since Salem was the scene of another great Catholic event — the consecration of the beautiful Church of the Immaculate Conception, of which the Rev. P. J. Hally is rector.

Looking at the city to-day, with its three splendid Catholic churches, and its flourishing Catholic schools, in which 1,000 children are being educated, it is hard to realize the humble and unpromising planting of the faith in Salem.

Mass was celebrated for the first time in Salem, May 6, 1790, by the famous convert priest, the Rev. John Thayer, of Boston. The Catholics of Salem were first regularly visited by an Irish priest, Father Paul McQuade, who had also done missionary duty in Newark, N. J., Utica, N. Y., and elsewhere. The first church, St. Mary's, a small wooden structure, was erected in 1821. The first resident priest was an Irishman, the Rev. John Mahony.

The first Catholic schools in Salem were founded in 1855 by the tenderly remembered Father James Conway, who five years previous founded St. James' parish. It is doubtless owing to that early establishment of schools that vocations to the Church and to the religious life have been so numerous in Salem. Of the twenty-six priests whom Salem has given to the Church, many were present at the ceremony of last Sunday. An honored guest also was the Rev. Thomas H. Shahan, now in charge of the new parish at Malden Centre, but for fourteen years in Salem. He was the first pastor of St. James, and held the charge from 1854 till 1864.

The Pontifical High Mass.

At 10.20 A.M .,in the old St. James' Church, Pontifical High Mass was celecrated by the Rt. Rev. John Brady, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Boston. The Very Rev. J. E. Barry, V. G., Concord, N. H., was assistant priest. The Revs. M. J. Masterson, Peabody, and M. McCabe, Fall River, were deacons of honor. The officers of the Mass were as follows: The Rev. John A. Butler, deacon; the Rev. John A. Degan, subdeacon; James A. O'Rourke and Thomas Moore, acolytes; James McNiff, book-bearer; William Keating, candle-bearer; George Wilson, mitre-bearer; Edward Mitchel, thurifer; the Rev. James P. McCaughan, master of ceremonies.

In the sanctuary were: Archbishop Williams, of Boston; the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, D. D., Bishop of Rochester, N. Y.; Mgr. Griffin, Worcester; the Rev. Thomas H. Shahan, Malden; the Very Rev. M. M. McCabe, Vicar-General, Providence, R. I.; the Rev. J. J. Gray, the rector, and others.

The Rev. Arthur J. Teeling, P. R., Newburyport, preached, his text being from Luke xix.: "And entering into the temple he cast out them that sold therein and them that bought."

He said: "St. John added that our Saviour cast them out of the temple with a scourge of cords in his hands.

"The holy Fathers of the Church brought to our notice, in the most startling manner, this extraordinary action of of the Saviour in order that we might understand the profanation committed in that holy place.

"He had entered with hosannas into Jerusalem, that wicked city that stoned the prophet.

"The character of Jesus in His dealings with the sinner for tenderness and mercy was well established, but now His countenance is inflamed, with an ardent zeal that astonishes us.

"Those hands of mercy hold the scourge of justice, because the house of His Father is dishonored. The house of prayer is closed; it has become a house of traffic.

"The hypocrisy of the Pharisees and the acts of the Sadducees have excited no such feeling in Him as this. He permits all the fire of His anger to go out against these profaners of His temple."

In this expression of Christ's reverence for the house of God the preacher found the lesson he sought to inculcate: the sacredness of the Church throughout all Christendom and in all coming time. He said: "Our church is the house of God, our home. We Catholics are as much at home in any Catholic church wherever we may go, as we are in the individual church in which we were brought up.

"The Church is connected with every event of the Christian life. We were brought to it in infancy for our baptism. It was the scene of our first Confession, our first Communion, our Confirmation. It witnessed the marriages, and by and by the parents came again, bringing their little ones as they themselves were brought. The church, in short, is the domestic fireside of the parish, and the archives of the family."

The preacher said that "as David built the temple that served the purpose of God's dwelling-place among His people, so we in the Christian era have been building up our temples everywhere for the same end.

"When we enter this place we should remember the promises we made in baptism.

"Let us come here ready to receive the Word of God and to keep it.

"Here more than anywhere else we mourn for the scandalous lives of so many of the bad children of the Church, for the bad Catholic is a worse enemy of the Church than he who knows her not.

He closed by saying: "Beloved brethren, you are about preparing to leave this church, as the Israelites of old left their tabernacle for a new. You are building a magnificent temple. All honor to the priests who over forty years ago built this structure. It has done good work. But you feel that you are to present to God a more beautiful home.

"Do not look back; go straight ahead, and God is with you."

He concluded by paying a fitting tribute to the rector, the Rev. John J. Gray, and asking the people to strengthen his hands.

The special choir of one hundred voices, under the direction of Miss Katherine J. Tracy, of Salem, rendered the following music: "Kyrie in C," Haydn; "Gloria in C," Haydn; "Veni Creator," La Hache; "Credo," Gounod; "Salve Regina," Dana, Miss Margaret Little; "Sanctus," Gounod; "Agnus Dei," Gounod; "Vivia Leone." Mr. James McLaughlin, of Boston, acted as musical director.

The Corner-Stone Laying.

The laying of the corner-stone had been announced for 3 P. M. The basement walls had been floored over, and above the great auditorium thus secured, an awning had been stretched. Here the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, D. D., was to have given his address, and here despite the heavy rain, an immense multitude had gathered as early as 2 P. M. But the storm continuing, the people had to return to the church. Here the exercises began with the singing of the "Veni Creator." In the sanctuary were Archbishop Williams, of Boston; Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester; Bishop Brady, and these priests: The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Griffin, Worcester; the Rev. Thomas H. Shahan, Malden; the Very Rev. J. E. Barry, V. G., Manchester, N. H.; the Revs. John O'Brien, East Cambridge; John Mulcahy, Arlington; William E. Kelly, Bridgewater; Louis S. Walsh, St. John's Seminary; Nicholas J. Murphy, St. Patrick's, Boston; J. C. Harrington, Lynn; Patrick B. McManus, East Boston; John P. Cuffe, Quincy; Thomas Tobin, Rockport; A. J. Teeling, Newburyport; Leo Boland, Cathedral, Boston; Richard Neagle, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, Boston; Hugh P. Smyth, Roxbury; James Millerick, Wakefield; M. F. Flatley, Malden; John J. Hickey, Boston; Daniel J. Collins and James P. McCaughan, of St. James' Church, Salem.

Among the well-known citizens present were Hon. Robert S. Rantoul, Mayor of Salem; Aldermen West, Palfray and Turner; Councilmen Allen, Flynn, McNulty,

Gifford and McNiff; Hon. N. A. Norton, Mr. Gilbert L. Streeter, Mr. Hubbard Breed, City Messenger Burns and others.

The Young Men's Catholic Temperance Society, of 250 members, attended in a body. The church was crowded to its fullest capacity, and many who were unable to obtain admission lingered about the new buildiug.

Bishop McQuaid's sermon, which was given, as his wont is, without notes, was in the manful, direct and original vein for which this eloquent prelate is known far and near. We append a full report of it.

BISHOP McQUAID'S ADDRESS.

Most Rev. Archbishop, Right Rev. Bishops, Rev. Brothers, and beloved brethren of the laity:—I come from afar off to assist at the solemn ceremony of a church corner-stone laying in this ancient city of Salem. At the invitation of my friend most dear, your pastor, zealous and hard-working, I find myself with joy, even on this rather gloomy day, among you, partaking in your spirit of exultation.

I come to take part in a ceremony that stirs up the soul of every ecclesiastic and of every layman. We of years, who have witnessed the beginnings of the Church in these United States, exult and rejoice more than the younger generations that are now coming to the front.

It is here, a ceremony coming right home to yourselves and filling your souls with Christian sentiments, and arousing in you such a spirit of calm felicity that in many years to come the day will be remembered, and its story passed from father to son.

In our happy and peaceful Republic, the blessings of corner-stones of churches and schools, of convents and of cemeteries for the burying of our holy dead, are, I might say, of every-day occurrence. No newspaper can be taken up but there we read of such pleasant proofs of our growth and prosperity in towns and villages and country places from the Atlantic to the Pacific. That which you went through in Salem seventy years ago is being repeated all along the line, reaching to the far West and even to the Pacific Coast.

Seventy years ago

A Few, Poor, Daring, Emigrants, from the Old Isle of Saints

found their way to what was then but a small village, and made their home among strangers who knew them not, and who had no sympathy for these people of a far-off and strange land, and of a creed hateful in their hearing, because unknown, and so far despised and persecuted.

But these few Catholics who found their way to Salem in their small and humble hall welcomed, with a joy such as only a Catholic can appreciate, the advent of some missionary priest going from settlement to settlement with his satchel in his hand, bearing the vestments of the Holy Sacrifice—welcomed him to their poor houses, and prepared, as best they could, an altar for the offering up of the august Sacrifice of Calvary, repeated in an unbloody manner; and how they toiled, and how they consulted one with another!

Could we but get a little lot of land that would answer the purpose; could we from our scanty purses find the wherewith to put up the humblest kind of a shanty that might be called God's house, because upon it could be placed the sacred symbol of salvation, and beneath its roof upon the altar a sacrifice worthy of the grandest temple that ever was constructed by the hands of man.

Then came the first church, and just what they in Salem did seventy years ago, the few Catholics that had found their way to Rochester that self-same year did, after struggling to bring a priest to them—they built their first church, and as I read the old records, the few Catholics deputed some ot their number to travel through the great State of New York, and down into Pennsylvania and on to Baltimore, to collect a few hundred dollars. A humble church was built, and it served its purpose, and in time it was levelled to the ground, and a larger one was built, and the joy in the hearts of the Catholics of that city was great indeed. Then that was swept away, and a monumental church stands in its place.

And this is the history of church-building in these United States—the poor people coming together in one of their own houses, a humble wooden church, to be followed by a brick or stone one in after years. And these churches, as they arose on every side, drew forth, too often, bitter words, for they who worshipped within them were not understood, and the mysteries of our holy religion only darkened the minds of others in their misconception of what took place upon the altar. They were

Strangers from Another Land, and They Worshipped in a Hated Church.

We who are of years remember how from the pulpits of the land cruel things were said. We remember how the newspapers day by day—the secular and the political newspapers, in column after column—repeated the old stories of calumnies against the Catholic body.

Here and there, it was true, were found individuals of better information and of kinder souls that reached out to us a hand of welcome—men who bore themselves with a right understanding of what was due to themselves and to others, able to comprehend the American doctrine that, in this country, all have rights—that today there is no persecution of classes, and no interference with the religious worship of any body of men in the community. We were foreigners, we were Papists, the multitudes cried out. We were inimical to the republican form of government. Our churches were pointed out as something dangerous for the liberties of the country.

We protested, we argued, we defended ourselves and our position, but men would not, I might say, even so much as listen to us; and while they of some position in the community might be tolerated, the masses of our poor people were made to suffer bitter agony in the soul from the harsh and wicked words spoken against us. We proclaimed

Our Allegiance to the Laws and the Government,

of the country. And why? Because our fathers and ourselves had shaken the dust from our feet in leaving the old countries of Europe. We had come to the new land as one opening wide its gates to us to give us what our souls craved for—freedom and liberty, the right to govern ourselves, and the right to be respected whenever, and only when, we deserved by our conduct to be respected.

But the ears that were closed to our words did not open to the truth till the moment of trial came to the country, and in that hour, that we remember so well, when all seemed dark and the clouds above us were threatening indeed, and the sun of hope for the future was veiled almost from our sight, and an enemy stood ready—and one of our own people—to disrupt our country, the time for argument had gone by.

No longer were words needed, but the Catholic body, that had borne with the contempt and harsh and lying words, stood out to be in the sight of all—what afterward they claimed to have been—loyal to the land, loving liberty, and ready to die for its preservation. And, thank God, I might say, the day came and opened for us a brighter future.

Yesterday morning I rode through the Catholic burying-place of this city, and my eye ran over that God's acre, and everywhere in thick abundance the tiny flags told me that

Salem Had Sent Forth Its Catholic Heroes, Its Catholic Soldiers,

to fight and to die for American liberty and the upholding of our most loved republican form of government. That argument no longer need be used. The facts stand there, and no one gainsays their meaning, save some of those others that have come to our land, not American born, but others, bringing over the rancors of other countries—they, and they alone, dare call in question the real, earnest and sincere loyalty of American Catholics.

We have our right, then, in the land—bought by the blood of our own people—conquered by the conduct of those people for years past, wrung from many an unwilling one by the evidence of our works of charity, of education and of religion.

Our claim is that

We Are Citizens in the Fullest and Best Sense of the Word;

that we are here to uphold morality, to foster education among the people, to show what the people, untrammelled by the Old World customs, can do for the poor and the unfortunate. We are here to demonstrate to our neighbors, who today are our friends, that our position in the community is one of brother with brother. In the church we may differ—in the school or in work it is the same; in our asylums and our hospitals we give a lesson of charity in practical working order, such as no other body can show.

We claim that we are here helpers in the civilization and in the advancement and in the progress of this great empire of free America, and this new church that now is about to be built, whose corner-stone is to be laid this afternoon—this church becomes another strong and mighty proof of what is in the minds and what is in the hearts of the Catholic people.

Our rights today we know. We mean to stand side by side with our fellow-American citizens. We have a right to practise our religion as best seems good to us. We have no quarrel with any one else. But we are not here among our fellow-citizens with a head hanging down, with lowered voice asking for favors, seeking compromises, or whittling down any of our doctrines—we are here Catholics in every sense of the word, believing what Leo believed—believing and practising what he and the bishops and the priests of the Church believe and practise, accepting no poor, mean, and contemptible and wavering Catholic's explanation of our doctrines.

We hold to our doctrines in their fullest sense, and we maintain that in so doing we are helping in large degree the maintenance of morality among the people.

A Morality Not Based Upon Religion

and God's teaching will never hold in the face of temptation when exposed to the desire for ambition and filthy lucre.

Our morality impresses upon our people their obligation, not simply because what they see going on around them is pleasing to them, but their obligation to stand by their country and observe its laws, under all stresses of temptation, to be true and faithful no matter what comes in their way, and I can say with truth that our American fellow-citizens are beginning to appreciate what is meant by the working of the Catholic body.

They understand today what bishops and priests mean in their every-day action, and when, therefore, you of Salem, that might have contented yourselves with this large and seemly building, choose to leave it, and from your scanty means build a larger and more magnificent one, even our non-Catholic friends are able to say: "Here is another anchorage for the safety, the permanence and the stability of true liberty, and of our American form of government."

And now that the Catholic people have come out of their poverty and are found high in social life, strong in their financial means and of political importance in the country, they have won for themselves a recognition that was a long time coming, but which at last has, thank God, come to them.

That church tells your power. It tells that your means have increased, that you are self-respecting people, that you know the rights of others and your own at the same time, and that you will let no man call in question your right to be here, your right to do good after your own fashion, your right to erect temples worthy of the God for whom they are built.

And with this recognition on the part of our fellow-American citizens, I may say that a more important day and a greater work is in store for the Catholic people. We have to solve many problems, and among these problems one of the most important is

The Amalgamating of all these Peoples of the World

that are flocking to our shores. There was a day, not long off, when one might have said that none but the children of Erin came to America. That day is passed. The oppressed of all nations of Europe, with their peculiar customs and their languages, and with their peculiar demands, have come among us. These people we have to receive, as you and others were received in your day, and our work—and it is to come largely from the Roman Catholic Church—our work is to amalgamate all these people, to bring them into one grand whole—the Poles, Germans, or whatever they may be—that, little by little, they and their children may become as devoted adherents and upholders of this Republic as ever the Irish themselves were.

This is the problem before us, and nowhere will it find its solution so thoroughly as under the guidance of the Catholic Church. We humor their languages within the walls of their temples; we

show concessions to them in their schools; but it is not in the power of priest or bishop, if such one could be found, to withstand the onward progress and march of all these nationalities right toward American citizenship, in its best form.

Not that they will leave aside their religion. Even their pious and holy customs, peculiar as they may be, they can bring with them. The Church is their mother here as at home, their bishops and priests will be of the one body, as at home in their own country they were. These people, under that well-regulated influence of the Catholic priesthood and episcopate, will be led into

True American Citizenship,

while still holding to their faith, holding to their doctrine, practising the customs of the old lands with love and devotion, and, in time, when their grandchildren occupy the land, but a few stragglers still coming over from Europe, the Catholic body in these United States will be one great body, holding to the Catholic Church and to her doctrines, her Sacraments, her government, but as true and as loyal to the civil and political institutions of the land as ever in the past were they of New England origin, or coming from Ireland or from any other part of the world.

You may say: "Why, this Bishop seems to glory in his Americanism, and in the Americanism of the Holy Catholic Church." Most undoubtedly I do. I do for the sake of those people who come to our shores. But I do also for the sake of the Republic of which I am a member. We want here none of those old-country forms of government. We, and others before us, had enough of them. We want here just what we know the country can give us—freedom of action. No paternalism. This new free world is a place for the breeding of freemen of men who can think and speak and act; men who know how to yield to the peculiarities of others, but men who know how to stand up bravely in defence of their own. Today

We Have Scarcely an Enemy

to encounter. We have won self-respect, we have won the kindly feeling and the applause of those who do not agree with us in our religious beliefs, and we have won the respect of those who themselves are now able to say that one of the great hopes of security for our American institutions in the future is precisely the principles of that communion whose Representative but a few weeks ago sent out words of sound advice and of warning to tell rulers how to rule and to tell people how to be patient, but at the same time how to

Stand to Their Rights Like Men

and like Christians, doing no wrong to others, but never forgetting what they owe to themselves and the human family, of which they were members.

Churches, I said, and schools are arising on every side. Yes, thank God, in New England today the banner of Christian education is raised aloft, and we, who thought we were doing noble work of Christian education, have now to turn our eyes toward New England to learn lessons. Now we have here to learn how grand our schoolhouses can become, how thorough systems of Christian education, and to come into this city and into others and see the companies of the great army of the teaching community busy at their work, the same noble women with their countenances of purity beaming with intelligence, and souls uplifted by zeal that seem to crave the laying hold of the young of the boys and the girls soon to be men and women of the land, going after them with just such love as a Christian heart bears to them, to lay hold of those young Christian souls, and bring them within the Church and under the influence of holy religon, and make them at the same time true Christians and true citizens

There was a time when any one daring to say a word even in favor of Christian education was looked upon as though he were a traitor to the country No longer do they so regard us. They may think, perhaps, we are injudicious and unwise. They may think that they can give an education better than we can, but in both of these points they are deceived. How can they give an education better than that which is permeated with a devotion to God and love of what is holy and good, filling them with thoughts of heaven and the world to come, at the same time impressing upon their young souls their duty toward others as well as toward themselves?

We have advantages, and the people are beginning to understand them. The best words spoken in our behalf are found in non-Catholic papers and magazines, and even from pulpits not of our religion. Here words of common honesty are found, giving praise to the sincerity of our people for the sacrifices they are ready to make, and alarmed at what they see going on around themselves—so many of the young drifting away from all religion and from the moral law. Why, they are glad to know that Catholics have the courage and the daring

To Raise Their Own Schoolhouses

and place in them those angels of mercy for the education of children and bear the expense which such schoolhouses necessarily bring. Our churches and schoolhouses are marks, then, all over the land. Their influence and power are being recognized, and men speak kindly of them.

But we have other ways, too, in which we can demonstrate what we are doing. Some think that these Catholics are very cunning, and are laying some wonderful plans that one of these days will burst upon the community. Yes, we are. I will not deny it. We are laying our plans for

The Destruction of Poverty and Suffering.

We build our hospitals and asylums, and we welcome within their sheltering walls the fatherless and the motherless, the suffering, the sick and the dying, into our hospitals—American and Irish and German, black and white—and their best ticket of recommendation is that they are poor and that they are suffering, and, so far as my knowledge goes, this is the depth of the conspiracy in which we are engaged: Looking after the poor and the suffering, educating the young to make them men and women worthy of the name, and raising up our churches, upon the summit of which is that symbol of salvation.

We are not ashamed of that cross; we are not ashamed of what you see within the walls of the church; we glory in the mysteries of this altar. The unbeliever may come within the church—no one blushes in his presence. What we would do among ourselves alone we do when crowds of strangers are here.

The sacrificing priest stands at the altar and brings God from heaven. This is the meaning of the conspiracy in which we are engaged—bringing God down from heaven to earth, bringing God in His majesty and His goodness down to ourselves and into our very bosoms, bringing God in our moment of sorrow to raise us up and cheer our hearts, to make us what we ought to be, men worthy of Him who has done so much for us.

So I maintain that every church that is built and every schoolhouse whose walls are raised up in the community, and every industrial school and every convent—the beautiful convents of today that have thrown open their doors and their windows, that have broken down enclosures and fences, because foolish people used to say strange things took place therein—convents filled with the daughters and the sisters of the best men and women in the land—convents so open that any stranger can enter more freely and at more unusual hours than he could enter the house of a neighbor, of a layman—convents so rich in graces, in womanly virtues and self-sacrifice, that the world is amazed that these houses of Christ could accomplish so much by these sacrifices.

With these thoughts in my mind, only lightly touching on them, I stand before

The Good People of Salem

to lend a word of encouragement to them in their noble work. I dare not speak of your pastor. You know him even better than I do, and many a one, no doubt, has given him cheering words, and bade him go on in erecting a magnificent edifice, and Catholics all over the parish have been ready to help, and those listening to my words this afternoon take pride in what I have said, and would have taken a glorious pride in that ceremony without, had the heavens been propitious to us, and would have spoken to the laborers in this cause, as I heard yesterday somebody speaking, without knowing who was listening to him, of the struggles of early Catholicity in Salem.

No doubt many would be pleased to speak exulting words, but yet when the time comes for action they are backward, and fond of making excuses, leaving to others what they themselves ought to take in hand.

Yet, even among ourselves, all Catholics are not what they ought to be. I have been describing the great bulk of our people—a sober, industrious, honest and God-fearing people. But you know that when one of your vessels sails out from your harbor, after a while it comes back, and that vessel is covered with barnacles, and others have to go and scrape them off and bring the vessel into proper sailing condition again. So

On the Ship of the Catholic Church There Are Barnacles,

that hinder the swift speed of the vessel, and, while we seek to make all smooth and easy-going, such is human nature, such is the human family, that these human barnacles will be found upon the vessel of the Church, as they are found everywhere.

I am not speaking their praises. They are unworthy of them. They are the ones that have hindered our growth in the past. They held us down. They were pointed at, sometimes unjustly, at other times justly: "Look at your Catholic people; see what they are; behold such a man." And with such false reasoning the Church was condemned for the lives of the few. But the people of Salem are, I am sure, as the good people of Catholic congregations are all over these United States. These exceptions are not to be taken into account.

Hence it becomes the duty of all Catholics to stand by their pastor in his noble undertaking. My own history covers many years of active life. And I have buried the priests that died victims of their unceasing labors in working for the people. Scarcely a year goes by but many such are carried to their graves.

The Heroes of the Church Today in America

are the self-sacrificing priests of the Church. When their souls are thrown into the work they fill themselves with an enthusiasm that would have made heroes in the time of the Crusades. I have known many who have sat down and wept in the time of the nation's peril, not that they were priests, but that, being priests, they could not take up the musket and fight for their beloved country. Every year these heroes of the Cross go down to their graves broken down by their labors in behalf of the people. It is that unceasing labor that tells on them, that unceasing thinking and trouble that never leaves the mind at rest, that keeps the brain on a stretch all the time. It is not merely the thought required in laying out and superintending the work, but in raising the money to carry on that work. The priest who knows the small resources of his people, and knows their generous hearts, and finds himself unable to call for more money from them, is caused to worry. His head officer has placed him in charge of that regiment in the army. He is the one responsible, and he feels that responsibility. He has given himself to God and God's service, and he knows not what it is to hold back or to save himself, and he stands there at his post until the sickness and the death come upon him, and then we bury him with psalms and prayers, praising his life.

He deserves praise. We bury him in a martyr's grave. He cared for God's honor and God's Church, and he loved his people and their best interests, and he died working for them.

This is no fancy picture, beloved brethren. It is but a truth briefly stated. I can speak of many cases from my own experience. Not every young priest has the vigor and the power to go through the hardships demanded of him, but he has the fiery soul, the loving heart, the nobility of character that make a soldier of the Cross, and he goes to his work and works until he dies, and in heaven reward comes to him, encompassed, I might say, by the grateful hearts of his parishioners.

So, permit me to say, let this Church of St. James, of Salem, arise in her majesty and glory. Throw the roof over the walls, decorated from ceiling to floor. Spare not the money when you come to God's altar. Time and again I have placed a few boards over empty flour barrels for an altar upon which to offer Mass, and no holier sacrifice than that was ever offered. My soul was in the work, and the poor children of Erin were around me, so thankful that a priest had found them out in far-off America. But, when better we can do, we throw away the simple altar, and a grand one is put in its place, and a richness enshrines the church, because we know it is God's house, and, when God has come to us, our own wealth has gone out to him in honor and in love.

Raise high the walls, then, and decorate them, and the work of religion will go bravely on in ancient Salem, and the voice of the preacher of the truth will be heard far and wide. There will be no uncertainty in his utterance, no changing doctrine, no unkindness to others, but brotherly love for all who come within the offer which we have to give. There is no stinginess. Our blessings, our graces are for all, and in God's name they will freely be spread before the people, for with them and by them salvation can be found.

So, therefore, let the glories of St. James', of Salem, spread and the good work be done, and your good pastor be kept strong for your sake, as well as for his own, and if he accomplishes the work, it will be because his good people have stood by him so manfully and generously.

At the conclusion of Bishop McQuaid's address, Archbishop Williams, accompanied by Vicar-General Barry, Fathers Feeling, McCaughan, and Kelly, proceeded to the new building, where the corner-stone was blessed with the usual ceremonies.

The box containing the following documents was placed in a hollow within the corner-stone by the Rev. John J. Gray:—

Copies of Salem papers, Sacred Heart Review of Aug. 29, constitution and names of members of Young Men's Catholic Temperance Society with history of the society, current coins, Mayor Rantoul's inaugural and the Boston PILOT.

A parchment, with a Latin inscription, briefly descriptive of the event, was also placed in the box. We append a translation of it:—

"IN THE YEAR OF REDEMPTION, Aug. 30, 1891.
Leo XIII., Pope, happily reigning.
Benj. Harrison, President of the United States.
William E. Russell, Governor of Mass.
Robert E. Rantoul, Mayor of Salem.
James Murphy, architect.
Jeremiah W. Dornsife, contractor.
"The Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, first Bishop of Rochester, preacher.
"The illustrious and Most Rev. J. J. Williams, D. D., first Archbishop of Boston, laid the corner-stone of this new church to the honor of God under the title of St. James, it being built by the care and labor of the Rev. John J. Gray, rector.
"A great many priests assisting, and a very large concourse being present, all united in common rejoicing, He consecrated, blessed, and deposited it."

The new church will be in the mediæval gothic style of architecture. The dimensions are: Extreme length, 168 feet; length of the nave, about 110 feet; extreme width, 80 feet; height to the ridge-pole, about 80 feet. There will be a tower in front, with spire surmounted by a cross, and two turrets, all of unequal height. The height of the tower will be 200 feet; of the turret near the central entrance, 86 feet, and of the other, 50 feet. The basement wall is of Lynnfield granite, and rises in the rear 28 feet, and on the sides about 15 feet. The church is of Danvers pressed brick, with granite trimmings. There will be a sub-cellar, 18 feet high, containing boiler-room, coal-cellar, and storage rooms. The basement will have a seating capacity of about 1,200. It will have a chancel and vestry, all to be finished in ash. Thirteen large windows will give plenty of light, and the stud of 16 feet will afford ample means for proper ventilation.

The church will have thirteen side windows, four chancel windows and thirty-two in the clear-story. There will be a large window over the main entrance and three in the tower. In the future all these will be memorial windows.

For the present, the church proper will remain unfinished, but the basement will be completed as soon as possible, with the hope that Mass may be celebrated in it next Christmas.

This church will be a noble monument to the zeal of the rector, the Rev. John J. Gray, and of his generous people. Father Gray is a native of County Longford, Ireland; came to Canada at the age of seventeen; made his ecclesiastical studies at Niagara Seminary, and St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., and was ordained priest in the old Cathedral, Boston, Dec. 21, 1866. Archbishop (then Bishop) Williams was the officiating prelate, and Father Gray was the first priest on whom he conferred Holy Orders. So it will be seen that the silver jubilee of his priesthood is near at hand.

All Father Gray's priesthood has been spent in Salem. As priest and citizen he is thoroughly identified with the place, and is beloved by the entire community. He comes of a family noted for the number of priests it has given to the Church. Among them are the Revs. Michael and Patrick Masterson, of Peabody; James Masterson, of Somerset; Vicar-General McCabe, of Providence; M. McCabe, of Fall River; P. Farrelly, of Pawtucket; Patrick McCabe, of Boston.

St. John's Seminary, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE new theological seminary attached to St. John's College, in Willoughby and Lewis avenues, was dedicated on the 17th of August, by Bishop Loughlin, in the presence of the Rev. Dr. Hartnett, the president, the members of the faculty, several clergymen of the diocese, and the students. After services in the college chapel the bishop blessed the college building. An interesting feature of the exercises was the unveiling of the life-size bust of Bishop Loughlin which was presented to the seminary by the alumni of St. John's. The bust is of fine Carrara marble, and stands on a pedestal of Bardiglio marble. It is placed at the head of the main corridor on the first floor. The presentation speech was made by the Rev. Father Maguire, and the bishop briefly responded. At the close of the ceremony a collation was served. Bishop Loughlin is deeply interested in the seminary, and donated to its funds the large offering he received on the occasion of the celebration of his golden jubilee.

SISTER EULALIE DE BARCELANE, the newly appointed superioress of the convent, 1195 Lexington avenue, corner of Eighty-First street, New York, which is conducted by the French Sisters of Good Help, has arrived in that city from the mother house at Tropes, France. She succeeds the late Superioress Sister Madeleine de Pazzi, who retires to the mother house in France, after administering the affairs of the order for nine years with great success. By her efforts the present convent was built. Nine years ago the order had three members. The new superioress has charge of a community of twenty-four sisters who are trained nurses, and their special vocation is to nurse the sick in their homes by day and by night. They make no distinction of age, condition, or creed.

Will those of our subscribers indebted for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, oblige us by sending what they owe? Obtain a money order at your post-office and send without delay.

THE exhibition of the "Holy Coat" at Treves opened the 20th of August, and is to continue for six weeks. The relic is exposed from six in the morning until seven at night. It is estimated that as many as one hundred and forty thousand pilgrims will venerate it every week.

THE Irish Federation of America, through Eugene Kelly, cabled five thousand dollars to Archbishop Croke for the relief of evicted tenants, in response to a cable appeal from Messrs. Justin McCarthy and John Dillon. The evicted tenants appear to be the chief losers by the unfortunate domestic squabble in the Nationalist fold.

Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

BOOKS.

B. Herder, St. Louis.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL HISTORY. By Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J. Professor of Oriental Languages in Woodstock College, Md. Price $2.00.

We give the approbation of Cardinal Gibbons: "The life of Jesus Christ according to the Gospel history supplies a long-felt want. The work is carried out with a gravity and discretion that leave little to desire. Though the various opinions regarding both gospel harmony and commentary are fully stated, they are free from all tinge of controversy. The book is calculated to interest and benefit all classes of readers; but to priests and religious it will be of special assistance.

J. Cardinal Gibbons,
Archbishop of Baltimore.
Baltimore, August 23, 1890.

The book makes six hundred and twenty-one pages; and is embellished with maps of Palestine, Journeys of Jesus during his public life, and a bird's-eye view of the modern Jerusalem.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

PICTORIAL PRAYER-BOOK WITH HYMNS. Specially prepared for the scholars of Catholic schools.

This is a convenient book to carry to church. Besides the prayers at Mass, there are litanies, hymns, etc. It is approved by the archbishop of New York.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

THE LIFE OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE ROSSI. Translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert. Introduction on Ecclesiastical Training and the Sacerdotal Life by the Bishop of Salford; with introduction to the American edition by Rev. J. R. Slattery. Price, $1.50.

John Murphy & Co., says Father Slattery, deserve our lasting gratitude for bringing out this American edition of the life of St. John Baptist de Rossi. The charm of this saintly character lies in the fact that he wore his halo by sanctifying his daily actions. He may be called the apostle of deity. Great graces were recorded of him; but they all lay in the line of his calling.

The book is gotten up in good style, and reflects credit on the old and reputable house of Messrs. John Murphy & Co.

Some notable testimony to the status of the industrial classes during the "Dark Ages," when the feudal system was in vogue, was given recently by the Socialist, Paul Laforgue on trial for inciting to riot at Fourmies on May 1: "I have myself, in the *Nouvelle Revue*, pointed out that the Lord was associated in the risks of the laborer; and that the rent for land was never fixed till after the harvest, and was dependent upon the harvest. . . . I have said, and I maintain it, that under the old rule the artisan was better off than he is to-day. The Church assured to him every year fifty-two Sundays and thirty-eight holidays, a total of ninety days of rest. I have never said but one thing, and that is, that May 1 was to give back to the working classes holidays and days of relaxation, and I called upon the working people to prepare for this. I have reminded them that in the Middle Ages the Church encouraged holidays, and even allowed dancing in the naves of the churches."

It is reported that Mr. Whittier's "increasing deafness prevents his attending church." What a strange creed it is that holds a man incapable of public worship when he has lost his hearing! If the "good gray poet" had the happiness of being a Catholic, loss of hearing would be no obstacle to attendance at church; in fact, he might "hear Mass" all the more satisfactorily for *not* hearing the choir or congregation.

Edmund O'Malley, father of the Rev. Dr. O'Malley, parish priest of Aughrim, county Wicklow, died at Emly, county Tipperary, on Aug. 26th, aged one hundred and six years.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

IN his sixtieth year, and the tenth year of his episcopacy, Rt. Rev. Kilian Flasch, Bishop of La Crosse, is dead. The fact that his life had for some months been regarded as of brief duration will not lessen the heartfelt regret which the thousands of Catholics under his immediate care will feel in his demise. Beyond the limits of the diocese where he labored with such devotion, — in Milwaukee and at the great diocesan Seminary of which he was once rector — this sincere regret will be generally shared. The deceased bishop was a man of mild and gentle disposition. And yet readers of The Citizen will remember the vigor and force which he evinced in some of his pastorals. Like many of our western bishops he was a man whose frugal habits, approachableness and apostolical simplicity won the highest regard of the people with whom he was so long associated. His diocese prospered under his administration, and his best monument will be the good works he has left after him. *Requiescat in pace.* The funeral took place at La Crosse, Aug. 11, under the direction of Archbishop Katzer, of Milwaukee, assisted by several bishops and 175 priests from abroad. Bishop Cotter, of Winona, delivered a sermon in English, and Father Abbelen one in German. Three thousand people witnessed the ceremonies in the church, and the procession to the cemetery was one of the largest ever seen there.

CLERGYMEN.

WE regret to announce the death of the Rev. Eugene Owens, P. P. of Carnlough, county Antrim, Ireland. The deceased was one of the best known and most popular priests in the diocese of Down and Connor. Father Owens was for a considerable time in Belfast, first, as a curate in St. Mary's and subsequently as Administrator in St. Joseph's Church.

DEEP and widespread regret is felt at the death of the venerated pastor of Moycarkey, the Rev. John Burke, who died lately at his residence. He was the oldest priest in the archdiocese of Cashel. For fifty years he was parish priest, and had reached the venerable age of 82 years. Father Burke belonged to one of the oldest and most respected families in Tipperary, and was the nephew of the late Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick. Some time ago he retired, owing to enfeebled health.

VERY REV. JOHN PHILIP BAUDINELLI died lately at St. Mary's Monastery, Dunkirk, N. Y., aged fifty-three. He was a member of the Order of Passionists and was twice a superior of St. Michael's Monastery in West Hoboken. He went to Dunkirk hoping to benefit his health, but died of congestion of the lungs. He was born in Italy and ordained a priest by Cardinal Patrizzi. He came to America in 1863. He leaves two brothers —Father John, Superior of St. Mary's Monastery at Dunkirk, and Father Luke, of Louisville — and a married sister in Italy.

DEATH of a Redemptorist Father. On the 1st of June, the Rev. John Stokes, C. SS. R., died at the house of the Redemptorists, Ballarat. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1837, was educated at Castleknock, the College of the Vincentian Fathers, from which he went to Maynooth, and joined the class of which Archbishop Carr of Melbourne, the Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Higgins of Sydney were students. For a short period after his ordination he was on the secular mission in Limerick. He joined the Redemptorists in 1866, and had just completed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his religious profession at the time of his death. He gave missions in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and was one of the Fathers sent to found the Redemptorist monasteries at Perth, in Scotland and at Dundalk. Eight years ago he went to Australia, and ever since has been laboring in giving missions in New South Wales, Victoria, and New Zealand. He was throughout his illness a most patient sufferer. His life was that of a perfect religious,

while as a missionary he was a very effective preacher, a zealous and untiring worker, and a gentle and tender Father to all who approached him.

On Sunday, Aug. 23, at St. Thomas' Manor, Md., at the end of the second Mass, were celebrated the obsequies of Rev. Dennis O'Kane, S. J., the pastor of that parish. He was stricken with paralysis on the previous Wednesday, and died at eight o'clock Friday evening. Father O'Kane was born in Ireland, May 22, 1829. He came to America in 1850, and entered the Society of Jesus. He was professor at Georgetown College, and afterward at Holy Cross College, Massachusetts. On his way to Holy Cross in 1855 he was in the Burlington, N. J., railroad accident. He was travelling with a fellow-scholastic, Mr. Hugh Rush, S. J. For some reason the two changed places in the seat, and a moment after the train was wrecked. Father Rush was killed and Father O'Kane was terribly injured. When a friend came to Father O'Kane's assistance, he answered: "Yes, I'm alive; but go rescue first those who are more suffering than I." Yet there were few among the living who were suffering more than he or as much as he. He was ordained at Boston in 1863 by Bishop De Goesbriand, the present Bishop of Burlington, Vt. He was assistant at St. Mary's, in Boston, and for many years pastor of that church. He was for some time in charge of St. John's Church, Frederick, and in 1869 was appointed pastor at St. Ignatius Church, Baltimore. He was made pastor of St. Mary's Church, Alexandria, Va., where he remained from 1879 to 1861. It is a pity that such a man should go from our midst, and many an eye is moist, and many a heart is sad at the loss of a friend who was so kind and generous and true.

SISTER.

Sister Mary Louisa O'Donoghue, died lately in the Frederick City Convent of the Visitation, aged sixty years and eleven months. Sister Mary Louisa was formerly a resident of Georgetown, D. C., and was a sister-in-law of the late John Murphy, the well-known publisher, of Baltimore. She entered the Frederick Convent in 1850, and was the Directress sixteen years and Mother Superior three years. She was one of the best known educators in the country. She died of consumption.

LAY PEOPLE.

Hugh P. McElrone, author and editor. We deeply regret to learn from the N. Y. Freeman's Journal of the death of Mr. Hugh P. McElrone, who had attained a standing and celebrity as a writer most remarkable for a man of his years. Mr. McElrone was born in Columbia, S. C., 33 years ago this month, of Irish ancestors, his parents being to this day remembered in that city for their piety, refinement and generosity.

Young Hugh was wonderfully precocious as a child, at 11 actually contributing articles of genuine merit to the local press. He received a good private and academical education, and even as a boy had mastered a range of reading that would have been remarkable for a mature man. At 15 we remember it being said of him that he had read every leading author from Chaucer to Cardinal Newman. The works of the latter were ever a favorite of his. He read many of them over as often as twenty times. In fact, of all the great readers who have come under our notice, Mr. McElrone stood out as the greatest but one. Were the book Greek, Latin, French, Italian or Spanish, it was all the same to him. He devoured it ravenously, and, what was more, carried away with him everything of real value contained in it. His literary taste was natural and his style easy and graceful. His first introduction into journalism was as a contributor of both prose and poetry to the foremost Southern papers. Later, he removed to Baltimore, and there became editor of The Catholic Mirror, at the same time extending his labors as a contributor and author. While editing The Mirror he wrote, compiled and edited the life and writings of Bishop England, the "Memorial Volume" of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, and about 40 other books on as many different subjects. Six years ago he came North to accept a place of the staff of the Irish World. Since then he has acquired considerable note as a successful writer for

the magazines, from The Century to Catholic World, and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE all being freely and generously opened to him. He has more recently written for The Freeman's Journal, The Pittsburg Catholic, and other papers, all of whose readers will specially regret the early close of his career.

While learned beyond his years, Mr. McElrone was strangely lacking in the ambition to display his personality. He wrote largely for the good that might be done, and up to within two weeks of his death his pen was as facile as ever it was. When he was no longer able to wield it, his courage failed him and his heart gave way. He was a deeply religious man. The lives of the saints and the higher ideals of Christian life were to him ecstasies of delightful reverence and meditation. Few knew him as did the writer, and few, in his opinion, go before their God with a nobler, purer soul than does the unpretentious but accomplished Hugh McElrone. He was a victim of consumption — the legacy of the hard winter and la grippe. He died surrounded by every comfort that a devoted wife and loving mother could bestow, in his home at 372 Pearl street, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, Aug. 11, having been duly prepared for his end by the sacred rites of that Holy Church in whose defence he had struck his heaviest blows, and of whose doctrines he was a most ardent and devoted follower. His sister is the beloved Superioress of the famous Ursuline Convent at Columbia, and to her and the whole McElrone family we extend the sorrowful sympathies of the editor of The Freeman's Journal. May the soul of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.

STEPHEN JAMES MCCORMICK, the editor of the Monitor, died at San Francisco, Aug. 12, aged 61 years. Mr. McCormick was born in Dublin, Ireland, Dec. 26, 1829; came to N. Y. in 1850, where he engaged in newspaper work. The following year he went to Portland, Oregon, where he founded the first daily evening paper in Portland — The Portland Daily Advertiser. Early in the 70's he assumed the editorial management of the Portland Catholic Sentinel. His able pen made the Sentinel known throughout the United States, and Mr. McCormick soon was recognized as one of the best writers on Catholic Matters in the country. In October, 1880, Mr. McCormick went to San Francisco and assumed the editorial management of the Monitor, and occupied that position till his death.

JOHN E. SCANLON, editor of the Connecticut Catholic, died recently at his residence in Hartford at the age of thirty-three years. He was born in Simsbury in 1858, and was a graduate of St. Charles College, Elliott City, Md., and Niagara University, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., graduating from the latter place in 1878. In 1880 he was admitted to the Hartford County bar and practised his profession until 1882, when he became associated with his brother in the management of the Catholic. He was the representative from Hartford in the State Legislature in 1886, and County and State Auditor for several terms. For the past two years he has been a delegate from the Weekly Press Association of Connecticut, at the National Editorial Association conventions, and was one of the three delegates appointed by Bishop McMahon to attend the first Catholic Congress held in Baltimore in 1889. Mr. Scanlon had succeeded in making the Connecticut Catholic a bright and interesting paper, and in his death the Church has lost a noble exponent of her rights. We extend our deepest sympathy to the immediate family of the deceased journalists, and ask the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE to pray for the repose of their souls.

MRS. MARY KATHERINE WERNER, for 35 years one of the leading Catholic Church Soloists of Boston, died Aug. 14, aged 69 years. The funeral obsequies, with Requiem Mass, were celebrated in the Holy Trinity Church by Rev. F. X. Nopper, S. J., the pastor. The choir, under the direction of Messrs. J. Frank Donahoe and Frantz Funke, rendered the "Miserere," "De Profundis," and the "Libera Me." One of the most valuable and significant tributes to Mrs. Werner's devotion to Catholic music was the bestowal upon her by Pope Pius IX. of a crucifix, which the Supreme Pontiff presented to her through Bishop Healy, on the twentieth anniversary of her career as a singer.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1891. No. 5.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Argument of the Apostate Priest.

THAT was an ingenious piece of work of our esteemed contemporary, the Christian Register, in asking George Parsons Lathrop to give the reasons for his conversion to Catholicism, and following it with reasons for the conversion of a Catholic to Unitarianism. This latter gentleman, we are informed, was a priest, and from the internal evidence of his article we do not doubt it. To the unthinking Protestant world, who have given but little attention to the subject, who are not accustomed to read, to think, or to reason closely on the subject of religion, no doubt the article of the converted priest will be much the more taking, and many will be confirmed by it in their prejudices against the Catholic Church. But to the candid, thoughtful, and logical mind, especially to one who has given some attention to the subject, and is somewhat familiar with the differences between Liberalism and Catholicism, we venture to say, with all due respect to the motives and liberal spirit of the writer, that his reasoning would appear very weak, inconsistent, and sometimes contradictory.

It is, of course, very much to the credit of the writer, that he has not followed the example of so many of his predecessors in slandering and vilifying the Church which he has left. He seems, at least, to have the instincts of a gentleman, and is not all "on the make." If he makes a weak argument, it is because the position he has taken is so extremely difficult to maintain.

It would, of course, be impossible, in the compass of an ordinary magazine article, to go over the whole ground and point out all the weak points of his discussion. But there is one thing that strikes the intelligent reader most forcibly, and that is, that his most plausible and impressive arguments are derived from the individual opinions of Catholic writers; and yet, almost in the beginning of the article he distinctly repudiates that mode of proceeding. Speaking of the absurdity of the ordinary mode of Protestants arguing against the Catholic Church on account of derelictions of individual priests, he says very justly:

"What then? Will you be so illogical as to argue from the particular to the general? Nay: for the sake of argument, I will go still further, — grant that every priest is bad, or, if you will, that the Pope and all the sacred college of Cardinals get drunk and have a dance every night. '*Quid inde?*' Would this tell against the *truth?* Truth does not depend on one man or any body of men; it is eternal as God himself."

Yet, when he comes to treat of the great principles of the Catholic faith, his principal arguments are derived from the opinions of individual writers. On the Immaculate Conception, for instance, he has n a word in answer to the arguments in its favor derived from reaso from Scripture, and from the very nature of the case; but he says tha "It will surely suffice to say that St. Thomas, the greatest theologian of the Church, did not teach it," and that "St. Bernard, the great ascetic, was in accord with St. Thomas." We have only to remind him of his own principle, that the Church is not to be judged by individual opinions, even of the greatest theologians. They are fallible, and their teaching has to be rectified by the infallible Church.

Again, he quotes St. Augustine's opinions in regard to the condition of infants who have died without baptism, and on the doctrine of predestination, which, as he puts them, sound very obnoxious. Yet he acknowledges that the Church repudiates Calvinism, and he gives the true teaching of the Church in regard to the future condition of unbaptised infants, which is not so repugnant to reason. At the same time he expatiates on the obnoxious opinions of the theologians as if they were the real teaching of the Church, and had a great influence in inducing him to leave it.

The sum and substance of the gentleman's article is that he, of course in his superior wisdom, has come to the conclusion that the Catholic Church is wrong in its teaching. She believes in a supernatural religion; he does not. "The teaching of the Church in that matter," he says, "is at variance with that revealed in the works of God, and approved by our reason." Whose reason is "our" reason? If you mean universal reason, we deny it. If you mean your own reason and the reason of your freethought confreres, we ask what of it? What does that prove? What is the reason of a small and comparatively insignificant sect, compared with that ancient and venerable body of three hundred million Catholics, embracing more learning, and talent, and sanctity, than all the sects put together? They all believe fully and without doubting in the supernatural revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Instead of that revelation being at variance with the revealed works of God, as approved by reason, they insist that there is a most wonderful correspondence and analogy between it and the order of Providence, as revealed in the constitution and course of nature.

It is surprising that so intelligent a man, and one so well instructed in theology as he ought to have been should bring forward the old, exploded argument, that "the church first props up the Scriptures, and then itself leans upon them for support, thus reasoning in a circle." He knows perfectly well, or ought to know, that according to Catholic doctrine, the Church is not founded and does not depend upon the

Scriptures. The Scriptures depend upon the testimony of the Church for their authenticity and genuineness, but she received her doctrine directly from our Lord himself before the Scriptures were written. From the very beginning she had her symbols of faith, and the doctrines of Christianity were preached for three hundred years before the canon of Scripture was formed and the various parts of which it is composed were authenticated. The Church does, indeed, appeal to the Scriptures as contemporary documents, in confirmation of her doctrine. But if the Bible were blotted out of existence to-morrow, that would not in the least affect the integrity of the Church.

Of course, in his transition, our converted priest lost faith in the Incarnation, and consequently in the Trinity. He says: "It was the diligent study of the Incarnation that struck a death-blow to my faith in the Trinity. How? Elaborately as that treatise has been written, it failed to convince me of the divinity of Christ. The Scriptures no longer spoke to me with a divine voice, etc."

Well, of what consequence is that to us? You do not tell us why you made up your mind not to believe the doctrine of the divinity of Christ and the Incarnation. You only state that you did so. Surely you cannot expect us to accept your *ipse dixit* as a good reason for our following your example. To the profoundest thinkers the world has ever seen, the Incarnation is the only rational explanation of the mystery of life. It is the very key of the whole gospel system. Take that away, and the whole structure crumbles into an incoherent mass of incomprehensible and contradictory teachings.

Some men are naturally sceptical. It is a great mystery. Renan is a remarkable instance in point. He commenced from the very start of his education to criticise, to speculate, to find fault. What satisfied the minds of the most profound thinkers would not satisfy his, and he gradually developed into a Liberal of the most radical kind, and has not hesitated to use his acknowledged talent as a writer (not as a reasoner) in an effort to destroy the very foundations of Christianity.

Occasionally priests discover that they really have not a vocation to the priesthood; that they mistook their vocation. Of course, it is not at all strange that they should abandon the priesthood. It has frequently been observed, as a result of long and wide experience, that the "conversion" of a Catholic priest to some other form of religion is usually followed by his marriage. Apparently, this writer is no exception to the rule. We are informed that he is now a Unitarian minister, married, and in charge of a parish in Massachusetts. We do not presume to say that this establishes a case of cause and effect. It may be that his conversion was a purely intellectual process. But the coincidence is sufficiently striking to deserve notice. H. L. R.

A PURE, simple, and steady spirit is not dissipated by a multitude of affairs; because he performs them all to the honor of God, and endeavors to be at rest within himself, and free from all seeking of himself. — *Thomas à Kempis.*

The Deceased Catholic Bishops of the United States.

VII.

MOST REV. FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, D. D., THIRD BISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA AND SIXTH ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE. A. D. 1830.

WHEN the great apostle, Patrick, came to Ireland in the fifth century, he found the Irish pagans. To them he taught the Gospel of Christ. They listened, believed, and were convinced. Such a peaceful revolution which he effected over the warlike sons of the Milesians, finds no parallel in history. It was bloodless. The Irish were Sun-worshippers; they worshipped the bright day-god, the brightest planet in all the heavens, while other nations were grovelling at the shrines of Thor and Woden or bending in adoration to brute beasts. St. Patrick s success in Ireland was regarded by Christendom as a great victory won for the Catholic Church; and, indeed, it was. But his magnificent triumph over paganism was not altogether due to his great eloquence, or his energetic efforts in the cause of Christianity. It was because the Irish were a *thinking* people, and the truths which he unfolded to them were studied, discussed, and pondered over by king, bard, and brehon, before they accepted the new order of things. Once convinced, their belief knew no bounds. It seemed as if the grace of God had diffused its blessed sunshine over their hearts, and, led by its light, their missionaries journeyed through Europe, imparting the truths which they had learned from Patrick.

This was in the fifth century. Since then it has been continued. There is not a land on earth that has not echoed to the footstep of the Irish Celt; there is not a spot on the habitable globe which Christianity has penetrated, that does not bear his footprints. Ireland's head roll of missionaries and martyrs outnumbers that of Rome. They have fought for the faith in every land, and millions have fallen with the cross on their shoulders; but, perhaps, no land owes them a greater debt of gratitude than America. The labors they have performed here can never be recounted. When they put foot on our soil, they were confronted by fanatics who were alien to them in race, religion, and nationality. These men entertained a strong prejudice against the Church. The Catholic congregations were few and scattered and poor, and the few priests that administered to them, were obliged to travel from place to place and hold services wherever they could gather any of their people together. The work of the priest was, therefore, neither pleasant nor easy; but he performed it so well that he taught his brethren of the other denominations respect for their Catholic neighbors, and broke down, in a large degree, the prejudice which had for a long time obstructed the progress of the Church in the United States. One of the greatest of these was the Rev. Patrick Kenrick. He was a true missionary; as ardent in the cause of Christ as any of his Celtic predecessors, since the days of Patrick; and, like

them, flung away all earthly ambition, and solely devoted himself to the service of his God. The influence which he exerted on his times was recognized and respected by his dissenting brethren, and bears fruit in the present age.

He was born in Dublin, in 1796, just two years before the patriotic rebellion of "dark '98." His people were all Catholic; but we have failed to discover whether he was of Celtic or Saxon origin. His uncle was the parish priest of Francis Street Chapel, and under him he acquired his education, both religious and scholastic, which afterwards rendered him so eminent. At the age of eighteen he was sent to the renowned college of the Propaganda, in Rome. Here he spent seven years, and, when he came to the canonical age, was ordained priest. Soon after, Bishop Flaget, of Kentucky, wanting a priest to assist him in his mission, applied to the Propaganda for one, and though Kenrick was the youngest of all, he was appointed.

In connection with this appointment, we wish to quote a very interesting anecdote from Dr. Clarke's Lives of the Catholic Bishops.

"It was not long after Dr. Kenrick's departure for America that Cardinal Litta was appointed Prefect of the Propaganda. This eminent ecclesiastic held the most exalted estimate of the priestly character, and of the requisites for its worthy attainment. He was an example in his own person of the virtues necessary to this sacred calling, and was strict in requiring all under his jurisdiction to attain to a high standard of excellence. His views were particularly strict in regard to missionary priests, whose position was more trying, and whose labors more arduous. He was somewhat surprised, therefore, when he learned that so young a priest as Dr. Kenrick had been selected for Kentucky, then regarded as so remote and destitute a mission, — one which seemed to require ripe experience and great physical endurance. When the worthy rector of the Propaganda first called on the Cardinal Prefect after the appointment of the latter, the Cardinal at once broke into complaints that young Kenrick, scarcely old enough to receive orders, should have been sent to such a mission. 'But, your Eminence,' said the rector, 'he is indeed young; but he is of the most solid virtue,' and then went on to give an account of his life. But all in vain, — the Cardinal continued in the same strain, 'his youth was an obstacle to that particular work, which no degree of virtue could overrule.' The Cardinal wound up by saying: 'If I had been prefect at the time he should never have gone on such a mission.' The rector, who was frank as he was respectful, fired up at this, and finding other explanations useless, replied: 'Well, then, your Eminence, it was the providence of God that prevented your appointment sooner.'— 'What do you mean?' said the Cardinal. 'I mean,' replied the rector, "that if you had been Prefect of the Propaganda sooner, you would have deprived America of an apostle.' The judgment of the rector was soon afterwards confirmed by the testimony of Bishop Flaget himself, who, after a fair trial of his young colaborer, spoke of him, in his correspondence with the Propaganda as 'remarkable for his piety, extensive requirements, the quickness of his mind, and the natural eloquence with which he expressed himself.'"

At Bardstown he was appointed to the chair of theology in the St. Thomas Theological Seminary, and filled it with most distinguished honors. "He contributed important aid to all the educational institutions of Kentucky," says Dr. Clarke, "and especially to the establishment and support of St. Joseph's College, in which, in addition to his other duties, he discharged those of Professor of Greek and of history, yet he did not shrink from other useful occupations, but devoted himself also to missionary labors, and discharged with energy and zeal the duties of pastor to the congregation at Bardstown." In the jubilee years of 1826 and 1827, he accompanied his bishop in a journey through his extensive diocese. So great was his eloquence, so fascinating his manner, in imparting and truthfully rendering the Holy Scriptures, that many Protestants and other unbelievers were, through his instrumentality, brought back to the true fold.

The eloquent power which the young theologian wielded, spread rapidly through the diocese. His name was on every tongue. The Catholics looked upon him as the champion of their creed, and the Protestants admired him for his talents, his virtues, and his aggressiveness in the cause of his Church. But the Protestant ministers, becoming jealous of his fame, and losing the respect of their followers because *they* were not as eloquent as the Catholic priest, putting their heads together, made up their minds to meet him in the religious arena, and, by their combined efforts, squelch him. But they found it a harder job than they had bargained for. Speaking of this Dr. Clarke says: — "At Bardstown he delivered a series of conferences on religion, answered the objections to the dogmas of the Church, which the Protestant ministers had published, or preached from their pulpits, and completely silenced them by his powerful arguments. He became at once a recognized champion of the faith. One of these discussions was held with Rev. Dr. Blackburn, President of the Presbyterian College at Danville, Kentucky, who, in 1828, publicly assailed the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist, over the signature of '*Omega;*' to whom Dr. Kenrick replied in a series of letters entitled: '*From Omicron* to Omega.' Nothing further was heard from '*Omega.*' Another controversy, growing out of the Jubilee, was held by Mr. Light, the Methodist minister, who, profiting by Dr. Kenrick's absence at another mission, came forward to sustain his sect. But he succeeded only in drawing upon himself the humiliation of a public refutation at the hands of Dr. Kenrick, to which he did not think it advisable to make any reply. A minister of the Anglican Church met with a similar fate. Finally, a Presbyterian minister, more ardent, but not more prudent, having ventured to attack Dr. Kenrick publicly, was answered so triumphantly on the spot, and before the same audience, that, when he arose to speak in rejoinder, he was abandoned by Protestants as well as Catholics. During this extraordinary Jubilee, secular affairs were almost entirely forgotten, and Protestants were as eager to attend the exercises as Catholics. The number of communicants was over six thousand, confirmations twelve hundred and sixteen, and conversions of Protestants fifty.

Great numbers of old and habitual sinners were converted from their evil ways."

A provincial council was held in Baltimore in 1829, at which Dr. Kenrick was appointed assistant Secretary to the Council. An appeal was sent to Rome for the appointment of a Coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia. The choice of the Council fell upon Dr. Kenrick, and the Holy See ratified their choice. He was consecrated at Bardstown, June 6, 1830, by Bishop Flaget. Before his departure for his new field of labor, the Catholics of Bardstown presented him with an address of admiration and esteem, and a present of a handsome chalice. The difficulties with the trustees of St. Mary's, in Philadelphia, which had confronted Bishops Egan and Conwell, broke out immediately on his arrival in that city. The same thing occurred in Pittsburgh, but as it has so often been mentioned in these pages, we will pass it by. One of his first acts, after assuming the administration at Philadelphia, was to visit his diocese. His route lay through the most mountainous portions of the state, and his journey was attended with fatigue, toil, and danger. So harassing was the journey that his health became impaired, and he was obliged to remain at Chambersburg to recruit it. In this emergency he sent for Father Hughes, afterwards Archbishop of New York, to assist him in his labors. When recovered, he resumed his journey, accompanied by the future archbishop. During this visit he had the happiness of meeting with the celebrated missionary of the Alleghanies, the Rev. Prince Gallitzin, and of partaking of his hospitality. At this time Philadelphia had five churches, and ten priests; but in the interior of the state many priests were needed. Many places were without any at all, while at others Mass could only be celebrated once in three months. One missionary had several missions on his hand at a time, and these were far apart. Bishop Kenrick himself said: "Some of these missions need the gift of tongues and a health of iron. Although the languages spoken by the people inhabiting this extensive country were various, yet not so much so as the nationalities and tongues of the missionaries, who had come from nine different countries; four of them were French, three German, two Belgian, twenty-one Irish, one Russian, one Livonian, one Englishman, and three Americans."

The Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, in Philadelphia, which now possesses also its Preparatory Seminary in Delaware, was founded by the bishop. It was incorporated in 1838, and was conducted by the Lazarists until 1853, when it passed into the hands of the secular clergy. In 1832, cholera broke out in Philadelphia, and while it lasted the bishop was always found in the midst of the pestilence, administering to the spiritual and temporal wants of the afflicted. "The diocese of Philadelphia," writes Dr. Clarke, "which then embraced the states of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and the western part of New Jersey, under his vigorous and wise adminstration, soon began to teem with Catholic institutions and religious orders. In 1842, the Order of St. Augustine commenced their college of St. Thomas at Villanova, Delaware county, and, in 1846, it was incorpo-

rated as a university. The Jesuits established St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia, in 1851, and obtained an incorporation for it in 1852. In the same year another college, under the patronage of St. Joseph, was commenced by the Rev. J. Vincent O'Reilly, in Susquehanna county. When Bishop Kenrick went to Philadelphia, the Sisters of Charity, numbering a very few subjects, had charge of the asylum; under his administration they expanded and multiplied into six religious communities, dispensing around them the blessings of charity and education. The ladies of the Sacred Heart entered the diocese of Philadelphia in 1842, and opened a boarding-school for girls at McSherrytown, near the Jesuit Station of Conewago; they next opened a school in Philadelphia in 1847, and, in 1849, the commodious and beautiful establishment known as Eden Hall, took its place amongst the first educational places in the country. The Sisters of St. Joseph came from St. Louis to Philadelphia in 1848; their novitiate was established at the old convent of the Sacred Heart at McSherrytown, from which numerous colonies were sent forth, and many academies and asylums were founded by them, and are now in successful operation. Under Dr. Kenrick's administration, the Sisters of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Sisters of Notre Dame, and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd were introduced, each establishing and conducting the institutions peculiar to their own institute. The establishments founded by these various male and female Orders received every encouragement from Dr. Kenrick, and, in several instances, the most substantial assistance. His learned and saintly successor used to say that everything useful in the diocese owed its existence or its strength to Bishop Kenrick."

Bitter as were Bishop Kenrick's trials with the trustees, on his arrival in Philadelphia, a greater trial was in store for him. The native American or Know-Nothing party suddenly sprung into being. This party was composed of the scum of Protestantism, and the dregs of the Orange lodges. With the hatred of Nero against the cross, and with all the ferocity of wild beasts they attacked the Catholic churches and burned them to the ground. Catholics were murdered in daylight, and the night was reddened by the burning of their institutions. A Protestant writer briefly states the story: "The Native American party has existed for a period hardly reaching five months, and in that time of its being, what has been seen? Two Catholic churches burnt, one thrice fired and desecrated, a Catholic seminary and retreat consumed by the torches of an incendiary mob, two rectories and a valuable library destroyed, forty dwellings in ruins, about forty human lives sacrificed, and sixty of our fellow-citizens wounded; riot and rebellion and treason rampant on two occasions in our midst; the laws boldly set at defiance, and peace and order prostrated by ruffian violence."

During this reign of terror Bishop Kenrick exhorted his flock to abstain from violence, and issued an address to that effect which was posted throughout the city, but was torn down by the mob. Mass ceased to be celebrated in the churches that remained standing, and

the bishop left the city until quiet could be restored. On his return to the city he immediately formed plans for the rebuilding of the churches and institutions which had been wholly or partially destroyed; and this his energetic spirit soon effected. In 1837, he began the erection of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, but did not live to see it completed. He, however, left it in an advanced stage of progress, and had the consolation of hearing Mass within its walls. "When he went to Philadelphia, in 1830," writes Dr. Clarke, "that diocese contained only thirty priests; when he was transferred to Baltimore, in 1851, he left to his successor one hundred and one priests, and forty-six seminarians, ninety-four churches and eight chapels, besides a splendid array of male and female religious orders, and of Catholic institutions."

In 1851 Bishop Kenrick was translated to Baltimore. His first great act was to summon together the prelates of the United States in National Council. The Council met on May 9, 1852, and Archbishop Kenrick presided. According to Dr. Clarke, five archbishops, twenty-six bishops, and a large number of theologians sat in this, the most imposing ecclesiastical body that had as yet been convened in this country. A large increase of Episcopal Sees was among the results of their deliberations, and the Pastoral Letter, prepared in the grand and unequalled style of Archbishop Kenrick, which the Fathers of the first National Council addressed to the clergy and faithful of their flocks, is one of the most profound and truly apostolical documents that ever emanated from any assembly of the Church. These Councils were held every three years, and under the leadership of the archbishop, were pregnant of good. The diocese of Baltimore, when the archbishop took the reins of administration, was altogether different from that of Philadelphia to which he was sent in 1830. In the latter was dissension, bitterness, and rebellion against the bishop and his predecessors; in the former, harmony existed in its supremest sense. He found his diocese well supplied with churches and institutions, religious, educational, and charitable. But the great mind of the archbishop did not rest at this. Besides sustaining them, he enlarged and more thoroughly developed them. He did more. He founded the Infant Asylum, the Aged Woman's Home, St. Agnes' Asylum for Destitute Sick, the New Mount Hope, the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, the chapel and school of St. Lawrence, at Locust Point, and many others. It was during his administration that the portico of the Cathedral was completed, the church of St. Ignatius built, and the College of Loyola established.

In 1854, he repaired to Rome to take part in the deliberations concerning the Immaculate Conception. Here he made the acquaintance and lasting friendship of Cardinal Wiseman, and other great dignitaries of the Church. After his return to Baltimore he issued a Pastoral Letter on the Immaculate Conception which was one of the profoundest he ever wrote. His character, as drawn by Dr. Clarke, is one of the most beautiful in the History of the Catholic Bishops: "He walked upon the earth with his eye and his heart turned towards

heaven. His countenance beamed with the light of faith and the joy of innocence; his tongue flowed with the eloquence of truth, and his daily life was illustrated by devotion and charity. Time was to him a gift of Divine Providence; a trust for our own and our neighbor's good; a mere preparation for eternity. His great faith was the admiration of his contemporaries; it was so simple, yet so profound; so easy, yet so sure; so firm, yet so humble. His devotion to the Church was a part and parcel of the love of God, whose Spouse she is. His devotion to the Apostolic See was a necessary result of his faith. Himself a venerated and leading ruler in the Church, he was at the same time one of its humblest members. Thus he was always accessible to the poorest and lowest of mankind, evincing as much, if not greater pleasure in witnessing virtue in the humblest walks of life as amongst the most favored. He was so accessible to all, that his servant, who answered to the calls at the door, was in the habit of introducing all who called, without distinction, immediately into his study and without further announcement. He was so patient and kind to all who called upon him, that many of the simple and ignorant trespassed on his time beyond all measure, yet he was never known to show the least desire to terminate the visits thus paid him. He always arose in the morning at five o'clock, during winter and summer, and said his Mass at six. After Mass he performed his thanksgiving and private devotions, and then was ready to hear the confessions of any who presented themselves. He was familiar with the French, Spanish, and German languages, so that his confessional was surrounded by penitents who spoke these tongues. His library was his next resort, where he spent most of the day in preparing his works, amidst the numerous interruptions to which his easiness of access exposed him. In the intervals between these interruptions, he resumed his pen and continued his work, without the least annoyance or sense of inconvenience. At one time it would be some poor person asking alms; at another, a child seeking instruction for first Communion; at another, some veteran sinner seeking guidance and forgiveness; and at another, a sick call. He attended to all these with equal patience and pleasure; he would go at night to attend to a sick call, and next morning would be seen at the altar at his usual hour. His liberality on many occasions astonished all, for while they knew the limited resources at his command, they saw him surpassing others in the generosity of his charities and his donations to benevolent, religious, and other good works; it was discovered that on such occasions he actually gave all he had, trusting to Providence to provide for his few and simple wants. When he left Philadelphia to take possession of the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore, all the valuables he took with him were the contents of a small carpet bag, and a little more money than sufficed to pay his passage. After his death, if his executor had assets on hand sufficient to pay his debts, this was all. He was frequently without the means of giving alms to the poor who applied to him, and was repeatedly known to shed tears at his inability to give more, even after he had bestowed his whole stock of cash on some poor person."

Through life the archbishop had never mixed in politics. He was solely devoted to Christ and His Church, When political animosities between the North and South were at fever heat, when the two sections of the Republic were arrayed against each other, and war, at any moment was imminent, he took no side, but calmly pursued his way as usual, as if heedless of the storm that was bursting around him. When at length it did come in all its fury, he remained as calm and placid as ever. But in his Cathedral and all his churches, prayers were offered at every Mass for the constituted authorities *of the United States*, and he always prayed for peace. The war was often carried within his own diocese, and on many occasions he saw the dead and wounded after the battle. The fratricidal strife rent his heart, and though he had borne many vicissitudes, for his was a checkered career, the rebellion caused him more anguish than all the rest. He was on his death-bed the day on which the terrible battle of Gettysburg was fought. While he lay on his bed, his arms folded across his breast in the form of a cross, and a scapular in his right hand, the tramp of soldiers was heard on the streets, thousands of wounded were being conveyed to Baltimore, and all was confusion for none as yet could tell which flag had conquered. The sound of the bugle was wafted from Fort McHenry over the calm waters of the Chesapeake, and fell on the archbishop's ears. But calm and motionless he lay, motionless, save the movement of the lips that were burdened with prayer. That night he fell asleep, the love of God beaming on his saintly face. The morning found those eloquent lips closed forever, the soul of the great archbishop had winged her flight to Heaven. He was interred with his predecessors in the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore.

The late Wm. Collins.

An Humble Hero.

They tell the story, comrades, in the Seventh Cavalry,
The story of poor Kelly at the Rosebud Agency ;
When the redskins fought like furies, and our Boys were sorely press'd,
And Kelly fell (God save us !) with four bullets in his breast !

The blood gushed out in torrents, like fountains of red wine;
His cheek was gray, and in his eyes the death-lamps seem'd to shine ;
But, looking on his comrades, with the cold sweat on his brow,
In painful gasps, he murmured : " Uplift me, fellows, now !

" Turn this worthless body over (ere God my spirit calls),
And make a breast-work of it, to protect you from the balls!
Turn it over, fight behind it, and of Kelly be it said,
As he served his country living, he served her still when dead;
And when the Judgment-Angel shall proclaim the muster-roll,
In the hour of fear and danger, Lord, have mercy on my soul ! "

They turned his lifeless corse about, with true and tender grace,
The blood and tears were mingled on each powder-blackened face ;
What time the final charge was made, a soldier knelt, — and when,
" God rest poor Kelly's soul ! " he prayed, all thundered back : " Amen ! "

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

The Irish Crisis and the Irish Priesthood.

THE late Mr. Biggar — popularly known as "honest Joe Biggar" — is reported to have stated during the famous Galway election of 1886: "The intimacy of Parnell with the O'Sheas will yet ruin this Irish cause." The miserable crisis through which we have been passing wellnigh proved him a prophet; but, thanks to the people themselves, — to their union, patriotism, and determination, — their cause has not been ruined; and the occasion which had threatened it is likely only to establish its justice the better, and to supply a new and crowning proof, that they are a people who are capable of managing their own affairs. The leading events of that crisis are, I doubt not, familiar to your readers; and I shall not, therefore, delay in recounting them. At the first shock of the terrible news of the disgrace and treason of the man in whom they had placed such unbounded trust, there was, for awhile, much confusion and dismay among our people; and the friends of Ireland in other lands must have stood aghast at our hesitation, in a matter which seemed so simple. But it was soon demonstrated that the heart of the people was sound, and that nearly all that was good and true in the land were unanimous in proclaiming that the hero of the divorce court was not a man to lead a Christian people, and, least of all, a nation with traditions so grand and sacred as ours. Kilkenny proved this, and then Sligo, and then Carlow. They were the first opportunities the people received; and they were availed of in a way that must be unmistakable to friend and foe alike. To argue with Mr. Parnell now, or to set forth the reasons why the Irish people, at home and abroad, should have none of him, were only "to thrice slay the slain," and I shall, therefore, content myself with a few observations on a struggle which I look upon as over; and especially with a word to define and vindicate the action of the body to which I have the honor to belong. With the Irish people, it is true, and with all who are familiar with the story of our nation, the Irish priesthood need no defence; and despite the virulent attacks of certain members of Mr. Parnell's following, I am convinced that when the whole truth becomes known, it will be acknowledged that no nobler political service did they ever render, than the saving of the Irish cause during the late crisis.

What was the origin of that crisis? "The Divorce Court" will be the universal reply, I have no doubt; but I wish to look further back, and find out a cause more radical. Why was it that the disgrace of one man threatened to ruin the cause of his country, divided into hostile camps the party which he had been leading, and caused hate and dissension among brother Irishmen throughout the world? Because we had given Mr. Parnell and his party — in our simplicity and trust — a position and a power which we never should have given them. We were struggling for liberty and we commenced by setting up a dictator; we were demanding the rights of a nation,

and we allowed the rights, which we already possessed, to be filched out of our hands. Parnellism will pass; but we must learn the lessons it teaches; and here, I believe, we must look for the first and most essential of them. The position of Mr. Parnell and of his party was an entirely anomalous one. Wise men had long recognized this, and had been looking to the results with fear; but the system seemed to be working pretty well, and men were loath to interfere. Indeed, in the end, one would interfere at his peril. Mr. Harrington would take from the priests and league branches their money, but he wanted not their criticism; the criticism of an archbishop seemed to produce more wrath than fruit, and so things went on. I need not enter into detail as to the things that were, and should not have been; better to indicate a few points to learn from an order of things that has passed forever. And first we must insist on control of the funds we contribute. It is rather late to be insisting on such a lesson; but better late than never; and there are signs that we have at last learned this much. The revelations about the funds, about the Paris funds for instance, and the sight of an archbishop in the vain search of the leader, to demand an account of moneys received, ought to be decisive; and there are reasons to hope that they are decisive. Then the people must elect their representatives; and the conventions must be no longer the shams which they were, too often, in the past. Indeed, at times there were no conventions at all; practically, there were no elections; Mr. Parnell and his inner clique sent down, as if by parcel post, the member to be; the qualifications of the candidate were known to Mr. Parnell and the same clique; and so the matter ended. No wonder that at the momentous crisis in our country's history, many of those men rallied around the man that had made them, all his infamy notwithstanding; no wonder that men like Harrington, and Leamy, and John O'Connor, were able to find their way into Irish party; and no wonder that the Irish people should now demand the thorough reorganization of the party, as well as the dismissal of its leader. When we shall have elected our representatives, we must sometimes meet them face to face, and demand an account of their stewardship. Across the channel, the cabinet minister has sometimes to do so, and the humblest voter may stand up and question him. Of course, in Ireland, the excellent custom had fallen into desuetude; or, rather, had never existed. "Trust the leader" was the substitute there for all such safeguards. Trust ourselves; trust our union, and organization; — this must be our motto for the future.

There can be no doubt, too, that our people were too fond of what has been designated idol-worship of certain popular public men in Ireland. When they had done any brilliant service, when especially they had suffered in our cause, we forthwith bent the knee to them, and were satisfied that they could never err. Let us elect our representatives, and see that they do their duty; if they do it well, let us honor them; if they fail, let us dismiss them and find better; let us even, if necessary, pay them; but never again, *for our sakes and for theirs*, let us worship them. Mr. Parnell was not the only idol,

nor is he the only one that has been proved an idol of clay. There can be no doubt but that the party has gone down a good deal with its head. There are good and sterling men among them: brave fellows like Tim Healy, the man who has done best during the crisis, and men like Arthur O'Connor, and T. D. Sullivan, of whom all are proud, and in whom all trust; but I deeply regret to say there are among them — and will be till the general election — men who are no credit to the party or the nation. Many men were anxious to know what side Mr. W. O'Brien would take on his liberation from prison; but many others were as careless as uncertain. The cause was saved, undoubtedly, without Mr. O'Brien; he had no certain word to guide the people six months previously, on his going to prison, when things were a little doubtful; and now, when the priests and people had saved the cause in his absence, they could well afford to dispense with his opinions and his advice alike. Mr. Parnell has charitably suggested that his party, or some of them, had been corrupted by Saxon society, and that English statesmen had been seeking to sap the independence of the party; but Mr. Parnell himself and his system were the corrupters, and, as far as I know, the only corrupters of the party. It would be, perhaps, too much to expect from them, that they should reject Mr. Parnell on moral grounds; and they preferred those of political expediency. This was much to be regretted, and quickly brought its own punishment; for their action made matters much more complicated and difficult, and enabled Parnell to represent them as taking positions that seemed inconsistent and contradictory. There were a few honorable exceptions among them; but, as a rule, they seemed to think that a scandalous life did not unfit a man to be leader of the Irish people, but that the opposition of English parties and the consequent loss of Home Rule did. Considerations of religion and morality, they left to bishops and priests. Because a man, however, had been the means of divorcing a friend from his lawful wife, was no reason that he should be allowed to become the occasion of divorcing morality and religion from the affairs of men; and the very low ground which most of our representatives selected must be taken as one indication of the debasing influence, if not of the Saxon smile, at least of the system of Parnellism, upon them. "A man's religion is the chief fact about him — a man's or a nation of men's" are not the words of a bishop or a priest, but of an English *litterateur;* we should be entitled to expect morality as high from the elected representatives of Ireland, as from the late Mr. Carlyle. The bishops, on the other hand, based their rejection of the fallen leader, first, on his moral misconduct, and secondly, on political grounds.

A great effort was made by Mr. Parnell and his followers to show that their lordships were out of court, that they spoke too late, and that their action was dictated by motives of political expediency alone. Some one — Mr. Sullivan I think — has facetiously remarked that every interference that happened to be adverse to Mr. Parnell was either too early or too late. Archbishops Walsh and Croke have replied frequently and conclusively. The interference of the bishops

could not have been sooner; and, moreover, it ought not to have been. The bishops number nearly thirty; they are for the most part old men; they have many and important engagements, and it will readily be understood that they could not have been called together at a forty-eight hours' notice, even to consider so momentous a crisis as that which had been brought about by the disgrace and treason of the fallen leader. Moreover, what we look for, from such a body, at such a time, is not precipitancy, but prudence, dignity, and charity. The priesthood of Ireland followed on the lines laid down by their bishops: they rejected Mr. Parnell with practical unanimity, and they preached the grounds of their rejection to their faithful flocks. On those grounds was Mr. Parnell rejected at Kilkenny, and Sligo, and Carlow; and on those grounds — our friends in America and elsewhere may feel confident — will he be rejected throughout Ireland, at the general election.

But what have politics to do with religion? What have we to do with Mr. Parnell's private life? Such qestions have been frequently asked, and very many foolish things have been said in reply. Whether Home Rule comes or not, we cannot banish God from the world which His own hand has made; nor can we, nor any state, or community, do away with the Decalogue. There is an amusing story told of a candidate making a speech, when a voice in the crowd asked, "What about the Decalogue?" The candidate, whose knowledge of the Catechism was not profound — and it is to be feared that many now know more about the newspaper than the Catechism — replied that any well-considered attempt to amend that enactment would have his best support. Mr. Parnell and some of his followers seemed disposed to amend the Decalogue, or rather to abolish it, as far as it concerned the public life of the nation, and the private life of its leader. "What has morality to do with politics?" Had it nothing to do with politics on the occasion of the Galway election? I had intended to call attention to the salient points of that event, when I commenced to write; but space will not permit it. If any reader still believes in Mr. Parnell, I would suggest its careful study to him; and after that, what has come to be known as the Kilmainham treaty; then the activity of the man's life for the past nine months, when there was question of self, as contrasted with his practical self-effacement, during the previous years when there was question of Ireland. "Facts," some one has said, "cannot be burned." Let us look to facts, and not to professions. Let us not spend our time in reading gushing speeches, that remind us of nothing so much, in their abounding profuseness, as the advertisements of Holloway's pills; but let us go back, and look for deeds. What has been the man's life, even his public life; for we *now* know what his private life was. How often did he visit Ireland during the past five years, and for what purposes? During the terrible days of that agrarian war, with its incidents of evictions, prosecutions, etc., where was he? Has he neglected his public duties even in London, and on momentous occasions? Those, and such as those, are the questions, which any one who professes to be a follower of this man is bound to consider; and if he refuses to consider them, then we must refuse to credit him with being an honest man, or a true Irishman.

"What have religion and morality to do with politics?" Religion and morality, I reply, have to do with politics, as with everything else in this world of ours. What is the state but an aggregate of homes, and how can the home-wrecker be the state-builder or the statesman? "We cannot," some one has said, "have one conscience as Christians and another as citizens; and what is wrong before the altar of your God, is wrong before the flag of your country." From McMurrough to Parnell, men like them have been scouted from public life in our country; and Mr. Stead has opportunely reminded us that the same Nemesis has overtaken many public men, in quite recent times, and in various countries in Europe.

It is universally conceded, that to the priesthood of Ireland belongs the credit of saving their country from the ruin that so lately threatened it; and one result of the crisis must be to unite them with their people in still closer bonds. For some years past, many of them had been gradually withdrawing themselves from politics, because there were men and methods they did not trust; but the result was not reassuring; and in Ireland, at least, it seems to be destined that the interests of faith and country shall ever be united. Cries have been recently heard, it is true that were strange in Ireland; but they were the cries of a few thoughtless people, who had been misled by the "poisonous teaching" of Mr. Harrington and the Freeman's Journal; and who little knew the meaning and the origin of the words, that had been put into their mouths. Let no friend of Catholic Ireland fear that "*le prêtre hors des affaires*" is likely ever to become the shibboleth of our people. The cry of undue influence and clerical dictation will be found to be as hollow and meaningless as the other cries of Mr. Parnell and his friends. I have elsewhere had occasion to speak of our position and rights as citizens, as priests, and as Irish priests; and whoever takes the trouble of studying the subject in this, its true light, will conclude that we have not by one jot outstepped, during the whole crisis, what must be admitted to be our rights. It will be observed that those who have made themselves conspicuous by their attacks on the clergy, are those who, during the agitations and famines of those past years, have been taking very good care of their own interests. If report speaks truly, Mr. T. Harrington has been amassing a colossal fortune; he and Mr. Leamy and others of their party have made themselves barristers, and were more familiar with the bar and its rich fees, than the dock, which they carefully left to Ireland's priests and people, some M. P's. among them. To such men as Messrs. Harrington & Co., the sentinels on the watch-towers are always awkward people; and so their abuse of the priesthood is taken only as an honor to that body.

Much more I would like to add, if space permitted. Let our friends in the greater Ireland beyond the seas — the friends who have never forgotten us in our struggles and famines, and whose practical sympathy has been the main-stay of all our agitations — be of good cheer. The rupture has been productive of good, as well as evil; and there is a growing feeling that the net result is gain. We have learned

valuable lessons, and we shall be rid of men whose presence would be a danger. Let the general election come; let the party be purged; let us get rid of the "one man system" and substitute union and organization; and I, for one, believe that we shall be far better fitted for freedom than we were a year ago. Look at the late Sligo convention. Bishops, priests, and elected delegates of the people sat down to deliberate on the selection of a suitable man to represent them in parliament. Nothing more sound or democratic in principle had been seen in Ireland for many a day. There was no dictator then; or if there was, he dared not send a *ukase*. The candidate was duly chosen and pledged. With the other side all was different; there was no principle and no pledge — no duty, I might almost add except to the "one made who had made him." Here was the whole question in miniature. What in the beginning we looked upon as an unmixed evil, we now come to consider a blessing in disguise, for which we should thank the Providence that had brought it about:

"The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

"What a blessing from God," said a poor humble person, lately, to me, "that Parnell has been found out before Home Rule came." A blessing surely which many thoughtful people are now beginning to see! We are as near Home Rule as ever; we are — as the general election will prove — nearly as united as ever; and what is much better still, when Home Rule comes, as come, please God, it will, it will be in the hands of Christian men, worthy to guide the destinies of a Christian people. JAMES HALPIN, C. C.

Our Dead.

IT is a wonderful thing to be a Christian. The world of the saints in heaven is all ours. So, also, in another way, is the world of the dead, — of those who are one day to be saints, with new glories, new delights, new jubilees in heaven. I. We each of us have our own treasures among the dead. 1. Some who shared the joys of our past years, and some who have shared their sorrows. 2. Among our dead are some whom we have not loved as we could now wish we had loved them — some, too, whom perhaps we have loved too much, and harmed them by doing so. 3. Some whom we have injured by example, scandal, harshness, or indulgence — some whom we have done good to and perhaps converted. 4. Some who have gone too soon, some mature and old, yet even then too soon. Some whose death-beds have left scarce a doubt on our minds; some whose deaths have been sudden, over-clouded, or distressingly uncertain. II. Our feelings about them all. 1. We grudged them to God, but we do not now. 2. We would have them back to behave differently to them; yet, No! for their own sake we could not have them back for worlds. 3. We envy them the certainty of their glory and perhaps its nearness; it is hard to think, without a thrill, of a soul very near

its release. 4. Yet we pity them because of the extremity of their sufferings. 1. The fire. 2. The soul is the part tortured, so that all suffers at once and penetratingly. 3. These sufferings are worse than all martyrdoms; there is no parallel to them in earthly sufferings. 4. Long endurance of them because there is no merit to shorten them. 5. So far as pain goes, these sufferings are a participation of hell, and are in awful vicinity to them. 6. Some persons died in such a state that we may fear their sufferings will be unusually terrible, and their absence from God unusually long. Conclusion. 1. God loves the souls in Purgatory with an unspeakable, yearning love. 2. Yet, he has, in the case of the dead made His love depend on ours; we are to be to them somewhat like what the Saints in heaven are to us on earth.

3. The state of these poor souls is one of incomparable, unimaginable pain. 4. And our hands are full of the most wonderful and most powerful means to help them.

5. What, then, must be our devotion for the dead? A little or a passing thing? Need I answer this? Have you not echoes in your own hearts that are answering it, even while I speak?

Oh, think, dearest brethren, of your past years, and of your past loves, of those old faces, of those unforgotten eyes, and of those well-remembered voices that are silent forevermore, and pray, in the words of Holy Church — *Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.*

Father Faber.

The Summer of All Saints.

BEFORE the snows of winter settle down upon the earth, and after the autumn frosts have given to the forest-trees a gala dress of russet and crimson, there comes, in certain latitudes, a peaceful season, when the sun is warm and the breeze like a benediction; when belated bees fly about in the soft air, and a smoky haze clothes stream and mountain. This season is known in America as the Indian Summer. The Arcadian peasants, because this late respite from winter's rigors came at the time when the Feast of all the Blessed was kept, called it the Summer of All Saints, and the French, for a similar reason, named it the Summer of St. Martin. And as the Indians of New England called this Summer the Smile of the Great Spirit, so the devout Frenchman speaks of it as the Smile of St. Martin.

The bold soldier who, in a sudden impulse of charitable zeal, seized his sword, and with it clove his cloak in twain that a beggar might share it, is inextricably associated with the city of Tours in France. The Feast of St. Martin of Tours falls on the 11th of November, and the sweet season coming near that time is especially sacred to his memory. Other pretty fancies have their origin in a love for the soldier saint. The robin is his own especial bird, the belief being that this feathered songster covers with leaves all unburied dead, as St. Martin clothed the beggar. The martins receive from him their name, and the swallows of the North go in winter, the pious say, to the Summer-land of St. Martin.

The British Cat-o'-Nine-Tails.

DEATH OF A GALLANT IRISH SAILOR.

In 1830–33, I belonged to the British Seventy-four Gloucester. When William IV. was made king, a general promotion took place among the older officers of the army and navy. We were lying in Malta harbor at the time; we manned yards and fired a royal salute, and were allowed double grog and rations for the day. Our captain's name was Stuart, a kind-hearted man, who was dearly beloved by all hands; he was made a rear admiral, and when he passed over the side the men disregarded all discipline, manned the rigging, and gave him three cheers. In the hurry-scurry a boy who could not swim fell overboard, and a dozen men jumped after him; but Morris Murphy alone had the honor of bringing him to the surface and saving him. They were both about a minute under water, and fears were entertained that they would never come up. Murphy saw the place he went down, and followed him head-foremost. In such cases a minute seems an hour. Imagine five hundred men looking on, with at least a dozen under water, and more ready to jump, who would have jumped but for the order which rang fore and aft: "Not another man overboard, on pain of four dozen." This was no idle order, and the men knew it. When Murphy broke water with the boy in his arms, they were both immediately grabbed and hauled into a boat, saluted by cheers that echoed and re-echoed all over Malta. The parting salute to their Captain was tame compared to it. The boy's wind had been knocked out by the fall, and he went down like a stone and rested on the bottom below fifty feet of water, apparently dead. Murphy never lost sight of him, but followed him like an arrow, and when he reached the surface the blood was trickling from his nose and ears. All the others reached the surface before him. Murphy and the boy were taken to the sick bays and were soon restored.

Captain Stuart was succeeded by Captain Coffin, a relative of Sir Isaac Coffin, a native of Nantucket. Old sailors had a story current about him, that when he was a young man his barge's crew, whom he had flogged, waylaid him outside of Portsmouth, when the ship was paid off, dragged him from alongside of his wife in a carriage, gagged her and the coachman, tied him to a tree, and gave him four dozen and four lashes, with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Whether this was a mere yarn I do not know, but this I do know, that he had a nervous twitching of the shoulders almost every minute as he walked the deck. The old shells said it was caused by the terrible flogging he had received. He soon showed us that he was a "tartar," for he never forgave a man who was reported to him. Under him, to be placed on "the report" was a sure flogging. He rarely flogged a man on his own account, but if an officer reported one, the poor fellow was "in for it," sure as death. One afternoon, in shaking out a reef from the maintopsail, a point fouled and split the sail. The Captain was furious, and swore that he would "flog the lubber who was the cause of it within an inch of

his life." Morris Murphy was the man. Though a giant in physical strength, and one of the bravest of the brave, the dread of a flogging threw him into a raging fever. Notwithstanding this, he was taken out of his hammock the first flogging day, and was supported between two men and brought to the gratings to be flogged. Now the gratings were two hatches, one placed upon the other and secured to the deck. One was upright, and to this the man was seized, arms and legs, that he could not move. The cat was of stout cod-line, with nine tails, each about eighteen inches long with a heavy hard-wood handle eight inches long and large enough to fill the grasp of a man's hand. When the order was given to flog, the boatswain or one of his mates, stripped to his shirt-sleeves to have free action, carefully separated the tails, that they might spread all over the man's bare back, then, swinging the cat over his head, brought the tails home with a dead thug, which often drew blood with the first lash. Every time the tails were separated, and every time were swung over the head. It generally took five minutes to inflict a dozen lashes. At the end of every dozen a fresh boatswain's mate was called to continue the torture. I once saw a man receive four dozen lashes; his back was raw as cut beef, and a gore of blood. Some would faint under the lash, and the surgeon, who always stood by the gratings, after feeling his pulse, would signify that it would be dangerous to continue the punishment; in such cases the man was cast adrift and taken to the sick bay for treatment, but when well enough to suffer, had to receive the quota the captain intended. Pardon was out of the question. Well, Murphy was brought forward to be the first man flogged; he looked at the captain, who scowled at him like a devil, then at the surgeon, and fell back into the arms of the men who supported him, utterly unconscious; he was carried to the sick bay. The surgeon wished the captain to see with his own eyes that he could not endure punishment and live; he had previously told him so privately, but he insisted upon having him brought out of his hammock to the gratings. Every Monday was a regular flogging day, and thrice Murphy was brought to the gratings; the captain swore that he was shamming; the surgeon, a canny Scot, did not wish to have any words with him, and said that he might see for himself that Murphy could not endure punishment and live. If Murphy died beneath the cat, the surgeon at last gathered ill-nature enough to tell the captain that he would report it as a case of murder. He insulted the surgeon in the presence of the ship's company. He took no notice of it, but when the ship was paid off he challenged him, and rather than fight, he apologized. He said publicly that the surgeon was in league with the rascals to save them from punishment. The case of Murphy made him savage; he was determined to have him flogged; he suspected that because the surgeon was a Roman Catholic he sympathized with Murphy because he was of the same faith, and said so insultingly. It was against the surgeon's order that Murphy was taken to the gratings at all. Three times he was taken to the gratings, but before the fourth day arrived he was dead. The surgeon and myself watched with him the last two nights of his life, and the

surgeon gave him the consolations of his faith. Having written his letters, he told me what he wished to have written to his mother and his sweetheart. He was buried at sea according to the ritual of the church of England. The captain, according to the rules of the service, had to be present, and stood with uncovered head by the side of his victim, while the chaplain read the service. The body, sewed up in a hammock with two thirty-two pound shot at its feet, was laid on a plank at the starboard gangway, covered with an ensign, and at the words: "We commit him to the deep," the plank was raised by two of his messmates; the body, slipped from beneath the flag, made one plunge, and all was over. Every sailor in the ship felt that he had been murdered. The day the ship was paid off at Chatham, England, Coffin had five men flogged with two dozen lashes each, for going ashore without leave. I wrote to Margaret Murphy, Passage of Waterford, informing her of the death of her son, and how to obtain the wages due him; and to another party in the vicinity, communicating to her his love in death. He was about twenty-five years of age, one of the strongest men in the ship, and of dauntless courage; yet he died through the fear of impending torture. After the second flogging-day, the surgeon asked the first lieutenant to ask the captain to pardon him, to see if it would save his life. He did so, and was not only denied, but insulted. And yet, the captain was not a bully; he rarely swore at the men, never drilled them unnecessarily or deprived them of their regular rest, or interfered with their amusements; but if a man was reported to him, he was sure of a flogging. He was a gloomy, morose man, who kept his officers at a distance, and though it was customary at that time for a midshipman to dine with the captain every day, he never invited any of the officers to his table. He kept himself to himself. Captain Stuart was the reverse of this; every day a young gentleman dined with him; he took a personal interest in the men, and when a young man was brought to the gratings for the first time, he lectured him about the disgrace of being lashed like a slave, and would generally close by ordering the boatswain's mate to give him a taste of the cat. He would press his hat over his eyes that he might not see it. How the flesh would quiver under a single lash! He would then order him cast adrift, with a warning not to come there again. Drunkenness he never forgave. He contended that a drunken man was liable to fall overboard, and that a score of good men would risk their lives by jumping overboard to save him. The price was too much to pay to save a miserable drunkard. He and the surgeon were rank Jacobites, mediæval Scots, and were often together. Stuart would have pardoned Murphy, at the request of the surgeon, though he had blundered badly in the discharge of his duty.

Poor Murphy could never explain how the reef-point became foul, which was the prime cause of his death. He was a jolly fellow, full of fun, a first-class seaman, and a great favorite with the officers. I have seen over a hundred cases of flogging, but this was the only one that frightened a gallant man to death. This mode of discipline has become obsolete in the British navy. A few years ago a motion was

made in Parliament to abolish flogging in the navy, when the first Lord of the Admiralty stated that was not necessary, for that during the year, there had been only nine cases of flogging among thirty thousand men, and these had been inflicted by sentence of courts-martial. Flogging, however, still continues on the Articles of War for the government of the navy. And, strange as it may seem, British seamen prefer it to the Yankee "sweat-box, the gag, and tricing up by the thumbs." They contend that when a man's flogged that's the end of it; the account's squared. I will merely add that Mrs. Murphy, with whom I exchanged several letters, and the young woman, were very grateful, and hoped that I would come and see them. They never knew the cause of the gallant sailor's death. "He died of fever, and was buried at sea," this was all they ever heard from me of his end. Rest his soul in peace. DUNCAN MCLEAN.

Machinery and Labor.

SOME of our confreres are reviving the long-abandoned idea that modern inventions in machinery are bound eventually to throw laborers out of employment. But, it is asked, if this is ever going to be the effect, why do we not see something of it by this time? Whereupon our neighbor, the Picayune, for instance, replies that such effects *have* come, and are visible on all hands. The Picayune insists on this, even while admitting that in so doing it is taking direct issue with U. S. Commissioner, Carroll Wright. It finds that "there is a a large and steadily growing class of the unemployed, unemployed because there is no work for them." In certain lines of labor there may be, and, no doubt is, an over-supply at particular points; but indications are, that as a whole, remunerative employment is available for every man in the country. One of these indications is furnished by the fact that wages are much higher now than they were when labor-saving machinery was in its infancy. Laboring men earn nearly twice as much now as they did then, and buy many of the necessaries of life more cheaply. It is hard to see how wages are advancing while the labor market is becoming overstocked. Again, we hear constantly that there is a great scarcity of farm labor. There is an eager competition for "hands" not only among Southern planters, but among Western farmers as well. In no line, perhaps, has labor-saving machinery multiplied so rapidly and successfully as in that of farming implements, and in no department is labor so scarce and inaccessible. On the contrary, so far from coinciding with the Pessimist in its forebodings as to the future of labor in competition with machinery, we are inclined to judge the future by the past and the present. If we submit the matter to that test, we should have to conclude that human labor rises, and will continue to rise, in dignity, in intelligence, and in remuneration, in proportion as it is released by the application of mechanical forces and contrivances, from the grosser uses of mere animal strength.

At Lourdes in 1891.

AN HISTORIC CASTLE FOR SALE. — SCENES AT THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES. — PILGRIMAGES AND CURES.

A LITTLE town of some five thousand inhabitants, its hotel accommodations far in excess of those usually provided for places of its size, the wide, undulating plains of Tarbes clothed in spring-time verdure, and the torrent of the Gave noisily hurrying down toward the sea, — such is my first impression at the approach to Lourdes in the high Pyrenees. One generation ago, say in the year 1858, could there have been written of it anything else of interest?

Yes, there was the old castle, considered for nearly a thousand years impregnable, its traditional renown connected with the names of Charlemagne of France, the Black Prince of England, and the Saracen of Spain. The key to the Pyrenean passes, before the general use of gunpowder and heavy artillery, whoever held it, whether representative of one of the great powers or private marauder, dictated his own terms to the people of the neighboring valleys. It is the ideal castle of history or of imaginary romantic minds. From its lofty tower is obtained the finest view of the snow-capped peaks of the Pyrenees. When the Bastile was stormed and fell in Paris, its dungeons, too, gave back the echo of the tocsin of awakened liberty, and the captives that had pined therein went forth to breathe again this glorious mountain-air. Very harmless, although sublime in its grand beauty is it to-day; a fortress, to enter which one has only to charter one of the numerous carriages so ready for a job; a prison, wherein the cell-doors hang half-open on their antiquated hinges; last, and this by far the most practical part of my description, an estate of about twenty-eight acres, right in the centre of the growing town of Lourdes, an estate, too, which is offered for sale — so I see by the posters on the walls of the town — for the insignificant sum of six thousand dollars. I cannot think it will remain long in the market at that figure; some Italian — anxious to exemplify in person the slur at Frenchmen, which says that with Napoleon, with Gambetta, with other lesser lights, France looks to Italy for her great men — will buy it, hoping to represent the department in the Chamber of Deputies; or some English noble who can live here, but not in England, on his income, or, lastly, some American magnate whose family can then speak of our *chateau* in France, instead of as now, our place on the Jerusalem road; one of these will become its future proprietor, and his heirs will have a better investment than if the same sum had been put into Kansas mortgages. Why should not some of the Catholic orders become its owner?

Why, indeed, for from being one of the strongholds of the [illegible] system, Lourdes has become one of the most powerful, even if one of the most modern, of the strongholds of the Catholic Faith. The same marvellous adaptedness of the locality for the erection of a notable castle is manifest in that point on which is built the beautiful Basilica of our Lady of Lourdes. This church, costing with its surroundings

over two million dollars, stands at the head of the valley, or at the opposite end from the point at which we leave the railroad station; about half-way from thence we reach the land which belongs to the Mission Fathers, the order of the Immaculate Conception, not organized for the purpose, but yet specially charged with the welfare of the countless pilgrims who are daily arriving here, and having the care of the sacred grotto and the buildings which its celebrity have added to the mission year by year.

Crossing the Gave on an ordinary roadway bridge, we look up the valley toward the granite church; there is a wide gravel walk of perhaps little less than a half-mile in length between us and the Basilica; on either side of this walk — although it is only the leafy month of June — yet the grass lies low, and the fragrant smell of the new-mown hay is wafted to us on the mountain breeze; the walk is broken by first, a statue, apparently St. Michael or St. George, struggling with the dragon which typifies sin; second, by a colossal cross; and third by an equally colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin, these two last-named being, as we shall see, brilliantly illuminated by night. This central walk terminates at the open end of a horse-shoe shaped, paved passage way, some forty feet wide, built on a constant but gradual ascent, at the centre of which, or that which would be the toe of the shoe, stands the church; the passage way is supported by a series of graduated arches, the pair at the lowest elevation being naturally very small, until the central pair are reached, and the size of these may be fitly called colossal; then a series of platforms, ascending always, and finally the church door; rather let me say, one of the church doors, for this building is more properly a series of churches than a church; being erected on a hill-side, it has, at least, three independent entrances, and these are properly the doors to the same number of churches; first is the Church of the Holy Rosary, above that the crypt to the Basilica, and, lastly, most elevated, the Basilica itself. The altars are almost innumerable, so that in the morning hours, there may be literally said to be going on a perpetual Mass. The outside of the church and all the supporting structure is of a superior kind of granite, almost white enough to bear the name of marble; it is a degree removed from the glare of that aristocratic stone, but has all its cheerful effect upon the eye of the observer.

But it is in the granite placed there by the Creator's hand rather than in that hewn and fashioned by the hand of man, that the charm of the place culminates. On a level with the bed of the Gave, removed but the distance of a broad roadway from the granite wall, from which I see the anglers throwing their lines into the brawling stream, is the Grotto of Massabielle, originally a semi-circular cave formed by the shelving rock overhead, remarkable for nothing, according to the memory of those still living here, except as a dry and convenient place of shelter in the sudden showers to which the mountain-valley is always subject; no candle then illuminated its darker nooks, and no spring gushed from its depths, by which the shepherd who had taken a moment's refuge therein might slake his thirst; to this day, there

are many other grottos in these mountains, which, as freaks of nature, are infinitely more interesting. I climbed up to some of these last mentioned, and was well rewarded; I found deep caves, natural tunnels through the hills, so that the discovery of pre-historic remains in many of them should occasion no surprise.

But with all the prodigality which nature here shows in attracting the tourist elsewhere, whether to yonder snowy peak, little if any inferior to any one of those which allures him to risk life itself upon the Alps, whether it summon him to the nearer and more accessible hill, worthy the name of mountain in any other locality, or to the historic and lofty plateau of the old castle, why does his step always return to this little cave under the church, why is it true for the past thirty-three years, of almost all who come here, that, as an American remarked to me:

"It makes no difference where I direct my steps, I always find myself back to the Grotto of our Blessed Lady."

Volumes might be written, nay, have been written and published explanatory of the reasons for this state of affairs, but the briefest mention of the facts must now suffice. On the 11th of February, 1858, a peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, by name, saw in the oval opening in the rock the figure of a most beautiful lady; on subsequent visits she held conversation with the apparition, who prophesied that a church should be built on this spot, that a fountain should flow from the rock, and that the world should come here to be healed of its sin and infirmity; further the child was assured by the figure that she was none other than, in person, the Immaculate Conception, in plainer words the Blessed Mother of our Divine Lord. Those who deny the possibility of such an event are referred to the appearance of the prophet Samuel to King Saul, to that of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, or to the visions of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Although this took place when France was far more Catholic than rumor would make her to-day, yet the civil and ecclesiastical authorities noticed the revelation, if such it were, in no other way than to discipline Bernadette. It was not until fairly compelled by the fulfilment of the spoken words, not until sinners were converted, and invalids healed at the flowing waters, that the miraculous vision was approved by the Church. No advantage of a worldly nature ever accrued to the young devotee; she retired to a convent, lived the ordinary life of a Sister, died, and the place of her burial is not sufficiently well known to be the subject of remark; at this writing, I cannot say where rests her mortal part.

But, once acknowledging the reality of the sacred apparition, the Catholic Church was as determined in its endorsement as it had been in its opposition, as witness the following inscription, which I copy from the walls of the Basilica. The translation is my own:

"In view of the favorable report which has been presented to us by a commission charged with seeking information in the matter of the apparition at the Grotto of Lourdes, in view of the written testimony of the doctors in medicine whom we have consulted on the subject of the numerous cures

obtained as a consequence of the use of the water of the grotto, considering firstly that the fact of the appearance, whether in the young girl's testimony who reported it, whether more especially in the extraordinary effects which it has produced, can only be explained by the intervention of a supernatural cause; considering in the second place that such cause cannot be other than divine, since the effects produced, being on the one hand visible signs of grace, as the conversion of sinners, on the other, deviations from the laws of nature, as miraculous cures, cannot be assigned other than to the Author of grace and the Master of nature; considering all this, we judge that the Immaculate Mother of God really appeared to Bernadette Soubirous on February 11, 1858, and on days thereafter to the number of eighteen times, in the grotto of Massabielle, near the town of Lourdes, that this apparition is invested with all the characteristics of truth, and that the faithful are warranted in believing it certain. We authorize, then, in our diocese, the devotion of our Lady of Lourdes."

The above is a literal extract from the mandate of the Archbishop of Tarbes, the diocesan town, and is dated January 18, 1862, or about four years after the alleged apparitions.

The people had been far readier to engage in that devotion than the Church to encourage it; during the six months succeeding the revelation to Bernadette, some one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims arrived at Lourdes, and so, from that day to the present, an unceasing stream of humanity has poured into the little Pyrenean town, nor is there to this day the slightest sign of its cessation. There were not so many sufferers from physical ailments as I had expected to see; by far the greater part, whether peasants or patricians, clergy or laity, were individuals in the full glow of health. It was, then, for a spiritual blessing that these people had come, come not by couples, but by thousands; as many as thirty thousand have been known to arrive at Lourdes in a day, probably six thousand came on the day of our arrival, and of evenings, the long torch-light processions which we watch, would do honor, in point of numbers, to any political party during an American presidential campaign. If there is any delusion, it is certainly not a case of that priestcraft about which Protestant newspapers are so fond of talking, for kneeling in the dust, chanting in the twilight air, bareheaded before the grotto, side by side with the peasant, may be seen the priest, his countenance aglow with devotion, and both his arms extended in rapturous prayer; whatever else may be said of him, he is certainly an educated man, yet he is even more overcome by the spirit of the place than the peasant, whose only prayer is said on the rosary she clasps in her uplifted hands.

Like as the throng surrounded the Pool of Siloam, awaiting the troubling of the waters, so at the grotto watch and wait those who have come here to be relieved of physical infirmity; now it is an old woman bowed down with years of toil, leaning on the arm of a bright-faced, hopeful daughter; do not mock her faith! no prayer is lost; a new life may be hers on earth in the person of the one who walks by her side, and the eternal motherhood may ask for her the joy of seeing and guarding that life from the spirit land, far better than she could have done it with the enfeebled body; the larger proportion of the invalids, however, are apparently cripples, and from the thousands of crutches and other surgical appliances which hang over the grotto,

there is no doubt but what many such have heard the ancient command to "Rise up and walk!" The water is conducted from the spring along the roadside to the bathing-pools; it can be drawn by any one from the pipes; there are a dozen or so of self-closing faucets, and no restriction whatsoever is placed on their use; one may enter the little shop just at hand, and buying a can adapted for the purpose, carry away its fill of the water.

To me, the most touching scene of all is the prayer in unison, made by the worshippers who crowd around the pools while some invalid is within, taking a bath in the waters; the upturned face, the body prostrate in the direction of the entrance to the bath, the tearful eyes, the outstretched arms, the earnest, expectant look on the face of each believer, express far more than the chanted prayer; it must be a moment of terrible excitement when faith is rewarded by sight, and the cripple, who had been carried into the holy place by the strong arm of an attendant, comes forth, and throws his crutches triumphantly into the roadway beyond the kneeling throng; has this ever happened?

Many, many times, according to thirty years of unimpeachable testimony. From the day when Bernadette, in her ecstasy, held a lighted candle in the grotto, the flesh of the child's hand remaining unburnt from contact with the melting wax and the flame (this on the evidence of infidel doctors), to the present, miracles, while not the rule, have been the very notable and occasional exception. I had quite a lengthy conversation with one of the oldest of the French priests attached to the mission. The great majority, he said, come here and go away without unusual change in their physical condition, but countless almost are the instances where relief is reported after the pilgrimage has terminated; about one in five are permanently cured. An English army officer, who had visited the shrine three times, showed me a newly-published work, not in any way issued under the auspices of the mission, entitled "The Medical History of Lourdes." It might have been the work of a non-Catholic, for all that I could see from a hasty inspection of its pages. It was written with that careful attention to details so characteristic of French scientists, and simply took up and examined cases where the malady had been medically defined, and the cure was also verified by medical certificates. The water, by analysis, shows nothing more than great purity; there are no powerful remedial agents present in it.

The grotto was doubtless more beautiful as a natural curiosity in the ancient day than it is now that nature is forced to submit to the encroachment of art. Across its entrance is a strong iron grating, at each end of which is a gate; entering by one of these portals, the centre of the enclosure is found to be occupied by an altar. When this is not in use, one may pass in front and behind it; the stands therein, interstices in the rocks, in fact, every available spot, save the ground on which we kneel, is ablaze with candles and radiant with flowers; the granite of the floor is worn smooth by millions of pilgrim feet, and that of the sides is polished by the kisses of millions of prayerful lips.

It is said that in this dry, mountain air, no one ever takes cold, and this statement is easily believed by any one who watches the processions of the pilgrims. At eight o'clock each evening the crowd assembled in front of the grotto forms in line, and, each carrying a lighted candle, the march begins; round and round the church they go, up long, winding paths, to the highest spot, then down one of the semi-circular passages, leading from its front, then through the broad, flat lawns of the plain before the Basilica; as they approach this part of the march, the statue of the Blessed Virgin and the colossal cross are illuminated, while the line of worshippers is at times so long that its head is nearly back to the church when the rear-guard is leaving it; all this time, the sacred song ceases not one moment: "Ave Maria! Ave Maria!" the chorus swells from a thousand throats, always in Latin, so that those of every nation can join in the tones of the chant; and they do; there are no silent tongues, priest and peasant, lord and vassal, the master of all the European languages, side by side with the ignorant artisan who cannot read or spell his own. I took note of the procession as its lines passed near me, and recognized ladies who stopped at the best hotels of Lourdes marching with peasant women who probably bivouacked on the floor of some building used for this purpose, women who probably had not with them a single change of clothing. But one spirit seems to pervade them all; namely that of devotion, worship, prayer. It is the same in the morning hours; there is no distinction betwixt Sundays and week-days here; the altars are always thronged; it is possible to get a seat at High Mass only by going very early; aisles, passage-ways, altar-steps are crowded with standing, or kneeling worshippers. All the walls of the three distinct churches into which the edifice may be divided, are covered with banners, tablets, or other tokens of gratitude for blessings asked here and received; the flags of all nations, left by the pilgrims, stream from the highest points on the arched ceilings; I was not long in picking out our own beloved ensign.

Such are but simple facts about Lourdes in this year of grace 1891. I have tried to speak of them as I see them, that is, impartially, free from religious bias. But the mere narration is a refutation of one of the most frequent assumptions of the educated people of the United States, namely, that in the Roman Catholic Church, there is such an historic stage recognized as mediævalism, which has passed away or merged into that which these patronizing writers are pleased to style American Catholicism or the Church of the present age. The slur is not confined to America; writers little acquainted with matters of faith often send home correspondence from France or Italy embodying the same ideas, which they are happy to assure us show, even in the Catholic Church, the spirit of progress.

Truth never changes; if it was an encouragement to superstition for the crusader to make his pilgrimage to the Holy Place A. D. 1099, if it was error which sent St. Helena in search of the Holy Cross in A. D. 326, the blessing of the Church would have been denied to the pilgrims; that same approval which it gave then, it gives to-day, and it

is with reason that I have copied the exact words of the ecclesiastical authority, stamping as credible the facts in this case; for while in matters of faith — such as belief in the redemption of the world by the life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ — the Church is inflexible, in matters of devotion, she allows, as she always has, the largest liberty to the individual believer. Let it be specially noticed that the brief of the Archbishop contains not a trace of command; it is a blessed permission, that is all. Such was the case, when Christ's disciples converted the people by miracles, and such is the case to-day.

The Almighty Creator and Ruler of the universe knows neither variableness nor shadow of turning. And it has always seemed to me naught less than miraculous that a Protestant world, with its finger laid on an open Bible, can so largely be composed of those who utterly deny the supernatural. For such as they, who say that the sacred records are indeed a collection of cunningly devised fables, that the plagues of Egypt, the adventures of Jonah, the miracles of Jesus, are on a level with other fabulous traditions of antiquity, I have no word of cavil or of argument; they are consistent; they may be right or they may be wrong; but they are perfectly logical, and no fault can be found with their deductions. But for the rest? the majority of those who fill the pulpits of Protestant Christendom, and take their stand, as they say, upon the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament:

Is the arm shortened that caused the water to gush from the rock at Horeb, and is the power now limited which caused the bush to remain indestructible while encircled with flames? If the iron swam on the surface of the water at the prophet's word, must it infallibly sink to-day? If the cripple, at the name of the Master, walked, leaping and praising God, must there be at this hour a suggestion of what we are pleased to style "natural causes" to account for his restoration to vigor, providing he has equal faith with those who touched the hem of Christ's garment? If handkerchiefs and aprons that had been in contact with the persons of the Apostles worked marvellous cures, if the shadow of Peter or of Paul healed the sick, what must be the power of the one at whose breast the Author of these miraculous gifts was nurtured? For, according to the testimony of the Apostles themselves, it was in and by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazereth, that were done all these wonderful works, and he, at that time, was, to the world, in no different position from the two malefactors who had shared his execution. There is but one escape for those who accept the Holy Scriptures as an inspired, a truthful record, from the chain of reasoning, and this is in the words of the Lord. "According to your faith, be it unto you," Nor is it at all fatal to the truth of our conclusion, if it be granted that of those who come to Lourdes in search of physical benefit, many return without miraculous intervention on their behalf; it is but in accord again with the words of the Master who said, "Many lepers were in Israel in the time of Elisha the prophet, and none of them were cleansed but Naaman the Syrian."

Personally, I should not go to Lourdes or elsewhere to ask in my own behalf the intercession of the one who for nineteen centuries has

been the ideal of maiden purity and immaculate motherhood, but yet it is good to be here. If there is one thing equally recognized by all religion, it is that man is brought nearer to his Maker when he hears the declaration that this is holy ground; God is as much with us in one place as in another, but we, alas! cannot bring our spirits as close to Him. Therefore it is that in an age whose defect is incredulity, and not blind belief, the lesson of Oberammergau, of Treves, of Lourdes, is one that should be studied. Even the cynic and the caviller cannot fail to feel respect for the depth and reality of the Church's faith in the Communion of Saints, if, in his tour of Europe, he turns aside for the moment from the great cities, where the people are still feasting and playing around a golden idol, and draws near to this mountain, to which they have come with at least the object of drawing nearer to their God. JULIUS A. PALMER, JR.

The Gratitude of the Souls in Purgatory.

No doubt gratitude is in proportion to the services rendered, and to the excellence of the hearts of those who have been benefited. From above, the souls released from Purgatory can watch over those who have hastened their possession of heaven, and will they not do so even in temporal things? The following fact appears to have taken place at Paris about 1827: A poor servant brought up with Christian sentiments in her own village, had adopted the practice of having a Mass said every month for the souls in Purgatory out of her modest wages. Taken by her masters to the capital, she never missed a single time, and even made it a rule to assist at the Divine Sacrifice and unite her prayers to those of the priest, especially in favor of the soul whose expiation was nearly completed. God soon put her to the proof by a long illness, that made her lose her place, and exhausted her little resources; twenty sous was all the money that remained to her on the day when she was to go out of the hospital. Having prayed to God, full of confidence, she proceeded to the "Registry Office for Servants." The Church of St. Eustache being on her road, she entered in. The sight of the priest at the altar reminded her that she had failed this month to have her accustomed Mass said for the dead, and this day was precisely the one, on which for many years she had given them this consolation. But what was she to do? If she parted with her last franc, there would be nothing left to appease her hunger. A contest ensued between her devotion and human prudence. The former, however, prevailed. "After all," said she, "God knows it is for Him, and He will not forsake me." She entered the Sacristy, placed her offering there, and then assisted at this Mass with her usual fervor.

Some minutes later she continued her way, filled with an uneasiness which our readers can easily understand. Whilst asking herself what she should do if a situation did not present itself, presently a young man, pale, and of distinguished appearance, approached her and said: "You seek a place?"— "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well, go to such a street, to such a number, to Madame X. I believe you will

find what you want there, and will do well." And he disappeared in the crowd without waiting for the thanks which the poor girl addressed to him. She inquired for the street, and, finding the number, ascended to the apartment. A servant came out holding a parcel under her arm and muttering words of anger and complaint. The poor girl trembled as she rang the bell, but a sweet voice bade her enter. She found herself before an aged lady, who encouraged her to make known her request. "Madame," said she, "I hear that you want a chambermaid, and I come to offer my services to you; they tell me you will receive me kindly."—"But, my dear child, what you say is most extraordinary. It is only half an hour since I sent away an insolent servant; besides her and myself, no one knows of it yet. Who, then, has sent you?"—"It is a young gentleman, madame, that I met in the street; he had stopped to inform me of it; and I have thanked God for it, as it is absolutely necessary that I should find a place to-day for I have not a penny in my possession." The old lady did not conceive who this person could be, and was lost in amazement, when the servant, raising her eyes, beheld a portrait on the wall. "Stop, madame," said she, "lose no more time; that represents exactly the face of the young man who spoke to me; and it is through him I came."

At these words the lady was completely overcome, and seemed for a moment to lose conciousness; then she made her go over again all the story of her devotion to the souls in Purgatory, the morning's Mass, and the encounter with the stranger; then throwing her arms round the poor girl's neck, she warmly embraced her, saying: "You will be no longer my servant, but from this moment you are my daughter; it is my only son whom you have seen, who owes his deliverance to you, and God has permitted him to send you here. Let us then pray together for all those who suffer before entering into the blessed eternity."

"Single Cussedness."

A GOOD deal of interest is just now taken in the natural increase of population in the great nations of the New World, and much study is devoted to the causes that produce or retard that increase. France is not growing in population as much as either Germany or England, and the question of a renewal of the conflict between the two former is now made to depend on a change in the figures of a census.

We have a special interest in this question that is neither political nor military. The Irish people of this country are not increasing as rapidly as formerly, and we would know the reason. For a half century the Irish have been fulfilling the precepts "to increase and multiply" in a way to send consternation to the hearts of the Puritans and bigots of the land. We are sorry to see their glory dimmed in this respect. The reason must be found in the indifference of the young men, who come to this country now, to the joys of wedlock. It is surprising to find the multitudes of young Irishmen in our cities who remain single for years and years after their arrival. When further

pursuing our investigation we discover that these young men are all drinkers. They learned the habit of tippling before leaving home. The past ten years of Irish agitation have developed a race of drunkards. Political meetings were the only industry that has thrived in the Green Isle for a while back, and these gatherings have been nurseries of drunkenness.

The young Irish lad who lands on our shores to-day can take his horn with the most inveterate toper amongst us. He drifts to the saloon, or to the boarding-house with the saloon attachment, as readily as a duck takes to water. He is willing to work and soon finds employment; but somehow he never gets enough money ahead to buy a decent suit of clothes. Without clothes he cannot go to church, so the drink-habit and the staying-away-from-church habit grows up together. If you go upon the public works these days you will find hundreds and thousands of those young Irishmen; but among a hundred you will not find a half dozen who has ten dollars twenty-four hours after pay day. It all goes for drink. Where a man has not clothes to go to church he is not dressed to visit his girl. What is the consequence? These young Irishmen live and die in "single cussedness." We are sorry for this. These young men have been carefully brought up and are full of faith and religion. It is a pity they should thus throw themselves away, to the everlasting loss of the Church and the country.

We were in hopes that the establishment of the Mission at Castle Garden would do something to check this terrible "leakage;" but it seems the young men pass on from the ship's deck to the saloon without ever bending the knee at the altar of the Holy Rosary. We must appeal to the priests of Ireland in our distress. If they have the future welfare of their emigrating people at heart, they will not allow one of them to leave the shores of Ireland without taking the temperance pledge for five years. They will keep it. Their faith is strong and their morals uncorrupted. If they take the pledge they will keep it. What a blessing it would be for these young men if they were so safeguarded! They would soon find work, and money would soon flow back into the laps of the old folks at home. Besides they would soon develop into respectable men, they would marry and bring up respectable families, and the Church and the country would be the gainers by the reform. A "Mission" is more needed at Queenstown than at New York, and we pray that God in his love for the Irish race will put it into the heart of some Irish priest to take upon himself this great work of charity. The Western Watchman, St. Louis.

CARDINAL MANNING denounces the employment of lotteries and raffles at bazaars for works of charity or religion. The Lord's works, he says, ought to be done in the Lord's own way. Christians must not encourage lower motives. The cultured spirit of the Christian hero shows itself in the foregoing denouncement. Cardinal Manning does not stop to discuss what may or may not be lawful in itself in reference to lotteries.

Kildoona:

THE STRANGE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD.

From the Original Manuscript of Miss Alice Carroll, of Kildoona, Ireland.
Edited by Victor O'D. Power.
Author of "Bonnie Dunravan," "Duncarrick," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

I AM MYSTIFIED.

I CAN remember nothing clearly of what immediately followed that extraordinary reunion. All is vague, confused; an odd recollection of thronging questions and half hysterical exclamations, and eager kisses given and returned.

When, at last, I began to realize the situation, I found that I was standing immediately outside of the open window, Marion's arms around me, my head bowed upon her shoulder, my cheek resting against hers.

"Yes, Alice; it is I!" my lost one was saying, in her low, musical, quivering tones. "Ah, I could not conquer the wild longing which seized upon me to revisit in secret my dear old home, on this Christmas Eve! No, darling; I could not. At another time I will tell you my story, — or so much of it, Alice, as I dare reveal. Now I cannot dwell upon it. I have come from France, dearest, all the way from Evreux, travelling night and day to reach this spot in time. Oh, Alice, I have been harassed by dreams — fearful dreams! Tell me they were false. Tell me you are all well — you, and my father, and poor aunt Anne!"

Her father! My heart throbbed heavily, and I shuddered in every limb. Marion, then, knew nothing as yet of the melancholy truth.

"But, surely, Marion," I said evasively, "you must have been making inquiries on your way down here from Cork? You, surely, met some people in the coach who could answer your questions?"

"No, no; I came in disguise, Alice. I wore this heavy cloak and thick black veil. I shrank from revealing my identity to any one. I crouched in a corner of the coach, and remained silent all the time. I got down at Corraloon Cross, and walked here by the loneliest roads and mountain paths I knew. Then I stole to the window and peeped in. But for your recognizing me I almost doubt if I should have revealed myself at all; for this is a secret visit, Alice. I cannot remain here. My coming now is simply the result of an ungovernable impulse. I should have gone mad had I not gratified it! Now that I find you well — all well — I am satisfied. Is that father in the arm-chair there, Alice? Oh, I must see him!"

Until this instant I had forgotten my brother's very existence. Carried away by the joy of this most unlooked-for meeting, I could find no room in my heart for anything else.

Now my agitating scene with Richard flashed before my mind. I marvelled at his remaining so quietly in the arm-chair. Surely, he had

heard my wild exclamations, he had seen me cross the room and lift the window. Surely, he was aware of what had happened?

And yet there he lay, without a move. Suddenly, an awful thought flashed upon me. What if there was something wrong? What if his terrible excitement just now had ended fatally?

"Marion!" I cried. "Come in quickly. This is not father."

I almost pulled her into the room after me, and then rushed to the arm-chair.

Richard was breathing heavily, an awful pallor in his face. I surmised at once that his scene with me — or, perhaps, my sudden cry of "*Marion!*" had brought on a swoon. But now he was recovering, and presently he unclosed his eyes.

"Richard!" I cried, stooping and speaking close to his ear. "I have a happy surprise for you. Marion is alive, Marion is here, here in this very room!"

Then, not waiting to see the result of my joyful announcement, I hurried to where my sister still stood near the window, and caught her by both hands.

"Come Marion — come! I cried, the excitement of my heart almost choking the thronging words. "Come and meet once again the brother whom you and I loved in the long ago, and who has been at home here with us for the past ten months."

"The brother whom you and I loved in the long ago?" she repeated, resisting my effort to lead her forward, and gazing into my eager face with widely-opened, bewildered eyes. "What can you mean, Alice? You do not know what you are saying. *Who* is in that arm-chair?"

For as yet the high back of the old-fashioned chair hid the occupant from view.

"Why, it is Richard!" I cried, and now it was my turn to look and feel bewildered. "We had but one brother, Marion," I added with a smile, "and his name was 'Richard'. Come and see him for yourself."

"Richard?" she gasped. "*Richard?* — Alice, you are raving. I cannot understand you!"

She came slowly forward, making no further resistance, and moving after me to the hearth, as though she were acting under the force of mesmerism.

The firelight was bright and cheerful, and as we reached the hearth, the occupant of the chair was at last fully revealed.

"Richard," I cried, "welcome Marion! Our lost sister has returned to her old home!"

My brother recoiled, flinging his hands suddenly above his head, with a sharp cry of horror. He tottered to his feet, but could not move further. He stood beside the chair, clinging to the high back with both hands, and trembling from head to foot.

I turned wildly to Marion.

Great God! What was this? She stood rigid. Her distended eyes were fixed on Richard's face, and a sound, which was neither

a cry nor a groan, but a prolonged, audible shudder, issued from her ashen lips.

Suddenly the hand which I had clasped, closed convulsively on mine. She moved backward from the hearth, and I was constrained to follow.

"Come away, come away! she groaned, her voice broken with that awful shudder. "I am frightened! Come, Alice. Come quickly. Hide me, hide me, for the love of God!"

I obeyed her in dead silence. To resist now was impossible. The extraordinary scene had so shocked and mystified me, that my senses were dazed, and I scarce knew what I was doing.

Still moving backwards, she led me again to the open window. She stepped out and I followed. Then she turned and quickened her steps, still holding one of my hands in hers.

Down the avenue we went, and now our pace had accelerated. We were fleeing, as if for dear life itself, from the mysterious horror which had taken up its abode within the doomed walls of Kildoona.

"Marion, Marion," I gasped, when we had reached the road, "tell me, what is the meaning of this? We are alone now and you can speak."

"Hush! hush! Not a word," she shuddered. "I am afraid to speak. Oh, let us get into safety first. Let us go to Father William's house. Ah! *there* we shall find a refuge. We should have taken the hill-path; but no matter now. The road is longer; perhaps it is also safer. Hurry, hurry, Alice, darling — and for God's sake, ask me no questions yet!"

Well for us it was that night — as I now truly believe — that we did not cross the hills towards Father William's house. Had we done so, we should probably have met Randal Darragh on his homeward way; he would have recognized Marion; and what the result of such a recognition, under such circumstances, would have been, I shudder to think.

But during that hurried walk we met no one. Marion held me fast, speaking never a word, and I was also silent. Now and then my sister's hand shivered, and a long, shuddering sigh escaped her lips. When at last we arrived at the wooden gate leading into the tiny garden in front of the old clergyman's cottage, Marion paused for a moment and breathed a long sigh of intense relief.

"Thank God!" she murmured, in a broken whisper. "We are out of danger now."

"Perhaps I had better go in first," I said, "and tell them the news. Your sudden appearance at the door would scare the life out of Mary Driscoll!"

So Marion stood aside in the shadows of the big hawthorns near the door, while I knocked. Presently I heard Mary's footsteps, and the door was cautiously opened.

"Don't be afraid, Mary. It is I."

"Miss Alice!" she cried, starting back, and throwing up her hands in consternation. "Why, child-a-grace, you must be out o' your mind

to come from your sick-room at such an hour! Surely, you didn't walk here?"

The door of the tiny sitting-room was pulled open at the same moment, and there stood Father William, his kindly face full of surprise and concern.

"Oh, Alice, my dear, this is very rash! Come in; come in! A thousand welcomes, child, — and I wish you a merry Christmas, too; but — but you know you have acted madly in venturing here at this hour."

He caught my hand and was leading me into the cheerful little room. But I hesitated, and my heart began to throb.

"I have not come alone, sir," I said nervously. "I have a companion waiting outside."

"A what, child? A companion?" he repeated. "Do you mean Rollo?"

"No; some one else," I cried. "Guess again, sir; the last person you could expect to see to-night."

Mary Driscoll's curiosity had, meanwhile, carried her to the open door. She peeped out, holding the lamp in her hand.

Then she uttered a shrill cry and darted back into the hall; and only that I came quickly to the rescue, the lamp would have fallen to the floor.

"Don't be afraid, Mary," I cried; "it is no ghost! Oh, Father William!" I added wildly, "Marion is alive and well. Marion is at the door. Marion!" I called, "come in, come in!"

There was a rapid footstep without — the rustle of a long cloak and gown; and, as Father William hastened to the door, I heard my sister's broken voice, and saw her pale face and her beautiful dark eyes full of tears, as she entered hurriedly from the gathering shadows of night.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

We three sat together beside the cheerful fire in the cosey little room — Father William, Marion, and I.

Half an hour had elapsed; the first excitement of this meeting was over. Honest Mary Driscoll, having dried her eyes and subdued her hearty emotions, was now busy without, in the manufacture of her very best "hot cake" for tea.

Marion sat on a low stool moved alongside of our dear old friend's arm-chair. Father William had placed his thin hand upon her shoulder. His kindly face and earnest gray eyes were full of compassionate sympathy; for he had just been telling my sister the melancholy tidings of her father's death, thinking it well — as did I — that the truth should be broken to her at once, lest she should hear it abruptly from less considerate lips.

Marion bore the revelation bravely. It was not until some days later, indeed, that she gave way to her grief for the father whom she

had fondly loved. As for to-night, the agitation of that mysterious scene at Kildoona held a relentless sway over her heart. She could not forget the horror which had seized upon her in the fire-lit Elm Parlor. She still shivered now and then, as though a chill had fastened upon her, which it was impossible to shake off.

"And now, Marion, dear," Father William said, after a little silence, during which I fancied I heard the sound of hoof-falls on the road without, "may we expect that you will explain something of the past, — your extraordinary disappearance from your home and friends?"

But just at this moment in came Mary Driscoll, her jolly face clouded, her eyes full of distress.

"Oh, Father William, sir, do you know what's afhter happenin'? Poor Mrs. M'Carthy iv Bawnfada is nearly kilt. The horse ran away, an' she comin' from Bantry this evening, and the car was upset an' the wheel went over her legs, God bless the hearers! Her son Jerry is outside wid the brown mare, an' he wants you over at wanst, sir!"

Up jumped Father William, and hastily seized a wide-leafed black hat.

"My coat, Mary — be quick! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Poor Kate MacCarthy! — and she so strong and hearty, and such a good poor thing. God help her family!"

"Ay, God help thim, surely, your reverence," said Mary, re-entering with the coat and Father William's silver-topped riding-whip. "But maybe, with the help o' God, you'll do something for her, sir! Wisha, faix, she was the good craythe, and many's the jug o' crame she'd send to me for the cakes!"

Father William turned to us and placed a hand on each of our heads.

"I shall make as much haste as possible, my dears. Pray excuse me. Mary will get up tea shortly."

Then he was gone, and a minute later we heard him riding away from the house.

"Poor Father William!" Marion said, "he is as warm-hearted as ever. Thank Heaven we had the shelter of his roof to come to to-night! and the comfort of his genial welcome."

"If he were not here, we should have gone to Rathronayne," I returned, watching my sister's face keenly as I spoke. "There, too, we should have found a cordial welcome."

"Rathronayne!" Marion repeated, and she sighed heavily. "Dear old Rathronayne! Many a happy day I've spent there, but never again can I enter that house!"

"Marion, Marion," I cried, seizing both her hands in mine. "I implore of you to end this mystery forever! Tell me the story of the past. Surely, you can speak out now!"

"I will tell you everything, Alice," she replied, after a little silence. "Yes, everything; but, first of all, I must ask you to explain to me how it came to pass that — that *he* is an inmate of Kildoona? he of all others!"

"Do you mean Richard?"

As the question passed my lips, my sister turned and looked me full in the face. Her eyes flashed into mine. A strange hardness had crept over her beautiful, colorless features.

"Alice," she said in low, stern tones, "do you honestly believe that *that* man at Kildoona is your brother Richard?"

I started. I stared. Had I heard aright? I could only gaze incredulously into my sister's face, and for a moment or two I was silent.

"Why, of course he is Richard," I faltered at last. "He wrote to Father William from London last February. He had seen the advertisements in the American papers, and he had decided to come home at last. A few evenings later he arrived at Kildoona. The shock of seeing his son once again killed poor papa. He died on the very night of Richard's return — died in the very moment of welcoming his son!"

"And did he welcome him, Alice?" Marion had averted her dark eyes from mine, and was staring hard into the fire. I had never seen her look as she looked now. Her brows were drawn sternly together. Her lips were rigidly compressed.

"Why, don't you recollect, Marion," I returned, "that it was the one desire of poor father's heart to see Richard at home, ere he died. And his wish was granted, as I tell you."

"Yes, his wish was granted. Well, Alice, and how did this 'Richard,' as you call him, behave himself afterwards? Has he been an affectionate brother? Did his father's death afflict him much? Is he popular in the country side?"

My face fell, and I sighed heavily. Then, as briefly as possible, I told her the full truth. I concealed nothing, and, as I revealed that agitating story of shame and sorrow, Marion's set face changed; the pale cheeks were gradually suffused with color; the sternly compressed lips trembled; her bosom heaved stormily.

"Ah! I understand it all now!" She said at last, her voice gathering passion as she proceeded. "Yes; the whole story is clear to me. Randal Darragh, you say, was 'Richard's' guide, philosopher, and friend. Our loved brother — formerly so warm-hearted, so religious, so upright and honorable — stepped forth in a new character, and developed into a lost drunkard, a gambler, a profligate — any term you like. And to such depths has he fallen — so utterly has he estranged all of you from him — that you and Aunt Anne are actually forced to fly to Rathronayne, and to surrender Kildoona to — to those lost wretches! Yes, Alice!" She cried, the words pouring fiercely from her quivering lips, "I use the term advisedly. I know too well what I am saying. Hear the truth, once for all. Our brother Richard has, for the past six years, been received into a monastery in the south of France! That man at Kildoona is a cheat, an impostor, a liar, and a murderer at heart; and I — *I*, your unhappy sister, Alice, am — as God is listening to me to-night! — his miserable, miserable wife!"

I heard those frightful words as one hears a voice in some fevered nightmare. Reply I could not. I could only crouch closer to Marion, hiding my shocked face on her shoulder.

"This is my secret at last, Alice," my sister resumed hurriedly. "Oh, do not ask me to dwell in detail upon my hateful story. A few words of explanation shall suffice. Never, never should my miserable secret have passed my lips but for this unlooked-for discovery of to-night! Now I feel called upon to explain the past.

"That man's name, Alice, is Bothwell Aylmer. He is an adventurer and a coward. I met him first in Cornwall, during my time there with Mrs. Trevenna — met him casually on the moors near her house one evening, and spoke to him, believing, at first, that I was addressing poor Richard.

"The likeness between them was certainly remarkable. It was only on a close scrutiny that the points of difference were observable. Richard's eyes are clear and full, expressive, and honest. You know yourself what Bothwell Aylmer's are like. Richard has a sweet, smiling mouth, and an open generous face, worthy indications of the noble nature within.

"Many other points of difference I could mention also; but for all that, the two men resemble each other strikingly. They are both of the same height, and the hair is of the same color.

"As for that letter from London, it was, of course, a forgery. Bothwell Aylmer knew Richard in America; knew him intimately, too, for a time. He, no doubt, availed himself largely afterwards of this acquaintance with Richard. He, no doubt, modelled his voice and words and ways in general as closely as possible on our brother's, during the past months at Kildoona."

She paused for a moment; but still I was silent. In truth, I could not speak.

"I married Bothwell Aylmer secretly in Launceston," Marion went on to say, her voice dropping to a whisper. "That chance meeting of ours was but the first of many meetings.

"Bothwell described himself to me as an artist, travelling leisurely through picturesque districts of England, and gradually filling his sketch-book, which was certainly interesting, and showed a skilful pencil and brush.

"He made Mrs. Trevenna's acquaintance ere long, and then he was frequently at the house. No need to dwell on this matter, Alice. I was young and inexperienced, and I honestly believed that I loved him.

"When he asked me to be his wife, I gladly consented, and spoke of writing at once to Ireland, and telling my poor father of what had occurred; but Bothwell interposed here. For urgent family reasons, he said, he could not allow me to reveal the secret, for some months at least. He won over poor, good-natured, simple-hearted Mrs. Trevenna to his way of thinking, and at last I agreed to everything he proposed, and we were privately married in Launceston.

"We went to London and France; and I returned to Mrs. Trevenna, six weeks later — returned alone!

"Alice, I had in that brief time seen the mask fall from my husband's face. The man whom I had loved, honored, trusted, wedded

— I found out to be a profligate of the lowest type. He treated me with cruelty unutterable — treated me as I cannot explain, even to you. In that one month my love for him was utterly crushed out.

"He told me plainly that he had married me simply in order to gratify a passing fancy; that now he was tired of me, and required me no longer. He followed up his cruel words with threats, and, finally, with physical violence.

"Then I left him forever; or so I fondly hoped.

"Six months later I heard of his death. The news came to me to Cornwall, in a letter signed 'Katherine Aylmer'; a letter purporting to be written by his mother!

"This letter was, of course, a *ruse*. For motives of his own at the time — motives of which I know nothing, and care nothing — my husband wished me to believe that he was dead. Perhaps he anticipated further annoyance from me, and wanted to effectually check such.

"He need not have been apprehensive, however. On the day I left his roof, it was the earnest desire of my heart that I should never set eyes upon his face again.

"I returned to Ireland a year later. You know yourself all that followed. You observed the change in me at once, Alice; but I refused to explain anything. I guarded my dark secret, and, day by day, it preyed heavier and heavier upon my mind and heart.

"Then, at last, the time came when I strove to forget the past — when I surrendered myself to a new, sweet, blessed influence.

"Ah, darling, you understand what I mean? My love for Launce Ronayne grew upon me ere I was conscious of it. It took full possession of my heart. I felt absolutely happy; we were pledged to each other, and Launce was only awaiting some family arrangements at Rathronayne ere he should introduce the matter to my poor father, and entreat a speedy marriage.

"Ah! Little we know what lay before us! Little we dreamed that all our fond hopes of a happy future together were to be scattered to the winds in one fatal moment!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE STORY OF THE PAST.

MARION broke down at last, and I felt the shudder which shook her from head to foot; but she conquered bravely, resolutely, this passing weakness, and when she spoke again her voice was as steady as ever.

"You remember that November night, Alice, when Launce and Nora were with us at Kildoona, and when I fainted in the fire-lit Elm Parlor.

"No wonder I fainted! When I drew aside the blind and gazed into the night, I saw, as plainly as I see you this moment, the pale face of Bothwell Aylmer pressed close to the glass without, as he strove to peer beneath the blind into the room!

"Now you can understand my changed manner toward Launce. How else could I act, situated as I was?

"All the next day I was harassed with suspense and terror. Would my husband come to Kildoona? Would he openly betray the secret and claim me for his wife? Where was he staying in the neighborhood? What had brought him, like a prowling thief, to the window last night?

"Then I began to ask myself if I were, indeed, sure of that pale, peering face? Could I have been mistaken? Could I — oh! joyful thought — have been deceived by the fitful fire-light within and the black shadows without?

"Unable to control my suspense a moment longer, I rushed away from Kildoona that evening, with the intention of making inquiries in the cabins and farm-houses around, and endeavoring to ascertain, beyond doubt, whether I had been deceived or not on the night before.

"As I crossed the loneliest part of the hills I heard voices, and I hid in a hollow of the crags and listened.

"I heard Randal Darragh's voice first; then — to my horror — the unmistakable tones of Bothwell Aylmer!

"They passed close to the spot where I cowered, and I recognized my husband beyond all doubt. At that moment Randal was telling him of the rumors which were afloat in the neighborhood concerning Launce Ronayne and myself!

"You found me afterwards, Alice, in a state of terrible agitation. I had decided upon leaving Kildoona at once — that very night — getting out of the country secretly and promptly, and burying my story and my ruined life abroad forevermore!

"Then you came on me; and, shortly afterwards, poor Launce:

"You remember our return to Kildoona, Alice, our entering the kitchen, and Randal Darragh's visit? You remember his mysterious whisper, and the paper he thrust into my hand? It was a note from my husband. He wanted to see me that very night. He would wait for me, he said, on the cliff-road, close to Randal's cabin. If I was not at the appointed spot, at the appointed hour, he threatened to come in person to Kildoona and reveal everything. Randal Darragh had, as I have said, told him of my intimacy with Launce Ronayne, and of the stories which were in everybody's mouth concerning Launce and me; and Bothwell Aylmer knew full well that his hateful threat would force me to yield to his wishes without hesitation.

"But when I stole away, like a thief, from Kildoona that night, Alice, I had decided never to return; never, at least, so long as Bothwell Aylmer lived.

"I met him at the appointed spot. He was pale, emaciated, badly dressed, and had come to demand money from me. In his face I read the story of the lost drunkard, the unlucky gambler, the ruined adventurer. Never before had I seen him as he looked now; and it was evident that dire poverty alone had urged him back to me.

"He offered no explanation of that false story of his death; nor did I ask for any. His manner and words were seemingly repentant.

He begged of me to forgive his bygone cruelty and folly; and, as we talked, I was once again befooled by him. I compassionated his distress, gave him my watch and rings — all I could afford to give — and instead of leaving him at once, I walked beside him, scarce conscious that he was leading me nearer and nearer to the sea-mew's cliff.

"When we had reached the verge of the cliff, he threw off the mask at last. He turned upon me like a maniac, charged me with being a false wife, a cruel, unprincipled woman, and so forth; and seizing me around the waist, endeavored to fling me down over the edge of the rock!

"I struggled desperately, but in vain. Then, as I found my strength entirely collapsed, I shrieked aloud — and, after that, all is a blank to me.

"Alice, can you credit it? — the fall did not injure me in the slightest way. When I recovered consciousness, I found myself lying upon a moss-covered ledge of rock, within about three or four feet of the summit of the cliff! This ledge had, through God's mercy, broken my fall. I was saved from a horrible death.

"I crawled back to the top of the cliff, and then fled in the darkness. All night I hurried on, taking the old road towards Keimaneigh. — a road which I had travelled half a dozen times before.

"Next morning I arrived at Ballingeary. Here I was unknown. That evening I continued my way to Inchigeela, and took the coach to Macroom, and thence to Cork.

"I got over to London in safety, and there sought out an old servant of Mrs. Trevenna's — a faithful creature who had loved me in the old days, and who now welcomed me to her new home. She had started a small lodging-house near Stepney Green; and here I put up for a time.

"Then the reaction set in. For weeks and weeks I lay tossing and raving in my bed, the victim to a virulent attack of brain-fever.

"For nearly two months I did not feel sufficiently recovered to leave my kind benefactress's roof. When at last I could venture again into the world, I had decided upon my plans for the future.

"I went to France, and was lucky enough to obtain a situation as governess in the *Château* of an officer's widow, near Evreux; a lady whose acquaintance I had made during the weeks I spent on the continent, after my fatal marriage.

"Here I have lived ever since, Alice, endeavoring to bury the past; to think only of the future; to toil all day long, and allow memory no room to thrust in its ghastly face and stare at me!"

"But Marion, Marion!" I cried at last, my voice broken with a sob, "how could you have been so heartless? Why did you never write to us, to explain your disappearance? Did you not know that we should suffer agonies of suspense and sorrow on your account?"

"Ah, darling, I see *now* — full bitterly — that my conduct is inexcusable; but, Heaven knows, my silence was caused by no intentional cruelty. When I recovered from that attack in London, so

many weeks had elapsed since my disappearance from Kildoona that I said to myself, 'my dear ones at home must have abandoned the hope of ever learning anything of my fate.' Then again, Alice, how could I write without explaining everything? — and I could not — oh, I could not do that! I remembered that I had begged of *you*, dearest, to forget that you ever had a sister — to let me be as though I had never lived!

"What was life to me henceforward? Of what comfort could the consciousness of my wretchedness be to any one who had ever loved me?

"So I decided to be *dead* to all — to bury my individuality — to blot out the past.

"For nearly a year I carried out this stern decree. Then, as I have told you, Alice, I wavered; I succumbed to the promptings of my heart. In dreams I saw you all in dire distress, — Kildoona the home of wretchedness and sorrow.

"The impulse to see for myself how things really were, conquered me. I hastened away from the *Château*. I travelled night and day; and I returned to my old home to make the awful discovery of to-night!"

"And you are quite certain of this, Marion?" I gasped, with pale lips. "You cannot be mistaken in — in that man?"

"Mistaken!" she cried, with a bitter laugh. "Not likely, Alice! Have you forgotten his countenance when he recognized me, — the wild terror which convulsed every feature? Had he sufficient strength that instant, he would have murdered me! His dark plot is patent enough now.

"He must have decided to personate Richard before he sent Randal Darragh to Kildoona on that night of his attempt on my life. Randal was, of course, his accomplice, and we have yet to learn how those two villains came together first.

"Randal knew — every one about knew — that poor father was anxious for his son's return, and this fact must have encouraged Bothwell Aylmer to risk the personation. *I* was the sole obstacle in the way, — the only one who could identify Bothwell Aylmer. He knew there was no chance of Richard's return; for I have since learned from my brother that he had written to Bothwell, acquainting him with his entrance to the monastery, as a novice."

"And you have seen and spoken to Richard, — to our dear, lost brother?" I gasped, brokenly. "Oh, Marion, tell me all about him! Is he well? Is he changed? How did you find him out? Ah, why did he not write to us, during all these long, weary years?"

"I shall answer your last question first, Alice, dear. Our poor father's treatment of him had a terrible effect upon Richard. You know he was always a good son, — kind, considerate, and almost morbidly sensitive. The shock, to a temperament such as his, of treatment such as he received, could never be altogether overcome; and this was so in Richard's case.

"It was not that he did not forgive his father; but that he could

not forget. So his pride came in the way, — pride and a wounded heart combined, — and he could never bring himself, as he explained to me, to write to Kildoona.

"Then, after four years, he was induced by a French clergyman travelling in America to return to France with him, and to enter the monastery. You remember he always had leanings in that way, and Father William always expected some such step.

"I found out my brother in the simplest way.

"Madame La Crois and I were travelling in the South of France —a few weeks' holiday — during last September, and coming to Dignon, we went to visit the monastery.

"As we passed through one of the corridors, I suddenly came face to face with Richard! Despite his cowl and habit, and the changes consequent on the years of our separation, I recognized him at once.

"Ah, what a happy, happy meeting it was! For a week, Alice, I remained at Dignon. Poor Madame La Crois is the soul of goodness and sympathy, and she insisted upon postponing our departure day after day.

"Richard and I met morning and evening. He is well and strong, and perfectly happy. You will see him for yourself, Alice, early in the New Year. You and I shall go to France together and visit the monastery. And now, darling, I have told you all."

She drew my face toward her, as if to kiss me, as these words fell from her lips; but, suddenly, she started and held up her hand in warning silence.

There were voices without; Father William's kindly tones, and another voice, which I had little expected to hear in this house tonight.

Ere my sister and I had recovered ourselves sufficiently to utter one word, the door of the little sitting-room was opened briskly, and Father William and Launce Ronayne entered the room.

To be continued.

"Have Pity on Me, at Least You, My Friends."

THE thought for Catholics during the month of November is, "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." We should pray without ceasing for the poor suffering souls, at all seasons; but we ought to pray with redoubled earnestness all this month, which is dedicated, with the approval of the Church, to prayers for the dead. Our prayers have now greater efficacy, when our voices are joined with voices of millions of the friends of God throughout the earth, calling upon Him to be mindful of His mercies; and when a holy violence of importunity, which He has promised shall prevail with Him, is offered, to secure the release of our departed fellow-members from their painful prison, and their admission to the place of refreshment, light, and peace.

It is certain that we can help the souls in purgatory; it is certain that we have a binding duty to help them. The law of charity, the love of God and our neighbors, is the great first law of religion, com-

prising all others. Our brethren who are in purgatory are in the sorest need. Their suffering is intense and hopeless, so far as they do anything towards their own relief. They call upon us in the most piteous accents to help them: "Have pity on me, at least you, my friends, have pity on me." It is a father, mother, brother, sister, who calls; perhaps it is the voice of a bosom friend; it is the voice of some one in dire distress calling on us by name. Surely, if the law of charity ever binds, it must be binding in such a case as this. Our friends are in flames, and the door of the house where they are confined is locked, and we have the key. And the key is prayer. Pray, therefore, for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins. Have Masses said for your friends, by all means.

Which Was the Greater Battle?

GETTYSBURG AND WATERLOO COMPARED.

AT Gettysburg there were present in action eighty thousand to eighty-five thousand Union troops, and of the Confederates some sixty-five thousand. At Waterloo there were one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers of the Allies under Wellington and Blücher, and seventy-two thousand French under Napoleon; or, there were about one hundred and fifty thousand combatants at Gettysburg, and about one hundred and ninety thousand at Waterloo. In each case the weaker army made the attack and was defeated. Lee did not have to face such heavy odds as Napoleon; but, whereas Napoleon's defeat was a rout in which he lost all his guns and saw his soldiers become a disorganized rabble, Lee drew off his army in good order, his cannon uncaptured, and the *morale* of his formidable soldiers unshaken. The defeated Confederates lost in killed and wounded fifteen thousand five hundred and thirty, and in captured seven thousand four hundred and sixty-seven, some of whom were likewise wounded, or twenty-three thousand in all; the defeated French lost from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand — probably nearer the latter number. The Confederates thus lost in killed and wounded at least twenty-five per cent. of their force, and yet they preserved their artillery and their organization; while the French suffered an even heavier proportional loss and were turned into a fleeing mob.

Comparing the victors, we find that the forces of the Allies at Waterloo consisted of several different kinds of troops, and together with the losses can best be presented in tabulated form. Wellington had under him sixty-eight thousand English, Germans, and Dutch-Belgians, while Blücher had fifty-two thousand Prusians.

Wellington's British, number twenty-three thousand nine hundred and ninety-one; killed and wounded, six thousand three hundred and forty-four; missing, five hundred and ninety-two; per cent. of killed and wounded to force engaged, twenty-six.

Wellington's Germans, twenty-five thousand eight hundred and eighty-six; killed and wounded, four thousand and six; missing, four hundred and seventy-eight; per cent. killed and wounded, fifteen.

Wellington's Dutch-Belgians, seventeen thousand seven hundred and eighty-four; killed and wounded, one thousand; missing three thousand.

Blücher's Prussians, fifty-one thousand nine hundred and forty-four; killed and wounded, five thousand six hundred and twelve; missing, one thousand three hundred and eighty-six; per cent. killed and wounded, eleven.

Totals on English side — number engaged, one hundred and nineteen thousand six hundred and five; killed and wounded, sixteen thousand nine hundred and sixty-two; missing, five thousand four hundred and fifty-six; per cent. killed and wounded, fifteen.

The figures for the Dutch-Belgians, who behaved very badly, are mere estimates; probably the missing numbered more than three thousand, and it is very unlikely that the total killed and wounded went as high as one thousand.

At Gettysburg the Northerners lost seventeen thousand five hundred and fifty-five killed and wounded, and five thousand four hundred and thirty-five missing; in other words, they suffered an actually greater loss than the much larger army of Wellington and Blücher; relatively, it was half as great again, being something like twenty-two per cent. in killed and wounded alone. This gives some idea of the comparative obstinacy of the fighting.

In making any comparison between the two battles, it must, of course, be remembered that one occupied but a single day and the other very nearly three; and it is hard to compare the severity of the strain of a long and very bloody, with that caused by a short, and only less bloody, battle.

Gettysburg consisted of a series of more or less completely isolated conflicts; but owing to the loose way in which the armies marched into action, many of the troops that did the heaviest fighting were engaged for but a portion of the time. The Second and Third Corps were probably not heavily engaged for a very much longer period than the British regiments at Waterloo.

Both were soldiers' rather than generals' battles. Both were waged with extraordinary courage and obstinacy, and at a fearful cost of life. Waterloo was settled by a single desperate and exhausting struggle. Gettysburg took longer, was less decisive, and was relatively much more bloody. According to Wellington the chief feature of Waterloo was the "hard pounding;" and at Gettysburg the pounding — or, as Grant called it, the "hammering" was even harder.

THEODORE ROSSEVELT in Century.

I SAW a delicate flower had grown up two feet high, between the horses' path and the wheel-track. An inch more to right or left had sealed its fate, or an inch higher; and yet it lived to flourish as much as if it had a thousand acres of untrodden space around it, and never knew the danger it incurred. It did not borrow trouble, nor invite an evil fate by apprehending it. — *Thoreau.*

October Thoughts.

THE month of October has been entered upon. It is a month that contains many dates which recall the memory of events well calculated to stir the Catholic heart to its depths. So numerous are they that space cannot be given to refer to them all.

The battle of Lepanto, which was fought on the 7th of October, 1571, had the effect of checking the progress of the Turks in their efforts to become masters of the south of Europe. The Ottoman armies had gained many victories, and there was every reason to fear that the infidel would overthrow Christian states, and rule the entire coast of the Mediterranean. Pope Pius the Fifth (St. Pius) sent forth a warning voice throughout Christendom, and, after much difficulty, effected a league between himself, King Philip of Spain, and the Venetians. Don John of Austria was appointed commander-in-chief of the armies, and Colonna admiral of the allied navy. The Pope appointed a solemn Triduo of Supplication at Rome, and took part in the processions. He passed the night before the battle in fasting and prayer, and, while the battle still raged, he was inspired with the knowledge that the Christians were gaining the victory. It was in honor of this memorable triumph of the Christian arms that the line "*Auxilium Christianorum*" was added to the Litany of our Lady. All historians admit that it was the sea fight at Lepanto that (by the destruction of the Ottoman fleet, and the overthrow of the Turkish forces with immense loss) saved the south of Europe from Mahometan power, and this victory was won by the energetic measures for which the world is indebted to Pope Pius V.

We advance a few days into the calendar, and we meet with an event which brought about momentous changes in England. The battle of Hastings, October 14, 1069, which gave the crown to Norman William, deprived the nation of those liberties in which it was progressing. The Norman kings were actuated by a domineering spirit, which for ages made slaves of the old Saxon people. They seemed to have none of those feelings likely to lead to the elevation of those over whom they ruled. The conduct pursued by Henry II. towards St. Thomas of Canterbury was but an illustration of the ruthless spirit that marked the Norman line. But it was ordained by Providence that the conquered race should rise again. After the lapse of many centuries the Saxon language was restored, and many laws were passed which were but the revival of enactments which Catholic bishops and others had originally given to England in Saxon times; and yet there are people to be found who tell us that it is to the modern spirit (as opposed to what they call "dark ages") we owe this first development of freedom. The Norman conquest produced effects especially injurious to Ireland; but to enter into the proper consideration of them would demand more space than we have at our disposal.

The discovery of America by Columbus, October 12, 1492, was an event, the contemplation of which lifts the mind from a kingdom to

to a world. There is not, perhaps, any character in all history which presents more points of interest than that of Columbus. His clear intellect, his perseverance under every discouragement, the persecutions which he suffered at the hands of those who gained most by his labors and his triumphs, the calm dignity with which he bore the ungrateful treatment he received, — all conspire to give him a high and honorable place. His great discovery opened up a new world to the industry of man, and though there are passages in the history of the Western Continent which all would wish blotted out from history, there is much in which there is cause for congratulation. Who can read the lives of the Dominicans, the Jesuits, and other toiling missionaries, especially in South America, without thanking God for giving his servants such opportunities of showing forth the glories of Christian heroism. The growth of the Catholic Church in North America seems as of yesterday, and yet it is a strong and vigorous tree, under whose shelter millions find consolation. As for Ireland, she has so many children in the New World that she must always cherish an affectionate regard for that land to which they went forth, and where they received a kindly welcome when all was dark and dreary in the country of their birth.

In this month the Church commemorates, among many others, St. Francis of Assisium, the founder of the illustrious Order which bears his honored name; St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusians; St. Teresa, one of the great glories of the Church in Spain; and St. Bede, the learned Benedictine, who in England's Saxon day studied and taught in the famed monastery of Jarrow, nearly twelve hundred years ago. On the 10th of October the birthday of that great Apostle of temperance, Father Mathew, is celebrated. Each of these great names awaken many reflections.

A Led Flock.

WHO keeps this flock of waves like sheep,
Crested and curled and white as curds?
I, saith the Lord, this great flock keep,
Yea, it obeys My lightest words.

O Lord, but yesternight this flock
So innocent-seeming in the sun,
Roared like wild beasts, and on the rock
Gored the drowned mariners every one.

But even then, the Lord replied,
The flock was Mine, and from such wrath
I gathered trembling to My side
The victims withered in its path.

Oh, if their mothers could but see
The estate of them the wild waves slew!
Then would they say, beholding Me,
The sea is His great Angel too.

KATHERINE TYNAN, in Merry England.

Land-Barons in the United States.

When the United States entered the community of nations, a little more than a hundred years ago, it was very sparsely populated, and the Government controlled an enormous area of land, which constantly grew larger, owing to the inclusion of new states as they were developed in the West. The prime object was to have the land settled upon and tilled, and its acquisition was facilitated by low prices and even by free grants to whoever would clear and improve it. Immigrants began to come in droves. In the world's history there is no other example of such a rapid and prosperous development as took place in the United States. The states soon extended across the entire continent. Railroads were built, and every newly projected line was greeted with joy and rewarded with concessions of land. The people of the United States are preponderantly agricultural. From the president down to the mechanic, it is hard to find a man who has not been a farmer, or worked on a farm. While in Germany a proprietor or tenant-farmer employs numerous farm-servants, in America the farmer is obliged to rely upon himself. Where we see a line of laborers swing their scythes or sickles, there the farmer sits on his mower or reaper, and with two smart horses accomplishes more work than the whole gang. It is not only hard to get labor, but the price is very high, about a dollar a day. It is generally supposed that agricultural operations in the United States are carried on by farmers who own the soil that they till. When one hundred and sixty acres can be acquired on so easy terms, it seems incredible that a farmer would cultivate land that he does not own. Yet the census of 1880 showed that there were then 1,024,601 tenant-farmers. When the new land came to be largely taken up, and good land became dear, capitalists sought as an investment a class of property that was rising in value, and the owners of large and well-situated estates found it most profitable to split them up into single farms, and lease the land to working agriculturists who could no longer hope to become owners themselves. These capitalist-proprietors, through their influence with the legislatures, procured laws to be passed to protect them from loss. In the whole history of constitutional government there is no instance of more one-sided legislation than the laws regulating the relations of owner and tenant in some of the Western States. The simple and brutal processes for the collection of rent take us back to the barbarous ages. The number of farmers owning their land in 1880 was 2,984,306, which, deducted from 7,670,493, the sum of the agricultural population, leaves the respectable figure of 4,686,187 to represent the number of tenants and farm laborers. Since then this number has increased by twenty-five per cent. In the state of Illinois there are twenty thousand more tenant-farmers than in the ancient feudal kingdom of Scotland. Who then are the proprietors? The land barons who have got possession of enormous areas of land. The small farmers are loaded down with mortgages. Their creditors have a firm hold on them, and are properly the possessors of the farms, and can

drive out the occupiers at any time. The tenant-farmers are no better off, paying generally the half of their crops for rent. A comparison of the statistics of 1870 and 1880 shows that the farms under one hundred acres increased ten per cent., those from one hundred to five hundred acres two hundred per cent., those from five hundred to one thousand acres five hundred per cent., and those above one thousand acres eight hundred per cent. In those ten years, twenty-five thousand properties of more than one thousand acres were created, and one may well wonder how it could be. The chief cause has been the extravagant grants that have been made for railroad purposes. One of the land barons owns forty thousand acres in a single county in Illinois, and as many more elsewhere. He has a rent-roll of one hundred thousand dollars, and lives in England. Colonel Murphy left an estate of four million acres. The Standard Oil Company owns one million acres. The Dorseys, the Disstons, the Vanderbilts, and others, have estates of similar extent. In New York there are proprietors who draw rent from a hundred or more farms.

A. FLEISCHMANN-ELDENA, Das Neue Blatt, Leipzig.

What Small Nations Can Do if They are Brave.

THE war of 1864, by which Prussia and Austria wrested two fertile provinces from Denmark, led to the re-organization of the army of that kingdom by the act of July 6, 1867, which compels all men, on attaining the age of twenty-two, to present themselves for examination and enrolment in the military service, and this little kingdom of two million inhabitants has, at its disposal, thirty-five thousand men, seven thousand horses, and one hundred pieces of artillery, for active service, besides a local militia of some twelve to fifteen thousand men. What a plucky state may do, against apparently overwhelming odds, in a country adapted for defence, is shown in the summing up by the Deutsche Heeres Zeitung, of the great part played by the little state of Montenegro in the recent war. Her campaign began on July 1, 1876, and ended February 1, 1878. Thirty thousand Montenegrins, Herzegovinians and Albanians, fought against two hundred and fifty thousand Turks. The Montenegrins were victors in twelve battles, ten actions, seventeen larger and thirty-two smaller encounters. In two smaller fights (Bishina and Amamaliti) they were beaten, while in two others (at Goransko and Nozdren) they had to retire before overwhelming numbers. The Montenegrins took twenty-five field and mountain guns, one hundred and seven siege guns, an army standard, a ship's flag, sixteen flags of fortresses, one hundred and fifteen battalion colors, twenty-two hundred horses, fifty-two thousand rifles, and ten thousand, six hundred and seventy-one prisoners. They captured three large and twelve smaller fortresses, eighteen forts, thirty-nine kules and block-houses, and ten redoubts. This brilliant result was obtained with a loss of two thousand, nine hundred and fifty-five dead, and six thousand, four hundred and ninety-five wounded. The Turks lost in the Montenegrin campaign, besides the

ten thousand, six hundred and seventy-two prisoners mentioned, thirty-eight thousand, six hundred and sixty dead, forty-two thousand, four hundred and forty wounded, and about fifty-six thousand victims to disease, deserters, and missing, as well as sixty-six hundred horses and mules, thirty thousand cattle, and four men-of-war. The Turkish territory, at present occupied by the Montenegrins, includes from twelve to fifteen hundred square miles.

Irish Genius and Georgetown College.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C., has earned an enviable distinction for its achievements in the field of astronomical science. To the energetic efforts and the genius of an Irish priest, Father Curley, the world-renowned astronomer, who died two years ago, at the great age of ninety-four years, the college is indebted for its observatory. To Father Curley, moreover, must be recorded the honor of having first determined the true meridian line of Washington — a feat he accomplished long before the Naval Observatory was built, and which materially aided the projectors of that institution in determining upon the site of the observatory building. Although Father Curley's observations to determine the exact longitude of Washington from Greenwich were made half a century ago, they have been verified by the Washington authorities and accepted by all foreign observatories.

We are glad to see that Georgetown College, which, by the way, was founded more than a century ago, is nobly maintaining its high scientific reputation. An invention of great importance to "the heavenly science" is now to be credited to this venerable seat of learning. By means of an instrument called the photocronograph a star is made to record with absolute accuracy the time of its own transit across the meridian, thus eliminating all personal errors — a fruitful source of annoyance in astronomical calculations. We congratulate Georgetown College on its valuable contribution to astronomy, and hope it will achieve many more brilliant victories in the field of science.

The Tablet, N. Y.

THE will of an humble Hebrew woman, Betty David, just admitted to probate, makes charitable bequests of nearly seven thousand dollars to Jewish institutions in New York city. The woman was the widow of a cobbler. She lived in a basement in an East Side tenement, and worked hard when she could get work to do. The genuine quality of her charity finds a further evidence in the fact that besides the gifts to the institutions of her own creed she left five hundred dollars to St. Francis Hospital, one of the largest Catholic charities in that city, and which is managed by the Sisters of the Poor. It is in the heart of the East Side tenement district, and no doubt this good woman often saw the benefit it was to the wretched people whose lot is cast in this part of the city, so reproachful to the luxury and comfort of the rest. It is an incident that shines like a bright jewel out of the mire of greed and selfishness in the ceaseless grinding of existence, and shows how truly Catholic is real benevolence.

Irish Soldiers of Freedom.

In Mexico and South America, originally the possessions of Spain, and still Spanish in language and customs, the Irish have been, and are, strongly represented. In Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic, there is a colony of Irish, numbering among them some of the leading men of the city. It is worthy of note that the staff of Simon Bolivar, the South American Liberator, was largely comprised of Irishmen, among them being Colonel O'Leary, nephew of the renowned Father O'Leary, Lieutenant-Colonel Ferguson, Doctor Moore, and others. In Bolivar's service there was an Irish brigade, under command of a Wexford man, Colonel Devereux. The last captain-general appointed by Spain was Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, and his son, Don Bernardo, was subsequently in command of the revolutionary forces which established the country's freedom. There was also in the same service a General McKenna, who distinguished himself as a brave soldier and an able officer. Other noted Irishmen were Colonel O'Conner, who fought in the cause of Peruvian independence; Colonel O'Conroll, also an officer in the Peruvian service, who fell into the hands of the guerillas, and was tortured to death; Captain Esmond, a Wexford man; Captain O'Brien, who commanded the first Argentine ship-of-war; and General O'Brien, who, having obtained the highest military honor, became afterwards minister of Venezuela to England, and to crown his laurels, chief of the Venezuela Republic.

While Spain has had a hundred distinguished men of the Irish race in her service, none ever wielded so much influence or attained as high a position as Leopold O'Donnell, Count of Lycena, Duke of Tetuan, and Marshal of Spain, whose name ranks with the most illustrious men of this or any age, and who is looked upon as the Warwick of Spain, one who toyed with the crown at his fancy. He came of the old stock of O'Donnells, who, having fought it out in their mountain fastnesses, betook themselves to Austria and Spain, and served faithfully the cause of the Catholic monarchs. Joseph Henry O'Donnell, Count of Abispal, was the father of the future statesman. In the war against Napoleon, the former attained the rank of lieutenant-general in the army of Spain, and was viceroy of the island of Teneriffe when Leopold was born. At the age of fifteen the latter filled the position as aide-de-camp to a general of division, and after that his advancement was rapid. No occasion was let pass without he displayed some of that dauntless bravery he inherited from his Irish forefathers, and before long he held the position of commander-in-chief of all the troops in a part of Spain. Soon after he was appointed lieutenant-general, the occasion for the new honor being the relief of Lucena, which was being besieged by a large Carlist force. Gathering together an army much inferior in numbers to the latter, he marched to the relief of the town, and gave battle to the Carlists, who were commanded by their celebrated general, Cabrera. The battle was a

decisive one, owing to O'Donnell's brilliant manœuvring, the Carlists being completely routed. Thus the town was relieved, and the enemy prevented from obtaining the mastery over the whole of Valencia, as he certainly would if O'Donnell had been defeated. In 1843 he was appointed captain-general of Cuba, and during his term of office the island was most prosperous and peaceful. It was during his administration, and owing in part to his influence, that the importation of slaves into the island was entirely stopped. At the entrance to the port of Havana is a fortress, which has been named in honor of O'Donnell. On his return to the peninsula he entered actively into Spanish politics, and took rank as one of the leading statesman of the day. In 1854 he became virtually director of Spain, being at the head of an administration pledged to popular reform, and thus continued for several years. The war with Morocco called him into active service once more, and at the head of the Spanish troops we find him bringing the war to a speedy and successful termination. For his services in this war he received the title of Duke of Tetuan. His last public office was President of the Council and Minister of War, which he took in 1865. Two years later he died at Biaritz, France; and Spain sincerely mourned the loss of one of the greatest men who had ever managed her affairs. Whether for his valor on the battle field, or his wisdom in the council, there is no Spaniard that will not accord him the reverence due to greatness, and there is no Irishman that will not feel proud of his name and glory. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, especially all through the Penal days, the Irish race had abundant reason to regard with affection and gratitude the noble nation which so generously responded to the claims of kinship, and welcomed to its happier clime the Gaels of Erin suffering for Faith and Fatherland. A multitude of these exiles found a second and a brighter home in the cities and towns of the Peninsula, and many a scion of an ancient Irish house rose to distinction in the court, in the armies, and in the universities of Spain. Mr. Lecky, in his History of England in the Eighteenth Century, dwells on this fact, remarking that "among Spanish Generals the names of O'Mahony, O'Donnell, O'Gara, O'Reilly, and O'Neill sufficiently attest their nationality," and mentioning an Irish Jacobite named Cammock as conspicuous among the admirals of Alberoni. In the same century, the physician of Philip of Spain was an Irishman, and an Irish naturalist named Bowles was active in reviving the mining industry of Spain. Macaulay, alluding to W. Wall, who represented the Court of Spain at St. James's, and afterwards became prime minister of Spain, observes that if he had stayed in his own land, he would have been regarded as an inferior by all the ignorant and worthless squireens who drank to the glorious and immortal memory: while in his palace at Madrid he had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the ambassador of George II., and of bidding defiance to the ambassador of George III. The prestige of the Spanish arms was gloriously sustained during two hundred years by the Irish Brigade, in the service of his Most Catholic Majesty. In a spirit far higher than the mercenary's these military exiles shed their

blood in defence of the nation which had harbored, employed, and honored them. Philip, in recompense for the services of the officers of the brigade, placed the Irish who were Catholics by birth, and resident in Spain, upon a footing with all the other subjects of his kingdom. Three of the Irish regiments, the Ultonia (Ulster), the Hibernia, and Irlanda, were maintained up to the present century. The history of Irish families, who, flying from their own oppressed and impoverished country, settled in Spain, is full of striking and pathetic interest. That of the O'Sullivans and the O'Donnells alone would furnish forth a library of romance.

Golden Jubilee of the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick.

THE priests of the archdiocese of St. Louis have been adopting means to fittingly commemorate the half centenary of the consecration of Archbishop Kenrick, which occurs in November. This event has been looked forward to by the bishops and priests of the whole country, because it will be an event of considerable importance in the annals of the American Church; but to the clergy and people of the diocese and province of St. Louis it will be the grandest event in our ecclesiastical history. Next November Peter Richard Kenrick will have been a half century at the head of the Church in the West; for, while he has partitioned his vast field, and dioceses and archdioceses have been carved out of this diocese and province, he has always been regarded by common consent as the great prelate of the West, and the greatest churchman we have had in all these years; and to-day, as in 1841, he is looked up to as the leader and very impersonation of Western Catholicity. He is intimately identified with the progress and growth of religion in these parts, and is the central figure in the living tableaux of our mature renown. We owe to him, under God, much that is precious in the material and spiritual edifice of the faith in the West. It is but proper that the sunset of such a life should be glorious.

The people of St. Louis have decided to mark the coming jubilee with a testimony of their esteem that bespeaks volumes for his worth and their appreciation. They will present our venerable metropolitan with one of the handsomest residences in the city, free of debt, and furnished. The movement among the laity has been slow to mature, but from the day they were called upon to provide an official residence, there never was a doubt of the success of the movement. To-day the enterprise may be regarded as a *fait accompli*.

The priests of the diocese did not need the inspiration given them by the Catholic laity, but they will be all the more disposed to crown the material work by a splendid spiritual finale. They will organize the civic display as well as the pageant in the sanctuary. They will have as guests the Cardinal of Baltimore, the archbishops and bishops of the country, as well as distinguished ecclesiastics from far and near. They will undertake the entertainment of this vast assemblage of dignitaries, and they will maintain the character already won by St. Louis for its enterprise and hospitality. We can promise now that

the celebration of Archbishop Kenrick's golden jubilee will be the grandest pageant the city has ever known.

It was after long and patient persuasion that his grace consented to this celebration, and only when he was convinced that good for

MOST REV. PETER RICHARD KENRICK, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. LOUIS.

religion would result. The people outside the Church do not know our strength of numbers, nor our strength of obedience and organization. They must be taught by demonstration that religion is a power in the world, and that the Church, with her docile people and energetic priesthood, is invincible, and that the future is in their hands. Arch-

bishop Kenrick has subject to his guidance and supreme control two hundred thousand of people who feel towards him a relationship as strong and substantial as that which subsists between children and their parents in the natural order. What could have created this bond? What preserved it? The answer is Religion.

The occasion will be one of thanksgiving to God for all the blessings He has vouchsafed us in and through our archbishop; the blessing of a long and prosperous spiritual administration; the blessing of rapid and safe material growth; the blessing of an example of private virtue and spotless walk that recall the best days of the Church. We have been beneficiaries of the work and example of the past fifty years, and we would be unworthy of so great and good a shepherd if we failed to express our gratitude, on an occasion like the one now before us. We bespeak the greatest unanimity and the most zealous coöperation.

Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick comes of good old stock. He was born in Dublin in 1806, and followed his distinguished brother, the late Archbishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, who died in Baltimore, to this country in 1833, three years after he had been ordained a priest. His uncle was the famous Dr. Kenrick of Dublin, who was the literary and social intimate of such men as the great Master of the Rolls, John Philpot Curran, Sir Jonah Barrington, Henry Grattan, "Counsellor" Daly, and "Counsellor" Busshe. He imbibed his uncle's and his brother's literary tastes, and is to-day the most learned bishop in the United States.

Locusts as Food for Man.

Prof. Charles V. Riley, State-Entomologist of Missouri, has been the target of many newspaper shots since he announced his belief in the excellence of locusts as an article of diet, boiled, roasted, fricasseed and fried. Excepting locusts, most insects used for human food have been procurable only in small quantities, and as a matter of curiosity or epicurean taste. Locusts have, however, been an article of substantial food for man from immemorial antiquity. Among the Nineveh sculptures in the British Museum are representations of men carrying different kinds of meat to a festival; some of the men bring sticks to which locusts are tied. These insects are accounted among "clean meats" in Leviticus, and are elsewhere in the Bible spoken of as food for man. Herodotus mentions a tribe of Ethiopians that fed on locusts "which came from southern and unknown districts." Livingstone states that this is still the case with many African tribes. In Morocco, where locusts do damage every year, they are used for food whenever their increase seriously diminishes the crops. The insects are roasted and offered for sale in the market at Tangiers, and in other cities. The locust is also used for food in Southern Russia. Many American tribes of Indians, as is well-known, make use of locusts for food.

As to the method of cooking, the Romans are said to have roasted them to a bright golden yellow. Locusts of the Old World

are mostly large, and can be easily prepared by first detaching their legs and wings, and then by roasting, boiling, broiling, frying or stewing. In Russia they are salted and smoked. In Morocco they are salted by the Hebrews, but are ordinarily boiled and then fried. The Hebrew population use the salted locusts as part of the composition of a dish which contains almost everything eatable, is put into the oven on Friday night, and taken out on the Jewish Sabbath, so that a hot meal is provided without committing the sin of lighting a fire on the latter day. A variety of other methods of cooking were instanced by Professor Riley. He had long desired to test the value of some of these methods, and took the opportunity afforded by the recent raids of locusts at the West. He found the flavor of the cooked insect — prepared in almost any of the methods described — quite agreeable. Fried or roasted in nothing but their own oil, they had a pleasant, nutty flavor; peculiar, but agreeable. He boiled them and stewed them, and found them admirable. At a hotel he endeavored in vain to obtain assistance in the kitchen. The cook and servants retired in disgust. The naturalists were obliged to do their own cooking, but the savory messes they concocted converted the kitchen, and cooks and guests alike agreed upon the excellence of the soups, fricassees and fritters, which were materially composed of locusts. The experiment was a great success. Professor Riley described a variety of instances in which the cooked locusts were eaten by his friends, with scarcely a dissenting opinion in their favor.

An Australian Archbishop on the Rights of Labor.

THE Archbishop of Melbourne has written to the Argus advocating the holding of a labor conference. His Grace argues as follows: "To such a conference three parties should be summoned, namely, the representatives of the employers, the representatives of the unionists, and the representatives of the free laborers. Such a conference, I believe, the employers may sanction without the slightest desertion of the vital principle of freedom of contract; for by freedom of contract in this controversy is understood freedom on the part of employers to engage union or non-union labor without let or hindrance, and freedom on the part of non-unionists to accept work wherever it may be found. Now, the very presence of the representatives of non-union labor at the conference would be the most practical and most telling assertion of the principle, as it affects the employers' right to deal on an equal footing with union and non-union labor, and would also forcibly bring home to every reflecting unionist the fact that there are hundreds and thousands of his fellow laborers outside the union ranks who have an equal right with him to live by honest toil. The result would be that at the conference the question of freedom of contract would either not be raised, or, if raised, would be conceded both as it affects the employer and employed." "Labor," adds the Archbishop, "is every day acquiring more and more of the dignity that the Almighty intended it should have amongst men. But, with

the dignity, the responsibility of labor, and of labor leaders in particular, is growing. I see no cause of alarm in the political advancement of labor, provided only that the labor leaders are men worthy of their responsible positions. If they do not aim at the unattainable, if they follow after the concrete rather than the abstract, if they set aside the dangerous idea of class legislation, if they are willing to advance steadily, and therefore securely, if they are moderate in tone and actions as becomes full-grown and intelligent men, I have every confidence that the larger influence which they are destined to exercise in the future in social and political life will be for the common good of the whole community."

Colleges for Negroes.

In studying the negro problem from the religious point of view, four factors of it stand out conspicuously: 1. The immense number of the colored people in the United States; 2. Their spiritual destitution; 3. The activity of the Protestant denominations in their behalf; and 4. The comparative neglect of them by Catholics.

1. The colored people in this country number eight millions — a multitude that is increasing in numbers at a rapid rate; eight millions of men, women, and children, right at our doors, our fellow-citizens, our neighbors, whose civil destiny is linked with ours, and for whose salvation we, who have the faith, are responsible.

2. Of this vast host, about one-fourth of one million are Catholics. The rest may be divided into nominal Protestants and actual heathens, the latter of whom have no knowledge of God beyond His name, and no use for that except as a convenience in blasphemy.

3. For the education and evangelization of the negroes, our Protestant friends spend annually a mint of money. For instance, some of their accumulated funds for this purpose are as follows:

Freedman's Aid Society (Methodist)	$2,225,000
Baptist Home Mission	2,000,000
Presbyterian Home Mission	1,542,746
American Missionary Association	6,000,000
The different Women's Societies	500,000
John F. Slater	1,000,000
Daniel Hand	1,000,000
Other individual gifts	1,000,000
Quakers, and others	500,000
	$15,767,746

In addition to these permanent and invested sources of revenue, they collect every year large sums of money which are lavished on schools, mission churches, industrial colleges, and other institutions.

In the matter of higher education, the Protestants can make — all things considered — a fine showing, as these statistics, which are not complete, will yet fully demonstrate.

4. In the same field of higher education for the negro young men, we Catholics have nothing to show. Our colleges for whites will not

admit the Afro-Americans, and we have absolutely not one high school, academy, college, or university, in which our colored boys can study to be teachers, lawyers, doctors, editors. We have, indeed, the Epiphany Apostolic College, but that is only for those who want to be priests.

Now, the intelligence of a country rules it; the men of education in a community or a nation impress their ideas, their convictions, their misconceptions, on their thoughtless fellows. The men of trained intellect do the thinking for the crowd. The consequence of this axiom, in the case of the colored people, will be that the eight millions of them will, as a mass, be leavened with Protestant thoughts, Protestant judgments, Protestant prejudices, Protestant doctrine. And we sit almost idle, while this great work of confirming a docile people in heresy, goes on to its completion. L. W. REILLY.

We refer to advertisement in this Magazine, St. Joseph's Work Among the Negroes.

Ambition for Riches and Social Distinction.

THE curse of the age is undoubtedly ambition for riches and social distinction. Unfortunately, this ambition has invaded the Church, and, sad as is the confession, it is difficult to discover any material difference between a large number even of leading influential Catholics and the veriest worldlings who make very little or no pretensions to religion. This spirit prevades all classes, and it seems to increase with the advancement of the people in worldly prosperity.

We believe it is generally observed that as Catholics increase in wealth they diminish in their fervor and devotion to their religion. One of the first indications of this feeling is a disposition, at least on the part of some Catholics, to hide their origin; to change their name either in mode of spelling or in pronunciation, and to keep their religion in the background. Their highest aspiration is to associate with their Protestant "American" neighbors. As if Americans of German or Irish descent, for instance, were not just as much Americans as those of Anglo-Saxon origin.

One of the most deplorable features of this development is the disposition to prefer the public schools and Protestant colleges for their sons and daughters to Catholic institutions, and that, too, when they have every reason to believe that there are just as good Catholic schools and colleges, and even better in many respects, than the Protestant. The confessed motive is that it will be more for the worldly advantage of their children to be educated in the public schools, at Harvard, at Yale, or some popular Protestant private academy or high school. The same spirit, encouraged by the parents, leads the young people to prefer alliance with Protestants rather than with their own co-religionists. If they can by any means secure a little blue blood they are supremely happy.

There is something better than money, better than blue blood, better than mere worldly prosperity. Blessed are they that have the grace to find that great treasure. Blessed is the parent who has been taught from above to appreciate that treasure which is above all price,

and to cherish it beyond all earthly riches for his own and his children's sake. The injunctions of the Lord on this subject may sound old and stale in worldly ears, but they are not the less pertinent and important for all that: "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice," and "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Sacred Heart Review.

Stamping Out Intemperance.

THE *Reichsanzeiger*, of Berlin, publishes the text of a bill for the repression of drunkenness, which will be laid before Reichstag on its meeting in November. Even in a state so essentially police-ridden as Germany, the measure is a drastic one, much more so than any corresponding legislation in England. The bill is accompanied by a long and exhaustive *expose des motifs*, containing such statistics as the government believes justifies its introduction. The bill consists of twenty-three clauses. The first clause defines the position of a class of licensed dealers somewhat similar to the licensed grocers in England. Such dealers may not sell spirits in less quantities than half a litre. Succeeding clauses deal with the retail dealers. It is proposed that, so far as possible, these dealers shall be under obligation to supply food as well as spirituous refreshment, and, further, that they shall not be permitted to sell liquor before eight o'clock in the morning. They shall, furthermore, do all in their power to hinder the abuse of spirituous liquors. By clause nine, no spirit dealer shall be permitted to sell spirits to any person below the age of sixteen years. They are forbidden to sell liquor to any visibly drunken person, or to any person who, within three years, has been punished as a confirmed drunkard. The spirit dealer is bound to see that drunken persons are conducted to their dwellings or handed over to the care of the police. He is further forbidden to supply liquor on credit. One of the most drastic clauses of the bill is that which lays down that people who, on account of their drunken habits, are unable to manage their affairs, or who, by their conduct, threaten to bring their families into want or to endanger the safety of others, may be placed under a guardian, and this person, with the consent of the Court, may place his ward in an asylum for inebriates. Even in cases where the guardian does not exercise his rights in this respect, the Court may intervene and order his committal to such an asylum.

NATURAL BAROMETERS. — A French meteorological journal gives a list of plants which, by their behavior under different atmospheric conditions, enable weather prognostications to be made. For instance, rain may be expected when the stalks of clover and other similar plants stand upright. The closing of the convolvulus, the pimpernel, the sorrel, the bind-weed, etc., indicates rain also; while the opening of the sorrel, the African marigold, indicates fine weather. The opening of the lettuce flower, on the contrary, leads to the expectation of wet weather. There is no reason, therefore, why every man should not become his own weather prophet.

"The American of the Future."

BISHOP J. J. KEANE, of the Catholic University, has the happy faculty of imparting a great deal of interest to every subject he touches upon in his lectures. A short time ago he took for his topic "The American of the Future," and this is the standard he erected as the proper personification of that important individual who is to take a freeman's place in making this government the embodiment of all that is happy, both in private and public life: "Two duties devolve upon the American of to-day. First, to keep America what God has made her, and to keep away from her those great curses of national animosities,— despotism in all its forms and religious hostilities, which the hand of God long since banished from our country. The second duty is to so mould the character of the rising generation that they, in their turn, may rightly guard the sacred deposit, and may hand it down, unimpaired, to their descendants. But they can be made agents in rendering our country the brightest and best development of Christian civilization only by being themselves earnest Christians. Now, the only means by which the character of the young can thus be moulded is by giving them a Christian education, and this must, in the nature of things, be accomplished by the combined influences of Christian homes, Christian church, and Christian schools. Christians who are imbued with this spirit, by giving their children a thoroughly American, but at the same time a thoroughly Christian education, are proving themselves our country's best friends. Thus shall the American of the future be the best type of humanity. Thus shall our country, indeed, be a blessing to mankind, by being the brightest and best growth of Christian civilization."

The Great Catholic Explorer.

THE newspapers of Lima, Peru, contain elaborate accounts of the removal of the remains of Francisco Pizarro, who led the conquest of Peru, from a vault under the altar of the Cathedral at Lima to the chapel of the Viceroys in the same building. The remains were subjected to a careful examination, and the body was found to be admirably preserved. The Peruvian Mail refers to the matter as follows: "The two hands and all the toes, with the exception of two, are missing. But this is evidently due to peculations by visitors to the Cathedral, which were facilitated by the body having been kept in an open coffin. All the signs of wounds received by Pizarro during his lifetime are distinctly visible, one being in the neck, one on the arm, and another in the head, the latter being an indentation which is said to have been caused by a blow administered with a silver jug full of water. The body is one metre and seventy-five centimetres in length. The doctors in charge of the body are of the opinion that at the time of his death Pizarro was at least seventy years of age." The Nacion, of Lima, commenting upon the state in which the remains were discovered, after referring to the fact of their having been found in an open coffin,

says that it is well known that Pizarro was buried in complete armor, and wonders how the authorities can consent to receive the remains in their present condition. The Diario, of Lima, explaining the absence of the armor, says that it was taken out of the coffin, and put on exhibition in the museum formerly existing in the headquarters of the artillery at Santa Catalia, and was stolen by the Chilians when they entered Lima. On the other hand, Ricardo Palma, in the Comercio, declares that Pizarro was buried without his armor, his assassins not giving him time to put it on. Palma adds that the remains were given sepulchre in great haste, in order to prevent the body being dragged through the streets. The ceremony of transferring the remains to the chapel of the Viceroys was very impressive. Different public bodies attended officially. The big Cathedral was filled with visitors, and speeches were made by Señor Manuel A. Fuentes, Mayor Revoredo, the Spanish minister, and Monsignor Tovar.

A Brutal Landlord.

IRISH Standard: The New York News tells an interesting story concerning the murder of Lord Leitrim. A New York drummer recently informed a reporter for that paper that he knew and had conversed with Leitrim's slayer, and further stated he lives in a certain Western town and is a prosperous business man there. The paper goes into history and speaks of some of the shocking deeds committed by that brutal landlord against his tenants. No Russian noble ever oppressed his serfs, and no American owner of slaves so drove them, as did this Lord Leitrim his tenants. He owned his tenants as thoroughly as any slave owner, and, when sick or dead, they might rot by the wayside for aught he cared; but the slave-owner generally took care of his when sick, and gave them decent burial. To one of his tenants in arrears, the possession of a pretty daughter was a curse. The noble lord would offer to engage her as a servant, and the poor tenants knew what that meant.

But he carried things too far, and one day his body was found by the road side with a bullet hole through it. The death he so richly merited overtook him at last. It was vengeance for the perpetration of a crime that displayed more than usual depravity — the forcing of a tenant's daughter into his service, and then accomplishing her ruin. The father of the young lady was in debt to the lord and unable to pay it. Consequently the young lady was forced to sacrifice her honor for the debt. The young lady had a brother in America at that time, to whom information of the destruction of his sister's character and consequent disgrace of his parents was speedily transmitted. One morning he stood on the deck of an ocean steamer, bound for the home of his youth, — truly a sad home that must have been. After landing, he made his way to a village bordering on Lord Leitrim's property, where he quietly prepared for the fulfilment of his mission. One day, shortly after, the old earl was riding merrily home after evicting a tenant, when a Colt's navy revolver cracked behind him, and he tumbled from the saddle, a corpse.

The Curability of the Inebriate.

THE curability follows from the application of certain general principles, the first of which is isolation and change of surroundings. The drunkard must go into a quarantine, where all the external conditions of life will antagonize his disorder and assist nature to return to health. In a quarantine station, or special asylum, the diet, baths, exercise, medical study, and care, with all other means, can be applied with military exactness. Each special phase of disease and form of degeneration can be treated, from its particular symptoms, with particular remedies. Nerve and brain rest, and restoration of all the organic functional activities, can be obtained by the use of means under the care of the medical man. Thus the drink impulse is overcome, and dies away with the increasing vigor of the mind and body. Like insanity, drunkenness is cured, not by drugs alone, but by building up the body through all the avenues of nutrition, healthful exercise, regulated mental and physical surroundings, and appropriate drugs. Drunkenness must be recognized as a disease legally, and the victim forced into conditions where he can live along the best sanitary lines of health; where medical treatment and control can be exact and perfect; and where physiological and hygienic training, in its broadest and best sense, can be applied. . . . The curability of the inebriate is far more certain than that of the insane. The liberty of both is equally dangerous; one is recognized, the other is seldom restrained until he becomes a criminal. The moment a man becomes a drunkard he forfeits all rights to liberty and becomes a ward of the state, and should be controlled by it. It is dense ignorance that permits any one to destroy his life and property by drink, on the supposition that he is a free moral agent. The inebriate is mentally and physically sick, and needs the same help as the insane; and the question of care is simply one of adequate means and remedies to reach the disease.

DR. T. N. CROTHERS, in North American Review.

THE FOLLY OF FEAR.— A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for one hundred and fifty years, then live to see its success afterwards. But at present a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice.

What Might Be Done.

WHAT might be done if men were wise —
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite,
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another.

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect,
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother —
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise, and loved each other.

CHARLES MACKAY.

POLITENESS. — Sir Arthur Helps had the happy faculty of putting expressions of wisdom into a few words. It was he who said, "Familiarity should not swallow up courtesy." Probably one-half of the rudeness of youths of this day, that later in life will develop into brutality, is due to the failure of parents to enforce in the family circle the rules of courtesy. The son or daughter who is discourteous to members of the family, because of familiarity with them, is very likely to prove rude and overbearing to others, and very certain to be a tyrant in the household over which he or she may be called on to preside. There is at this day, undeniably, among the rising generation a lack of courteous demeanor in the family. Of all places in the world, let the boy understand home is the place where he should speak the gentlest and be the most kindly, and there is the place, above all, where courteous demeanor should prevail. The lad who is rude to his sister, impertinent to his mother, and vulgar in the house, will prove a sad husband for a suffering wife, and a cruel father to unfortunate children. The place for politeness, as Helps puts it, is where we mostly think it superfluous.

Leo XIII. in Marble.

For several weeks, the magnificent statue of Pope Leo XIII., presented by Count de Loubat, has been in position in the prayer hall of the Catholic University, hidden from sight, awaiting the return of the students, and the reopening of the school year. The unveiling took place on Monday, September 28, at the close of the retreat with which the annual course of studies begins, the occasion being graced by the presence of many distinguished guests, among them being the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, the Archbishops of New York and Cincinnati, Bishop Zardetti of St. Cloud, Minn., Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University, Right Rev. P. L. Chapelle, coadjutor-elect to the Archbishop of Santa Fe, and many prominent clergymen.

Theological Hall, or the prayer hall of the School of Theology, is in the north-west corner of the building, and is not a very large apartment. It is not the permanent resting-place of this grand work of art, which deserves a more conspicuous position, and will be provided with a special niche in the scientific building to be erected next spring.

The ceremonies of the day were commenced in the morning, when the Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated in the chapel, the Cardinal officiating. This was followed by the singing of the *Te Deum*. At ten o'clock studies were formally opened in the lecture hall, where the assembled students were addressed by Bishop Keane, who reviewed the work done in the past year, and outlined that to be done in the coming year.

The ceremonies of the unveiling were simple, but impressive, and took place in the afternoon. At half-past four o'clock the prelates and clergy entered the hall which was already crowded with visitors. An appropriate hymn was rendered by the University choir, and then the statue was uncovered, to the great delight of the audience, who manifested their enthusiasm by hearty applause.

The Most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan made the presentation address. He spoke of the many lofty endowments of the Pope, and the love of learning which characterizes him; and said that it was most fitting that the University should have a statue of him to whom it is indebted for the power to confirm academic degrees. He spoke of the lively interest felt by the Holy Father in the University, and of his labors to impart to others the vast treasure of learning he has done so much to revive and restore; and alluded to the flood of light which he has poured upon the subjects of marriage, divorce, the constitution of Christian states, and the condition of the laboring classes. He also dwelt upon the generosity of the Count de Loubat, and referred to his acquirements as a scholar and a lover of the fine arts, his interest in learning, and his devotion to the Head of the Church. The Archbishop expressed the hope that all the students of the University might catch the inspiration of that benign countenance, and that their pursuit of learning might be purely for love of Church and country.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in his usual graceful and happy manner, accepted the statue in the name of the faculty of the University and in his own name, thanking the Archbishop of New York, to whom he alluded as the busiest archbishop in the United States, for coming to Washington, and also for being the one to inspire this beautiful gift. He thanked the Count de Loubat for his generosity, and the Holy Father for his kindness in consenting to allow his statue to be modelled for the University. He alluded to Pope Leo as the father and the advocate of the institution, and exhorted the students to seek the protection of God by the imitation of the virtues of the Holy Father.

The Cardinal's address was followed by the singing of the *Magnificat* — by the University choir, which closed the formal ceremonies, and the audience dispersed, some to their homes, others to partake of the hospitality of the faculty.

The statue is fourteen feet high, including a cubical pedestal about one-third the height of the whole. This base is of fine Italian marble, bearing on three sides polished panels of a darker shade. The panel on the left side bears the coat of arms of the donor, a lion rampant on field gules, between *fleur-de-lis* and the motto of his house, "*Orphana adjutor.*" The panel on the right bears the coat of arms of the Pecci family, accompanied by the Papal insignia. On the front, in gilt outlined letters, is a Latin inscription to the effect that this statue of Leo XIII., under whose auspices the institution for the increase of all knowledge was founded at Washington, is presented by Count Joseph Florimond de Loubat.

The figure of the Pontiff is of heroic size. It is executed in the finest Carrara marble, and represents the Pope in a sitting posture, clothed in cassock, alb, stole, cape, and tiara. His right hand is raised in the act of giving the blessing, while the left hand rests easily upon the arm of his chair. His head and shoulders are slightly inclined forward in an easy, graceful attitude. His forehead is large, his eyes are singularly penetrating, his features strongly marked, and his countenance furrowed by lines of thoughtful study and life-long austerity; but his whole face is lighted up by a benignity of expression impossible to describe.

The workmanship of the statue is superb, every detail, from the posing of the figure to the tracery of the lace of the alb, being carried out to perfection. It is hard to understand how it was possible to imbue the dead marble with so life-like an appearance; the eyes seem to sparkle, the hand to move, and there is not a suggestion of stiffness in a single line. The sculptor was Guiseppe Luchetti, whose name, with the date, 1890, is cut on the left side near the base; and the work was done under the personal supervision of the Count de Loubat. The original model was submitted to the Holy Father for his approval. The work occupied two years, and cost about ten thousand dollars.

The Count de Loubat is a munificent patron of letters and the fine arts. He has presented a counterpart of this great work to the city of Perugia, where Leo XIII. ruled as bishop for thirty-one years,

from 1846 until 1877, when he was called to Rome by the late Pope and appointed Camerlengo. A third statue will be given by the count to the native city of His Holiness, Carpineto. The hereditary title of count was conferred upon this gentleman by the Holy Father, in recognition of his liberality towards the Church and educational institution.

AGNES HAMPTON.

October — The Month of the Rosary.

FOR a number of years past, the month of October has been consecrated by the piety of the faithful to particular exercises in honor of the Blessed Virgin, under the title of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary; as it has always consecrated the month of May in a more general manner to this loving Mother.

The dedication of this month to the devotion of the Rosary originated in Spain, and spread with extraordinary rapidity. It received the approbation of a large number of bishops, who each established it in his own diocese, and the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX. blessed it, and enriched it with precious indulgences. In a Brief of July 28, 1868, the Vicar of Jesus Christ granted to all the faithful who followed the exercise an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for each day, with a plenary indulgence at the end of the month. From that time the Month of the Rosary assumed the character of a public devotion, established, authorized, recommended publicly, and solemnly practised in the Church. Our Holy Father Leo XIII. made this devotion universal.

It is well known with what eager delight the faithful received the Decree of the Holy Father first establishing the solemnity of this month for the universal Church. Besides the particular *motif* drawn from the present necessities of the Church, there is another, more general, which should make us always love this devotion. Mary, the masterpiece of creation and the Mother of divine grace, merits most assuredly that we should consecrate, in a special manner, two months of the year to her devotion — the month of May, which begins with the opening of the flowers; and the month of October which closes, with the final gathering of the harvest, the wonderful course of productive nature. Think of Mary, pray to Mary at the moment when nature awakens, and the moment when, glorious in its productions, it goes to its sleep. There is nothing more appropriate to remind us that our souls are the field of the Father of the family, and that the Divine seed which has been entrusted to them must blossom, grow, and flourish a hundred-fold; that the holy dew and the supernatural warmth of grace are necessary to the flowering and fructifying of Christian virtues; that Mary is the life-giving cloud from which descends the dew, the faithful mirror which reflects and tempers the Sun of Justice in proportion to our weakness.

IT belongs to God to help and to deliver us from all confusion. — *Thomas à Kempis.*

All Saints' Day.

THE month of October is fast coming to an end. A few days more and our temples, adorned with their richest vestments, will resound with hymns of joy to celebrate the glories of the saints. It will be the first of November — All Saints' Day — a day of grand rejoicing for the happy inhabitants of heaven, as also a day replete of consolation for the struggling citizens of earth.

The object of the solemnity of All Saints is to glorify God in his saints, to praise their heroic deeds, and to secure their assistance and protection. But has it ever entered into our mind that, to do so, the very best means is to look up to the saints as models, to practise their virtues — in a word, to become perfect imitators of them?

Ah! some already are frightened by that which seems to them a hard task. Let them remember that the soldier, who, on the battle field, turns pale at the sight of the enemy, and takes to his heels, is called a coward and a traitor. He alone who fights the good fight has a right to receive the palm of victory.

And, pray, what were the saints on earth? Were they men different from us? Were they free from the infirmities to which we are subjected? Had God, by some particular privilege, exempted them from the many obstacles and difficulties which we daily encounter? Or, had God given them a nature different from ours? By no means. They were men created like unto ourselves, therefore subject to the same miseries, condemned to combat against the same temptations; but, like brave soldiers of Christ, they faced the enemy without fear; they held their ground to the last; they conquered, and now sing in heaven the song of eternal triumph.

Shall we one day take part in their joyful chorus in God's happy mansion? It remains with us to decide the question. But we surely shall if we become their imitators.

Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, V. — October 31.

FATHER CLAUDE DE LA COLOMBIERE, of the Society of Jesus, was the principal guide and support of the foundress of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in her trials and efforts, and it was through the Society of Jesus in general that our Lord revealed to her He wished this devotion to be spread. Devotion to the Sacred Heart then, the great popular devotion of the Catholic world to-day, is eminently the devotion of the Jesuits, and its foundress will always be united to the Order by a special tie of affection. The Blessed Margaret Mary lived in the second part of the 17th century. She was, as it is well known, a nun of the Visitation Order, founded by Saints Francis de Sales and Jane de Chantal, at Paray-le-Monial, in France. The story of her revelations, of her contradictions, of her gentle triumphs, is known to all. There was great opposition in the Church, on the part of false brethren, to the practice of devotion to the heart of Jesus our Saviour. But who can resist love? The obscure little nun of Paray lived her short life within her convent walls; but the conflagration which she kindled is blazing all around the globe.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Family Financiering.

"THEY tell me you work for a dollar a day;
How is it you clothe your six boys on such pay?"

"I know you will think it conceited and queer,
But I do it because I'm a good financier.

"There's Pete, John, Jim and Joe, and William and Ned—
A half-dozen boys to be clothed up and fed.

"And I buy for them all good, plain victuals to eat;
But clothing—I only buy clothing for Pete.

"When Pete's clothes are too small for him to get on,
My wife makes 'em over and gives 'em to John.

"When for John, who is ten, they have grown out of date,
She just makes 'em over for Jim, who is eight.

"When for Jim they've become too ragged to fix,
She just makes them over for Joe, who is six.

"And when little Joseph can wear 'em no more,
She just makes 'em over for Bill who is four.

"And when for young Bill they no longer will do,
She just makes 'em over for Ned, who is two.

"So you see, if I get enough clothing for Pete,
The family is furnished with clothing complete."

"But when Ned has got through with the clothing, and when
He has thrown it aside, what do you do with it then?"

"Why, once more we go 'round the circle complete,
And begin to use it for patches for Pete."

S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

A Born Lawyer.

A LAWYER advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants, all bright, and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then ranged them in a row, and said he would tell them a story, note their comments, and judge from that whom he would choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel, that got in through a hole in his barn, and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in at the hole one noon, he took his shot-gun and fired away. The first shot set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys.

The lawyer, without answer, continued: "And, seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water, and ran to put it out."

"Did he put it out?" said another.

"As he passed inside, the door shut to, and the barn was soon in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more water"—

"Did they all burn up?" said another boy.

The lawyer went on without answer:

"Then the old lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."

"Did any one burn up?" said another.

The lawyer said, "There, that will do; you have all shown great interest in the story." But, observing one little bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said, "Now my little man, what have you to say?"

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy and stammered out: "I want to know what became of that squirrel; that's what I want to know."

"You'll do," said the lawyer; "you are my man. You have not been switched off by a confusion, and a barn burning, and the hired girls, and water-pails; you have kept your eye on the squirrel."

Fish-Scale Jewelry in Barbadoes.

Of one thing I am convinced. It is that the donkey boy of Egypt has his conjurer for importunity and insuppressible audacity in the Barbadian boatman. No sooner has the Muriel dropped anchor, and the report of her gun announced her arrival to the good folk of Bridgetown, than these men are ready for their attack on us.

And no sooner has the harbor-master completed his preliminary visit, and admitted us to *pratique* than we are surrounded by a shouting crew.

They would be annoying, but that their cool assurance and imperturbable determination to carry their point render them amusing. Each is anxious to outwit the other. "The Massa gine ashore?" "Doan forget me, sah." "Want a boat?" "Here's your boat, sah!"

We find it hard to decide between so many rival claimants, and begin to understand the dilemma of Paris, when the Olympian ladies begged his decision. Luckily, however, a friend relieves us from the trouble of deciding which of the sable boatmen to favor, by bringing his own boat for our conveyance. In the height of the hubbub a boat comes alongside, and, forthwith a young man steps on board, apparently on excellent terms with every one in the ship.

"What have you brought to cheat me with?" one of the officers inquires, and I discover that this is a professional "touter," employed by some house of business to see after their cargo, who takes the opportunity of doing a little private business on his own account by the sale of various articles likely to be in request with strangers visiting the island, natural curiosities, small articles of native manufacture, confectionery, etc.

"Now, here is a lady likely to buy something," said the captain,

bringing him to me. "You'll have to take home some West Indian presents," and forthwith begins an exhibition of the contents of the various boxes. Some are filled with shells arranged in various patterns, or imitating flowers; necklaces of pretty, shining shells; wonderful branches of white coral, and a number of ornaments made of some opaque material.

"What are these?" I inquire. "Fish-scale flowers, ma'am; are you making any purchases?"

But my friend is anxious to get to the shore, and I have no right to detain him.

"Let him take them up to your hotel," the Captain proposed; so it is settled that next morning, at any time after ten o'clock, the ornaments are to be taken to me at the Marine Hotel, and then we take our way to the shore; the sea is alive with boats, and there seems ready employment for them, for besides the Muriel there are, at the moment, four steamers of the Royal Mail Company line, awaiting the arrival of the mails from England. These furnish plenty of employment to the boats and old-fashioned lighters; for as there is no dock, cargo and coal have to be taken to and fro from the harbor to the ships by these boats.

We enter the carriage awaiting us on the wharf, and after a pleasant drive for twenty-five minutes, we arrive at the most pleasantly situated hotel on the island.

I have just finished my breakfast, the morning after my arrival, when a servant informs me that some one wishes to see me; so I go out on the verandah and find not my smart "touter," but a shabby-looking individual, carrying under his arm various boxes, containing his stock in trade: sprays, necklets, brooches, all fashioned with great ingenuity from fish-scales.

"Do you make them yourself?" I inquire, as I make my selection.

"No, my wife makes them; there is none to beat her in shell and fish-scale work."

He spoke with the proud tone of the proprietor of some useful animal.

"Men must work and women must weep," says Kingsley; alas! some women have to do both.

Now I know that there are some dear friends in Boston who would never be content to admire these fishy ornaments without having some idea of the various stages of transformation from the back of a fish to a lady's fair person. Let us follow our shabby friend some evening in his search after the indispensable fish which furnishes the materials for the work. It is a lovely evening; the moon pours down a flood of silvery light, nowhere to be seen in such brilliance as in the tropics; the strains of a military band mingle with the voice of "the league-long roller thundering on the beach."

Let us leave the assemblage on the rocks, the fashionable promenade of Barbadoes. Passing through the garrison precincts, we meet soldiers of the regiment of line quartered in the garrison; blue-coated

artillery men, black soldiers in zouave uniform. You have left the garrison, and are proceeding down Bay street, when a rancorous voice is heard shouting, "Red-fish, red-fish!"

A fisherman walks briskly; on his head is a basket containing about a dozen red-fish, a sort of bream, while two bigger ones are dragged along by the head. Now is the time for our friend; he steps forward, and forthwith enters on an animated bargain.

"What's for that fish?"

"Oh! that 'en gine suit you," is the scornful reply.

"But I really want it; what's your price?"

"Four bits," (forty cents).

"What, for that! I bought one twice as large for one and six," (thirty-six cents).

"Yo did! show me the man that ketched it."

"Come, what are you taking for it?"

"I tell you four bits," and so on, till the fisherman is finally cajoled into abating ten cents. The fish is borne home in triumph, and now begins the first stage in the transformation, which is also the most tedious. It is necessary to get the scales unbroken from the fish; they must, therefore, be carefully picked, scale by scale, with the hand. The scales are then left all night steeped in water, to which a little muriatic acid has been added. Next morning they are carefully washed and dried. These preliminary operations being performed, the subsequent arrangement into flowers depends chiefly on the ingenuity of the manufacturer, who, by the aid of silver wire and crystal beads, transforms the shining scales into those pretty ornaments which I will display on my return to Boston, if not as spoils from the conquered ocean, as trophies of my West Indian visit.

FLORENCE MARY KILKELLY.

Andrew Jackson's Romance.

I TRAVELLED from Washington with Mrs. Throckmorton, who has resided here for forty years, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. She was a Miss Tutt of Virginia, and her first winter in society was spent in the White House, as the guest of General Jackson. She has had a personal acquaintance with the ladies of the White House during the intervening years. Her reminiscences were delightful, enlivened as they were by her gracious and dignified personality. Speaking of fashion in dress, she said that during the whole of General Jackson's administration the ladies of his family always appeared in low-necked and short-sleeved dresses at dinner, carrying a light scarf over the arm to throw around the shoulders while passing through the hall.

Narrating the episode of General Jackson's marriage, she said that while marching through a forest with his soldiers, he heard a woman's screams, and pushing forward towards the sound, he found a burly man whipping his frail wife.

He knocked the brute down, and, placing the woman in front of

a mounted soldier, then discovered that she was the daughter of a lady with whom he had boarded at one time.

Her youth, beauty, and distress appealed to his tenderest sentiments, and after applying for a divorce for her, General Jackson married her.

There were some technical errors in the transmission of the decree of divorce, which gave rise to a story that the marriage ceremony with General Jackson ante-dated the granting of the divorce.

After Mrs. Jackson's death, her niece, Mrs. Donaldson, presided as lady of the White House. General Jackson's private hospitality was unlimited. No old friend ever called upon him while President without being invited to dine.

Teach Your Children to be Brave.

ONE of the most important duties of parents is to teach their children to be brave. Cowardice is so despicable that parents should by every means in their power endeavor to cultivate in their children's minds the opposite virtue of bravery. Take every opportunity to tell them stories illustrating the folly of being frightened until we fully understand the nature of the thing that frightens us. The following is a true story told me by an Irish school-master, a man noted for courage, and success in inspiring his pupils with the same spirit of bravery possessed by himself. Having remained until very late at night with a sick friend, he started for home, taking a short cut through a pasture. It was not the darkest night that ever was, but clouds obscured the moon, making it too dark to find the way easily. He was hurrying on as fast as possible, when he heard a deep groan directly in front of him. Though not easily frightened, he confessed afterward that a chill came over him very suddenly. He stopped, and stood quite still. He could barely discern a black heap on the ground a short distance ahead. As he watched it, it gradually stretched higher and higher, until it was as tall as a tall man; then, with another awful groan, it seemed to sink into the earth again. All the foolish stories of ghosts and goblins that he had ever heard began to come into his mind, and he felt that he could never pass that awful thing there in the path. Cold and hot by turns, he saw it loom up higher and higher once more, and by the dim light it looked *so* white, and like nothing he had ever seen before; and when, for the third time, he heard that awful groan and saw it sink into the earth, he took to his heels and ran as he never ran before, for quite a distance. Just then the thought of being so scared at an object he had not thoroughly examined struck him as being very, very foolish. I will go right back and find out exactly what it is, thought he. How do I know that some mischievous boys are not trying my courage?

Breathing a prayer to his Maker for protection, he walked quickly and with firm steps straight up to the dark heap, which just then began to rise, high, and still higher; but before the awful groan came again, the school-master's hearty laugh rang out on the night air; for the ghost

proved to be a neighbor's old white horse, which had been cruelly turned out to die. He had lain down, and it was his ineffectual efforts to rise which had so terrified the usually brave school-master. Feeling greatly relieved, he pulled a large quantity of grass for the poor beast, who ate it greedily; and when he next tried to rise, the merciful man had the satisfaction of seeing him succeed. He led him to a brook near by, where he drank a sufficient quantity of water, after which he commenced feeding upon the grass which grew there in abundance. The school-master went home, reflecting upon the folly of being frightened at ghosts conjured by your own imagination.

East Lempster, N. H. M. F. RICHARDSON.

A Pathetic Incident.

AT one of the schools in St. Louis, numbers of pupils were in the habit of bringing luncheon with them, which at noon they ate together. Among those who had not gone home for dinner, the teacher in a particular room noticed a little girl, who always sat gazing wistfully at her playmates as they went out with their luncheon, but who never brought any herself. The child was neatly but plainly clad, and the closest student in school hours. This odd action of the child lasted some time, when one day the teacher noticed that the little thing had apparently brought her dinner. The noon hour came, and the children took their lunch as usual and went out to eat it, the little girl referred alone remaining in the room, with her dinner wrapped up in a paper on the desk before her. The teacher advanced to the child and asked her why she did not go out to eat with the rest, at the same time putting out her hand towards the package on the desk. Quick as thought she clasped her hands over it, and exclaimed, sobbing, "Don't touch it, teacher, and don't tell, please; it's only blocks." And that was a fact. Having no dinner to bring and, being too proud to reveal the poverty of her family, the child had carefully wrapped up a number of small blocks in paper, and brought the package to present the appearance of a lunch. It was nothing — a mere ridiculous incident in school life, but it was sufficient to make older and wiser heads than hers feel sad.

Training Children.

CHILDREN should be treated, not as the lower animals, to be governed by brute force, but as rational beings, to be reasoned with, and, above all, as moral beings with a conscience, and susceptible to the influences of religion. If we had more practical religion in our households — more recognition of our duty to God, more prayer, more of the beautiful prayer of our holy religion, which inculcates mutual kindness and forbearance and mutual love, which teaches children to love and honor their parents, and parents to love their children as their own souls — we should not be called upon to mourn the aberration of those who are, with proper treatment, a blessing to their parents, and ornaments of the society in which they live.

Obey Your Parents.

I SHALL never forget when, in a single instance, on one occasion, I refused, in an angry mood, to obey my father. I was just at the age when young men are apt to be coxcombs, and imagine they are much wiser than their superiors. My father's reproachful words and his accusations of ingratitude smote me to the heart. I was sorry for the sharply spoken language as soon as I had uttered it, and a feeling of remorse haunted my conscience for days. Years after, when days of poverty came, and my father died, leaving no estate, I had a chance to show my sorrow for the outburst of rebellion which had grieved my sire, who ever loved me, — and trust to meet him again in the better land at last.

The celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, in a letter written in 1767, relates how his sick father had once asked him to stand in the market stall and sell books for him on a certain day, and he refused, committing thereby a breach of filial piety which for half a century troubled his conscience, until fifty years from the day when pride kept him from proper obedience, he went into the very market where his now dead father's book-stall used to be, and there in penitent contrition and sorrowful recollection, stood half an hour with his head uncovered and bare, with crowds gazing at him in wonder. Carlyle calls the act "one of the saddest and proudest we can paint."

The sting of the remembrance of unkindness in a conscientious heart is not easily quieted. It is better not to speak sharp, hard words to a parent. The words at the head of this article are a heavenly admonition. See that thou refusest not Him who speaks to thee from heaven. Unkindness to parents brings bitter sobs and remorse when the dear old faces disappear from sight beneath the coffin lid.

Model for Young Men.

BISHOP KEANE, in a recent address, pictured St. Aloysius as the model for young men to imitate. "Young men," he said, "you know what life is, and what the world is composed of. Would to God that all mothers were like the mother of St. Aloysius. How many fathers and mothers there are to-day with broken hearts, weeping over sons who have gone astray. We, as young men, owe a duty to our country and fellow-men, and to do this duty we must stand up in defence of truth, justice, virtue, and honesty. As citizens we are bound to be patriots. The man in public life must have the good of his fellow-citizens at heart. What we want in our day is Christian politicians. Not men that will stay away from the polls and say that they do not care for politics. These men are cowards, and not doing their duty to their country and fellow-men. "Our country will never be what she should be until Christianity takes hold of the politicians and causes them to forget selfishness." He denounced those persons who, clothed in the garb of religion, are only hypocrites, and declared that it was on the account of such individuals that infidelity mocks at religion.

There is, he concluded, a glorious time before the world, glorious things for the Church and state; but it will take men who will tell the truth, men who have the good of their fellow-men and country at heart, men who will stand up for duty even had they to face the mouth of the cannon to accomplish these things. Bishop Keane concluded by telling the young men to do their duty to the state, to their fellow-men, and to their God.

Neatness in Girls.

NEATNESS is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable; not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them; and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. I went into a little girl's room once, and all her clothes were on the floor, and her playthings, too. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.

Religious Training at Home.

WHAT greater honor can the mind of man conceive than that of tracing on the pure white page of time some noble sentiment, or the record of a great, heroic act? But there is an act more heroic than any that the worldly can conceive of, that will live till the walls of time have crumbled, and their echo is lost in eternity. It is that of tracing on the pure white souls of children the first ideas of God. These souls, fresh from the hand of their Maker, are purer than the whitest page. They are the image of God. What, then, is more beautiful than to train the budding faculties of those souls, to infuse into them the divine doctrines of their Creator, to preserve them in their first purity and unsullied innocence, — souls that will one day become the resting-place of the Holy of Holies of the Eucharist.

The training of the soul must be begun at home, long before the child is sent to Church or school; for then the mind is like the soft wax, receiving and retaining the impressions made upon it. The lessons taught at home will be longer remembered than those learned at school, because the mind, by natural instinct, turns to the home.

And, with the recollections that will rush upon the memory when home is mentioned, comes the thought of the Creator, whose name was the watchword of that home.

As soon as the childish lips are able to utter a name, it should be taught to say and love the holy name of God; and then, as reason dawns, teach it to know God, whose name it has been lisping.

Reverence for the holy name of God should be instilled into the heart of the child so deeply that, if by some misfortune it turn from God, there will be something, a guiding hand, as it were, to save that soul from perdition. As the mind grows older it cannot grasp ideas as readily as in youth; so, teach the children to know and love God, because he loves them. He loved them well enough to die for them; and he calls them to Him, for he has said:

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Parental Government.

In all well-regulated households, the father of the family exercises a watchful care over his children. He notes their various phases of temperament and disposition, their hopes and fears, their anxieties and disappointments, their physical developments and moral progress, and he becomes, in a measure, answerable to society for their good conduct. With the help of the mother, most youthful minds may be moulded into gentleness and obedience. Filial duty then becomes a pleasurable habit that is observed during life. A disobedient son or daughter always creates unhappiness, and ultimately brings dishonor to the domestic circle. A father is without power to govern the family if the mother thoughtlessly opposes him. It is utterly impossible to prevent evil results flowing from the conflict of authority on the part of the parents. The children are insensibly imbued with the spirit of disobedience, and are quick to manifest it on the least exercise of parental authority. A good mother can exercise no holier calling than to guide the footsteps of her children in the path of duty and virtue.

The Results of Intemperance.

A story was told in the newspapers the other day, of a young man who stole and pawned his sister's seal-skin sacque, worth five hundred dollars. After squandering the money left him by his father in the meanest pleasures, the debauched youth began to prey upon his sisters and his mother, and finally pawned the beautiful garment just mentioned for twenty-five dollars at a drinking saloon. His too fond mother prevailed upon him at last to confess the shameful crime, but in his very confession he lied to her. He told her that he had pawned it for fifty dollars, and that he would redeem it if she would give him the money. She went with him to the door of the saloon, and there gave him the fifty dollars. He went in, bought a drink, sneaked away by the back door, and returned to his accustomed haunts, leaving his mother to wait for him until she was tired. Finally she sent for a friend, who discovered the facts and redeemed the sacque for her.

How little that young man thought, when he took his first glass of liquor, that he would ever be led to treat a widowed mother and a dear sister in such a manner. Had it not been for his love of liquor, what a happy mother his might have been, and how proud and fond

she would have been of her only son. But the habit of drinking had made a fiend of him, and his poor, broken-hearted mother found no comfort in her boy. The sister, who should have looked to her brother for protection and companionship, was obliged to hear his name spoken of in dishonor and shame.

You boys who read this incident think you will never do such a disgraceful thing as this young man did; but if you ever begin to drink liquor, you will put yourself in the way of becoming debased and dishonored, for you cannot tell how soon you will become a slave to the curse. Don't ever take the first glass, and then you will be sure never to become a drunkard.

Did Not Want to Deceive.

LITTLE Johnny is in no sense a great wit; but he screened himself from reproof the other day behind a transparent but effectual play of words. He had attended the birthday festivities of a friend, and had allowed himself to be helped to ice-cream rather more generously than was sanctioned either by etiquette or hygiene; and he was now, in consequence, undergoing a course of home treatment. The principal feature of the treatment was a frequent spoonful of a mixture not at all to Johnny's taste. To get him to take it required so much persuasion on his mother's part that at last her patience was a trifle strained, and she said, "Johnny, I don't think you're acting very well." "Well, mamma," he replied, "would it be right for me to act well when I'm not?"

Taught by a Boy.

A LAD in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen, who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him: "You never will amount to much, you never can do much business, you are too small." The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."—"Ah, what is that?" they asked. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do. "I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

One Short.

A SHIP-LOAD of fine horses was recently consigned from Calcutta to Bombay, under the charge of a very honest, but somewhat dull agent, in the employ of the East India Company. While the horses were being landed at the slip, they managed to break away from the men in charge, and ran like wild animals through the city. The agent caught one of them, and, mounting him, gave chase. After several

hours of exciting work, with the help of his men, he had captured all but one of the horses, as he counted them. Finally he made his reluctant way to the superintendent's office to give an account of the matter. The superintendent came to the door, and listened to his story. "And you say there were one hundred and twenty-four horses in all, and you have eighty of them in the company's stables, and forty-three back in the steamer temporarily?" — "Yes, sir, all safe but one, and we cannot find him anywhere." — "What is that horse you are riding? Have you counted him?" asked the superintendent. "Well, I am an ass! Of course this is one of 'em?" and the agent rode off in disgust, while the superintendent roared with laughter.

"I have a Dog that is Hungry."

ONCE there dwelt in Paris a man who had been wealthy, but was so reduced in circumstances that he was obliged to be a weekly applicant for alms from the poor fund of the parish. He wrote a note to the curate one day, saying that his supply of bread was insufficient, and that he must have more for supper. The priest was surprised, and in his answer asked him to call upon him, which the man did. "Do you live alone?" asked the curate. "As I have told you," replied the man, "I have not a friend in the world." — "Then what can you want of so much bread?" The poor man, much embarrassed, hesitated, then finally said: "I have a dog, and he — poor fellow! — is hungry too." — "Now, my dear sir," said the curate, "the parish fund is not for dogs. There is no objection to keeping one, surely, when people can afford it; but we can distribute food only to very poor persons; not dogs, no matter how poor or hungry they may be. You surely cannot expect it. Sell your dog, and you will be comfortable and have enough to eat." The man's eyes filled with tears. "He is all I have," he said; "my only comfort, my only friend on earth. I cannot sell him. I would rather starve with him." At that the kind priest put his hand in his pocket, saying, "I can't give you the parish money, but this is my own to do what I please with. Keep your dog if you will, and go at once and buy him a good dinner."

Ave Maria.

"A Place Where You're Never Sorry."

NOT long ago the writer asked a class of small boys what was their idea of heaven. It was curious to note how their replies were influenced by their own circumstances in this life. A ragged little urchin who had been born and brought up in a squalid city street, said it was tall grass and green trees. One from a richer quarter said it was like a big, broad avenue, with tall houses on each side. A sweet-voiced choir-boy was of the opinion that people would sing a good deal in heaven. The last member of the class, a quiet, thoughtful boy, though one of the smallest in the class, answered, just as the bells were ringing for the close of school-hours, "A place where — where you're never sorry."

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THERE is no fixed age for a child to make its First Communion, the rule being that when a child is able to discern the Body and Blood of our Lord then it should, under pain of sin, make its First Communion. As some children have more discernment than others, and can understand the meanings of things quicker than others, it follows that no particular age can be assigned for First Communion. But on account of the sanctifying grace, which comes from a reception of the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, children should be instructed as early as possible to discern the Body and Blood of our Lord and to make their First Communion.

THE study of Christian Doctrine is made the chief study in every Catholic parochial school and in every class, from the lowest to the highest, in order that the children may learn to seek the kingdom of heaven first and above all things, or, in other words, to regard this world as a place, which they will occupy for a time in trial and temp tation, but which they must leave, when God pleases, to receive either the reward of eternal joy in heaven, or eternal punishment in hell, according as they have borne with their trials and resisted temptation, or have yielded to the enemies of God.

NO Catholic parents, who love their children, will doubt the wisdom of the Catholic Church in building Catholic schools to have Catholic children taught their duties to God and man and to save them from sin and hell. They alone will doubt her, who believe that she is not up to the growth of the times in knowledge, and that every study in a school-room is above the study of the knowledge of God.

IN fact, the only opposition to the Church to save her children for God comes from Catholic parents, who are foolish enough to send their children to the godless schools, where they are taught no religion, but given the idea that all their studies must be directed to this world and success in it. There is one consolation to the Church, though in this serious matter, and that is, that the poor Catholic parents — and the poor are the especial care of Christ — never question the word or the command of the Church to keep their children out of the defiled godless schools, but with few exceptions send them to Catholic schools to learn the word of God and save their immortal souls.

HER sorrow arises from the action of Catholic parents, who have grown rich under our government, from contracts with cities, employment in public offices, public schools, or other places, which the citizens, even the poor people who send their children to Catholic schools, are obliged to support by taxation of property or rent; and these Catholic parents, while they believe that they cannot be saved or reach heaven outside of the Church, have the idea in their minds that even if they disobey the Church in sending their children to the godless schools, they will be saved from eternal punishment by the great goodness of God.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1891.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the Boston Herald, does not like the article signed H. L. R. in our September number, criticising its article on parochial schools. The Herald writer still insists that "Roman Catholic children lose something in their education by being placed in the parochial schools." We still insist that they lose nothing valuable; but, according to his own admission, they gain something which they could not get in the public schools. He thinks we "dodge the issue at every point," and that we attempt to be funny at his expense. In fact, we aimed simply to give, in as plain language as possible, the gist of his article. We quoted his complimentary concessions in regard to parochial schools, in which he seemed to concede everything — that they have the advantage in religious instructions, that they excel in general instruction, and even that they are not deficient in encouraging the American spirit which is esteemed of such paramount importance. Still there was a "priceless something" which they lacked, a certain "grip on American life" which it was of the first importance that they should have. We strove honestly to find out what that priceless something was, and we think our conclusion was a fair inference from the language of the writer. We are sorry to observe that although he still persists in his assertion that "it is simple nonsense to say that the parochial school is as good a training for citizenship as the public school," he does not throw any further light upon the causes: the how, the why, or the wherefore; he simply contents himself with the assertion. But assertion is not proof. We assert that the parochial schools make better citizens than the public school, for the simple reason that they educate the conscience and develop the moral nature of the pupils in a way that the public schools do not, and that good morals are the only secure foundation of a prosperous state.

The Late Archbishop Kenrick.

IN this issue of our MAGAZINE, the reader will find a biographical sketch of the late lamented Archbishop Kenrick, brother to the no less eminent Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, whose Golden Jubilee takes place in a few weeks.

TEACH your sons and daughters to regard morals and habits, and not money, in selecting their associates.

Boston College.

THE attendance this year surpasses all previous records. The number of new students admitted, up to September 25, is one hundred and seventeen, the great majority being graduates of the grammar schools. A large number of Jesuit priests, including Rev. Michael J. O'Kane, S. J., president of Holy Cross College; Rev. W. H. Duncan, S. J., superior at St. Mary's Church, and Father Himmel, superior of the Jesuit missionary band, dined at Boston College, having gathered there to congratulate Rev. Edward I. Devitt, S. J., on his appointment to the presidency of Boston College. Father Devitt has been filling the position of president during the forced absence of Father Fulton, whose health failed him, having been appointed to this office by the Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., superior of the New York and Maryland province, last February. Word has just been received from the superior general of the society, Father Anderledy, confirming the appointment, so that Father Devitt will govern the college three more years.

Our Farmers and Gardeners

HAVE now a fine opportunity for a little practical charity. Fruits and vegetables are most abundant this year. In many cases we hear of them going to waste. Out of your abundance remember the orphans. If you are making consignments to the commission houses, instruct your agents to send a share to the asylums when you are on market days coming into the city with your marketings. Do not pass the asylums by. There is no worthier charity, none more deserving, no place in greater need. We might also extend this appeal to our grocers. Very many of them find, at times, they have not a ready demand for perishable garden truck. Rather than let the same go to waste, or spoil, why not, with your handy wagons, do an act of charity toward the orphans?

DURING the last few days lengthy articles have appeared in the daily papers regarding a person who is supposed to have received in her hands, feet, and side, the sacred stigmata; but all good Catholics are aware that in these matters the Church moves slowly and abides her time. Whenever there are sufficient grounds to presume that such might be the case, an investigation of such phenomenon is made by and under the direction of the Ordinary of the diocese.

IT is not always the sign of toothache when your breath smells of cloves. It indicates rather your fraudulent character. The smell of alcohol is bad enough, but the thin disguise is still worse.

A Little Bethlehem.

MME. CARNOT, the wife of the president of the French Republic, frequently visits a day nursery for poor children in the Rue Bacon, loaded with toys and fresh fruits. The story of the establishment of this charitable institution is full of interest and pathos. Many years ago an only child, a daughter, was born to a noble but poor couple, the Count and Countess of Laurenceau. The girl was beautiful and attractive, and became the pet of a large circle of uncles, aunts, and cousins, who all fell into the habit of giving her birthday gifts of money, which was laid away to bear interest until she should be grown and require a dowry. The young girl died while still a child, and her mother took the money, and with it, founded this asylum for the homeless babies of Paris in memory of her lost darling. Other mothers, left childless, have given aid to this charity with the money which they had intended to give for memorial windows and costly gravestones. The Little Bethlehem, as it is called, thus is dedicated, not only to the help of the innocent little living children who find a refuge in it, but to the memory of others whose fate in life was happier, but who were perhaps the more dearly loved.

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh,

ARCHBISHOP of Dublin, has written a letter in reference to the recent strike at the Ballyknockan Quarries, county Wicklow, which was brought to a satisfactory termination through his intervention. His Grace takes the opportunity of discussing the labor question generally. He strongly advocates the establishment of boards of arbitration as a means of preventing strikes, and says that the settlement of strikes in Ireland was rarely a matter of formidable difficulty, no disposition existing on either side to push matters to an unreasonable length.

Chinese Humor.

A CURIOUS artifice of war was adopted by a Chinese junk when attacked by a man-of-war. The crew threw cocoanuts overboard into the sea, and then jumped in among them. Nearly all escaped, for it was impossible to tell which were heads and which were nuts.

THE Catholic Knights of America would have lost just sixty-four thousand dollars by the defalcation of its Supreme Treasurer, Mr. J. O'Brien, of Chattanooga, Tenn., but for the fact that he was bonded by a New York Trust Company. Other societies will do well to see that their officials are likewise guaranteed. All treasurers of trusts should furnish bonds for the faithful performance of their duties.

DURING the session of Parliament just expired, Mr. Sexton has added enormously to his reputation as a master of the Parliamentary art. Those who realize the extent of the repute already possessed by the member for West Belfast in this department of politics will appreciate this statement. The fact is, however, that Mr. Sexton is one of the comparatively few men in "the House" who possess the true statesmanlike instinct, and one of the still fewer to whom all parties in Parliament ungrudgingly give the title of statesman as distinguished from that of partisan or politician.

THE French Census returns, taken last April, give a total population of 38,095,150, being an increase of 208,585.

THE promoters of all the forthcoming Catholic Congresses on the Continent have received instructions from the Holy See to deal with the Labor and other social questions in their discussions and resolutions in accordance with the spirit and teaching of the latest Encyclical of Leo XIII.

THE Russian government has definitely taken in hand the construction of railway right across Siberia to the Pacific Ocean. It will cost, according to the present estimates, one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, as well as a permanent subvention.

Nuns are Qualified to Teach.

THE question of granting certificates to nuns, or Sisters of Charity, authorizing them to teach in Texas public schools, having been referred by the State Superintendent to the Attorney-General for an opinion, he replied, holding that nothing in the Constitution or laws of the State disqualified such persons from receiving certificates if otherwise qualified.

EX-EMPRESS VICTORIA of Germany says regarding domestics: "As long as the moral welfare of domestics is not better looked after, a remedy of the evil cannot be expected. In the first place, something should be done to shorten the working hours of servants, and then a little more personal liberty should be allowed them. Not all of their demands are justifiable, but some are, and those should be granted.

Eating Meat On Friday.

EDWARD SMITH of Pittsburg, Pa., is a Protestant and a Methodist Episcopalian, but all the money in the world would not tempt him to eat meat on Friday. He is an iron worker, fifty-two years of age. Thirty-two years ago he became the victim of a peculiar sort of fit, or muscular paroxysm, which came upon him periodically, and for a time made him act like a maniac, and gave him the strength of a giant. These fits baffled the skill of all the physicians he consulted. Finally Father Anthony, of the Congregation of St. Paul of the Cross, relieved him by a series of blessings, but imposed upon him the penance of abstaining from meat on Fridays as long as he lived. For a year Mr. Smith ate no meat on Fridays and had no fits. His relatives were afraid he would turn Catholic, and one Friday so bantered and badgered him that he ate a small piece of meat. That day he had one of the severest attacks of his life, and for years afterward continued to be a victim of the strange disorder. Father Anthony had meanwhile died and Mr. Smith obtained no relief until nine years ago, when he went to Father Mollinger, the famous healing priest of Troy Hill, Pittsburg. The good Father blessed him and again imposed the penalty of abstaining from meat on Friday. Smith has kept the penance to the letter, and has not had a seizure since. He frankly says he does not understand the why and wherefore, but proposes keeping faith all his life.

SPEAKING of the New York Parochial schools, Father Farley says: "These schools of ours are supervised by a board of eighteen pastors of the city, who have had experience of schools for from ten to twenty-five years; men who know human nature and child nature, and have made the training of children a study for the greater part of their lives.

THE John Boyle O'Reilly memorial fund, in Boston, now amounts to $16,509.

THE venerable Bishop Wadhams of Ogdensburg, N. Y., for whom it is said a coadjutor will soon be asked, is a convert; was formerly a minister of the Protestant Episcopal denomination. He is about seventy-five years of age, a native of Lewis, Essex county, N. H., and was received into the Church in 1846, by Father Fredet the well-known Sulpician author, at Baltimore. Archbishop McCloskey ordained Bishop Wadhams a priest in 1850, and he subsequently became vicar-general of the Albany diocese, holding that position until his elevation to the Ogdensburg mitre.

THE see of Paderborn, in Westphalia, is filled at last, the Prussian government and the Holy See having agreed on the selection of Dr. Huber Theophilus Simar, a professor in Bonn and a man of eminent attainments. The diocese of Paderborn contains about eight hundred and fifty thousand Catholics, dispersed amongst four millions of non-Catholics. The Cathedral church, dedicated to St. Liborius, was founded by Charlemagne in 795, and consecrated in 799 by Pope Leo III. in person.

A Bishop on the Coming War.

BISHOP STROSSMEYER says that in fifty years there will be no more crowned heads, and that the Russians will be Republicans. The bishop is convinced that a European war will break out within the next three years. There will be the Triple Alliance on the one side, and France and Russia on the other. Austria will be invaded easily on her southern frontier by the Russians and South Slaves. The bishop has strong hopes of the union of the Catholic and Greek Churches in the near future.

ON the 6th of September the foundation stone of St. Adamnan's Cathedral, Letterkenny, was laid with full ritual by his Grace, the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, assisted by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe; Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Bishop of Derry; and the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Armagh. The interesting ceremony was witnessed by an enormous congregation. It will be the most important ecclesiastical edifice erected in the North of Ireland since the "Reformation" put a stop to church building. The cathedral will contain a series of chapels dedicated to the saints of Donegal, the most famous of whom, Columbkille, the "Dove of the Churches," was born within two miles of the site.

TWO French Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul and one Belgian priest were massacred at the recent outbreak of the Chinese mob, which destroyed the British Consulate at Ichang.

A PROPOSAL has been made to the Pope to hold at the Vatican a universal congress of astronomy, to which scientists from all parts of the world will be invited.

TRUE Catholic charity to the departed shows itself, according to the teaching of the Church and the practice of all the Christian centuries, especially in the prayers and good works which we offer up for the poor souls, in the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the reception of the Holy Sacraments, the gaining of indulgences, and the giving of alms to the poor.

MARSHAL MACMAHON is reported recently to have said that he believed that hand-to-hand fighting would still take place in future warfare. The soldiers of the opposing armies will become tired of looking at each other through telescopes, and the long range and precision of the modern weapons will not prevent the melée, as it is well known that the soldier rarely takes the trouble to aim. The marshal expressed a high opinion of General Saussier, who would be French Commander-in Chief in the event of war. The interview terminated with a slightly exaggerated tribute to the excellent qualities of the Russian soldiers, who, after being killed, must, says the marshal, be kicked, in order to prevent their getting up again.

A MARRIAGE likely to create a buzz in Chicago literary circles will shortly take place. Mr. Eugene Davis ("Owen Roe") is to be married in a few months to the widow of the late Mr. Myles Graham, of Dublin (only daughter of the late Mr. John Kirwan, Coolbawn House, county Wicklow). The bride-elect has just seen twenty-two summers, is a most charming and accomplished woman, and is "encumbered," with a nice credit balance at her banker's. She is at present residing with relatives at Brooklyn. It is supposed the happy pair will spend a portion of their honeymoon in Ireland. Mr. Davis's fame is growing rapidly in Chicago.

DR. JOHN GILMARY SHEA writes in the Catholic News: "The late Very Rev. E. Jacker told us once that when the Irish first began to work in the Lake Superior Mines, the Indians saw that they were a very different set of people from French-Canadians or American frontiersmen. They asked the French-Canadian interpreter who they were. He answered, 'Irlandais.' Then came the inevitable question: What does that mean? This puzzled the man; the nearest French word he could think of was Hirondelles. So he told them that it meant Swallows, and the Chippewa Indians to this day designate the Irish by a word which in their language means Swallows."

JOSEPH E. BUTLER and Lewis Worthington, two Protestant gentlemen of Cincinnati, have purchased the United States Marine Hospital, at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars, and presented it to the Sisters of Charity of that city, the only conditions of the conveyance being that no distinction of race or creed be made in the charity of the institution.

BLESSED ODORIC, of the Order of St. Francis, a native of Pordenone, in Italy, made his way as a missionary through India, Sumatra, Java, Cochin China, China and Thibet, between the years 1316 and 1330. He returned to die in his native land. It is not generally known that he had, in all his apostolical journeys, an Irish friar as his companion, who, after closing the eyes of Blessed Odoric, returned to his native land to die. From time to time there have been found in Ireland little carved ivory figures of Chinese make. Antiquarians have been puzzled to find out how they ever reached Ireland, but when we know that an Irish friar returned from China to Ireland six hundred and sixty years ago, it opens the door for investigation. They may have been little keepsakes given by this ancient Irish missionary.

The Land of William Tell.

THE latest annual report of the "Protestant Ecclesiastical Aid Society" gives the following interesting statistics regarding the growth of Catholicity in Switzerland: The progress in all the cantons of Protestant majority is a remarkable one. In 1850 there were 6,690 Catholics in the Canton of Zürich; now there are 40,400 Catholics; the city of Basle had but 5,500 Catholics in 1850, and now there are 22,400; in the same forty years, a growth is recorded in Waadt from 5,950 to 22,430. Discouraging for the above society is the growth of the Church in Geneva; in this canton, there were 29,760 Catholics in 1850, and now there are 52,690. In this canton, the classical ground of Calvinism, that once boasted in being called "the Rome of Calvinism," the Catholics now constitute the majority.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, being asked his views regarding the holding of a Catholic congress in Chicago during the World's Fair, said: "That is a very good idea, and would be productive of great good. Such a congress would not, of course, treat of faith and morals, but would consider the great social, political, economic, and benevolent problems of the day, particularly the latter. The vast numbers of emigrants yearly pouring into the Americas make it imperative that benevolence and benevolent institutions should be exhaustively studied in the near future, and the holding of a congress in 1893 for this purpose would be of immeasurable value to the Church and to the countries of North and South America. Yes; I endorse very emphatically Archbishop Ireland's views in this respect."

Save the Children.

On the afternoon of Sunday, September 13, in the presence of about fifteen thousand persons, one of whom was Count Pecci, the nephew of Pope Leo XIII., Archbishop Corrigan laid the corner-stone of the Church of St. Joachim and Anne at Mt. Loretto, Staten Island, New York. The new church is to be connected with the mission for homeless boys, established several years ago by the late Rev. John Drumgoole. After the archbishop blessed and laid the stone, Bishop O'Farrell delivered an address, in which he reviewed the work of the institution, and paid an eloquent tribute to Father Drumgoole and his successor, Rev. James J. Dougherty. The church proper will have a seating capacity of more than three thousand. The cross on the spire will be illuminated, and will be seen, not only from the ocean, but from almost all parts of Staten Island. It is expected that the edifice will cost more than three hundred thousand dollars. The structure is to be completed in a year. Mt. Loretto is known in all parts of the United States. Nearly twenty thousand children have been cared for in the institution during its nine years' existence.

The Pope has named Mr. J. C. Heywood, a graduate of Harvard University, to be one of his private chamberlains. Mr. Heywood is quite an author, of both prose and poetry.

The Catholic-German Congress.

At the recent Catholic-German congress, a resolution was adopted declaring that the time had come to convoke a great international Catholic congress for the consideration of the question of the restoration of temporal power to the Pope, and a committee was appointed to arrange for the holding of such a congress. This committee will probably select May 15 next, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Pope Pius IX., for the opening of the congress. In discussing the question of neutral ground for a place for the meeting of the proposed congress, Switzerland was most in favor. Delegates will be summoned from every Catholic community in the world. The question of the restoration of temporal power to the Pope will be treated not as an Italian question, but as one of universal concern.

The spectacle of a labor parliament in England where five hundred delegates are representing two million well-organized workmen at Newcastle, is portentous to those who are looking into the future. This trade-union congress, whose deliberations are in the nature of a petition to the House of Commons for relief from the unnecessary burdens of labor, may at no great distance of time be the arbiter of England's fortunes and the dictator of its laws as a whole. If its members are moderate, well-balanced, and, above all, just in their demands, there is no good reason why the demands should be withheld, or why they themselves should not be the real power behind the English throne henceforward. The authorities of the Catholic Church approve of this congress, and have promised coöperation so long as the trades-unionists refuse to ally themselves with the infidel and revolution-creating anarchistic bodies, who aim at the destruction of faith while professing philanthropic principles.

Sixty priests of the Rochester diocese have subscribed forty-seven thousand dollars for their new diocesan seminary. This is certainly a magnificent showing.

Mr. John Lawlor, the world's champion hand-ball player, left Dublin, his native city, August 25, for the United States. During his short stay in Ireland he played several matches, the most important of which was a home and home game, Carlow *vs.* Dublin. Lawlor's own opinion is that this was the best match he played in Ireland, and that the best he ever played was the match against Courtney, the great American hand-ball player, Lawlor giving the American ten aces in every game. The men were engaged for three hours and fifteen minutes without a break, the rubber being the best of eleven games, Lawlor winning by eight aces in the last game.

THREE of the professors of the Catholic University who have been spending the last two or three years abroad at the European universities, will begin their lectures in September. Their names are Rev. Edward A. Pace, D. D., of St. Augustine, Fla., professor of physiological and experimental psychology; Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., of Hartford, Conn., professor of early ecclesiastical history; and Rev. Charles Grannan, D. D., of New York, professor of Old Testament exegesis.

Two Cylinders in One.

A NEW departure in compounding locomotives, which is almost as radical as the idea of compounding itself was, has been put into practical and successful operation by F. W. Johnstone, superintendent of motive power of the Mexican Central Railway. Coal costs about eleven dollars per ton on the Mexican Central, and Mr. Johnstone undertook to reduce fuel consumption by the introduction of a compound system of his own, in which the high-pressure cylinder is encircled by the low-pressure cylinder. The high-pressure cylinder is fourteen inches in diameter, and the low-pressure cylinder has a diameter of thirty and three-fourths inches, which is equal to a cylinder twenty-four and one-fourth inches in diameter. The stroke is twenty-four inches, and the two rods of the low-pressure piston are coupled with the single high-pressure rod to one crosshead. In a competitive test of twelve trips with a single engine, the compound locomotive showed economy in fuel of about twenty-five per cent., which means a great deal on a road where the fuel account is the largest item of operating expenses, being twenty-two per cent. of the total.

The Efforts of Chinamen

To get into the United States by way of Canada are continuous, and often successful. Thirty-three of them recently purchased tickets at Winnipeg for Montreal, and were to be distributed along the line of travel at such points as were least guarded on the frontier. An American official prevented the success of the design, enabled to do so by the information of a friendly Chinaman. The agents interested in getting Chinamen across the border charge thirty dollars for each person safely landed here. They are tempted by these prices to take risks which the American government has not yet made costly or dangerous.

LET it be remembered, that, when the war of the Revolution broke out, the inhabitants of Belfast in the north of Ireland, were the very first European community—the Court of France does not come under that classification—that gave open expression to their good wishes for the American cause. —*North American Review.*

Evicted Tenants.

MR. EUGENE KELLY, treasurer of the National Federation of America, has received the following acknowledgment of remittance of August 20, forwarded by him for the benefit of the evicted tenants:

IRISH NATIONAL FEDERATION,
11 LOWER O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN.

"DEAR SIR:—Mr. Justin McCarthy has sent me a check drawn to him and Dr. Croke for lodgement to the account of the evicted tenants' fund, and he wishes me to write in acknowledgment of the same. You will be pleased to learn that all through the dreadful and distracting period we have passed, when many were cast into despair, the evicted tenants, almost without exception, remained loyal to each other and their cause, amid the confusion that surrounded them, and that the monthly grants never failed to be sent to them, though sometimes irregular in their dispatch. The confusion is now past; the nation has steadied itself. The ranks of the national forces are again restored to order, the faction fiend is crushed, and, thank God, the evicted tenants' position is saved and the national cause rescued from disaster. Ah! the feeling of relief that it is so, and that we can now look with certainty to the achievement of our country's liberty. I have the honor to remain yours respectfully,

DAVID SHEEHY.

CANON CARLETON died suddenly on Sunday, 16th inst., while preaching in Kilkenny Cathedral, Ireland. The reverend gentleman had progressed to some considerable extent with his sermon when he was suddenly seen to reel and fall. Several persons rushed to his assistance, but he passed away almost instantly.

Is this another Irish outrage? asks the Western Watchman. The London Tablet informs us that at last examination, William Finnigan, an Irish boy, a pupil of St. Bede's on the Rhine, Metternicher, Hof. Bonn, was placed first in his class (*quinta*) in the public *Real gymnasium* of Bonn. The class numbers thirty students, all the rest being Germans. W. Finnigan only left St. Bede's, Manchester, for Bonn, at the close of the last academic year, in 1890.

"HE, Archbishop Ryan, fully understood the value of principles and how the poison of one false one will show itself sooner or later in the body politic. He felt that it was better to be right and wait than compromise one iota of truth. He had confidence that the great American mind would yet understand the value of religious education and acknowledge that the old Church was right in her position that it was essential to the well-being of civil society."

The Rev. James McMahon,

FOR twelve years rector of St. Andrew's Church, corner of Duane street and City Hall place, has resigned his position, and will, in a few days, leave for the quarters arranged for him at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. Father McMahon is the priest who donated over four hundred thousand dollars to that institution.

PROTESTANTISM has about run its course in Germany. It was never a religion, and now it has ceased to be a movement. In Berlin out of a Protestant population of 630,000, but 11,900 assist at divine service on Sundays and great festivals, and of 30,225 interments in 1889 only 5,800 were marked by religious rites.

That Grand old Catholic,

SIR EDWARD KENNY, in whose veins there never coursed a drop of bigoted blood, and who died quite recently at Halifax, N. S., left a will in which these items appear: To Mother Kenny of the Sacred Heart Convent of Marysville, in St. Louis, two thousand dollars, and to his three sons, who are priests — one a Benedictine and another a Jesuit — eight thousand dollars each. The remainder of his large fortune was divided among his children and charitable institutions. His son, Thomas C. Kenny, is a member of the Canadian Parliament. Mother Kenny has two sisters, one the wife of Admiral Fane of the British navy, and the other the wife of the Governor of Nova Scotia. What a proud record!

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS celebrated his fifty-seventh anniversary at Cape May, on Thursday, July 30. Many gratifying testimonials of popular esteem came from different quarters. The Cardinal looks younger than he really is. He has lived longer than Shakespeare or Napoleon, both of whom died at the age fifty-two, and his friends wish him the years of a Newman or a Manning, filled with the same unclouded talents and shining practical virtues.

Catholic Schools in Australia.

IT may not be generally known that there are at the present time in New South Wales 334 self-supporting Catholic schools, attended by 30,700 children. When state aid was withdrawn, in 1882, there were only 75 Catholic schools, receiving support from the government, with 16,595 children in attendance. While the Catholic religious schools have been increasing every year, the Protestant denominational schools have almost faded away, the total number in the colony at the present time being about 60. Besides the increase in the number of Catholic schools, from 75 to 334, many of the old schools have been greatly enlarged and improved. In the neighboring colony of Victoria there are 239 purely Catholic schools, attended by over 27,000 children. The total number of children attending the Catholic schools of Australasia is 35,350. None of our schools receive a penny of State aid.

MRS. O'SHEA is not Irish. Every drop of blood in her body is English. In race, religion, education, and sentiment, she is alien to Ireland and the Irish.

REV. E. B. BRADY, C. S. P., in a recent discourse at St. Paul's Church, New York, said: "Of all the associations that were ever established for bringing the rich and the poor into sympathetic relations with each other, the St. Vincent de Paul Society is the simplest and the best; yet out of large congregations, where there are hundreds of men in well-to-do circumstances, scarcely a couple of dozen can be found to join in its work. The rich of our day and generation are not doing their duty to the poor. They hold themselves too much aloof from them, and take too little personal interest in them, and, as a result, the poor are discontented and bitter in their denunciation of the rich."

AT the Presentation Convent, Mill-street, county Cork, died the Rev. Mother Mary Joseph Slattery, native of Clerihan, and sister of the late Rev. J. Slattery, P. P., Kilcommon. She entered the convent thirty-one years ago. For the greater part of the time she was Mother-Assistant and Reverend Mother of the community. She endeared herself to all by her kind and amiable disposition, but the poor children of the town and neighborhood were the objects of her special attention. Though the beautiful convent and schools appear large and commodious, yet she intended adding to and further improving them at a cost of two thousand pounds, and it was only the day of her death the perfected plans were received from the architect.

RECENTLY there left Rome for New York thirteen missionaries and twenty-three nuns belonging to an institute founded by the Bishop of Piacenza for Italian emigrants in the United States.

Heroines.

THE latest heroine is Sister Margaret France, of St. Victor's Convent, near Montreal, which was burned July 8. The convent contained a large number of deaf-mute children as pupils, but seems to have no fire-escape, although the children were lodged on the sixth floor. At an hour in the morning when sleep is the soundest, Sister Margaret, in charge of the sixth floor dormitory, awoke to find the room on fire and the children flocking around her. The stairway was on fire, and the would-be rescuers who came from the neighborhood had no ladders. A worse outlook for escape could scarcely be imagined; yet she saved the children and herself. She gathered them in the corner of the building farthest from that part in which the flames were raging, and, making a rope of bed clothing, lowered her charges, one by one, to the ground. She kept at her work for half an hour, and until the last child was safely landed; then slipped down the rope herself, with her hands and arms blistered by the heat and the hair singed from her head, and when she reached the ground — fainted.

A TOUCHING episode of the Argentine revolution is told by a Buenos Ayres correspondent of an Italian paper, the *Caffaro*. A cavalry man was passing before a hospital in Buenos Ayres when a ball knocked him, mortally wounded, from the saddle. No member of the Red Cross Society was in the neighborhood at the time, but from one of the doors of the hospital a Sister of Charity rushed, like an angel of mercy, to the succor of the wounded man, heeding not the bullets which were flying around like hail. She bent over him, but only to fall into his arms a corpse. She was shot dead in a fusillade. "When the smoke cleared away," says the correspondent, "I went towards her. She was young — perhaps not over twenty years — and her face was singularly beautiful. I learned that she was called Sister Estella, and that she had come from near Naples. Amid the dreadful commotion that is all I could learn about this heroine.

FATHER PICARELLI, S. J., editor of the *Civilta Cattolica*, has died, aged 71.

NOBODY seems to have a good word for Captain O'Shea; yet the poor fellow is more sinned against than sinning. He wrote, the other day, to the Freeman's Journal: "With reference to the statement in your newspaper that I am about to re-marry, allow me just sufficient space to say that I am a Catholic."

PULLETS SHOULD BE LAYING.

YOUNG pullets hatched in March and April ought all be laying this month. Later hatched ones, if not laying by November, will probably, if left to themselves, not lay before spring when eggs are down to fifteen cents per dozen. A well-known poultry farmer showed us recently his account for last December with 125 pullets. The net profit for that month from eggs alone was $39.39; from the same pullets in April following, the profit was $14.97, and he got 50 dozen more eggs in April than in December. Now this is a striking lesson to all who keep hens for profit. Get all the eggs you can this dull year when other crops are short, as eggs always bring cash. Probably 45 cents per dozen by Christmas. Therefore get the pullets to laying early when prices are highest. Rev. S. W. Squires, of Franklin, Mass., says: "For the purpose of seeing how many eggs I could obtain last winter from twelve hens, I used four large cans of Sheridan's Condition Powder. I believe it is the best preparation known to increase egg production. I saved part of the eggs for hatching after forcing the hens four months for all they were worth with the Sheridan's Powder, and I never had a greater per cent. of fertile eggs or more vigorous chickens. In brief, I do not believe I can afford to be without the Powder to give health and vigor to young hens." Six cans of Sheridan's Powder will pay a good dividend in eggs if you commence early. If you cannot get it near home, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House street, Boston, Mass. (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder), will send for 50 cents, two 25-cent packs of Powder; for $1, five packs; for $1.20, a large 2 1-4 pound can, all postpaid; six cans for $5, express prepaid; one large can of Powder, also one year's subscription to the Farm-Poultry monthly both sent post paid for $1.50. Sample copy of paper 5 cents. Send stamps or cash. Testimonials sent free.

Great Herring Catch.

AT Broadhaven, county Mayo, Ireland, there never was known a larger capture of herrings round the coast. During three nights over one hundred thousand have been caught by the canoes. The fish are enormous, weighing fifteen and sixteen pounds.

Odd Fellows are Condemned

THE Catholic News: There has been some talk in secular papers as to the Odd Fellows, evidently intending to lead unwary Catholics to believe that the Odd Fellows are not condemned. The case was laid before the authorities in Rome by Rt. Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Bishop of Philadelphia and subsequently Archbishop of Baltimore. His decision in itself would have great weight, for he was a sound and thorough theologian. That he put the whole question clearly before the authorities at Rome there can be no doubt. The answer given August 21, 1850, was that the Odd Fellows were included in the bulls of the Sovereign Pontiffs condemning secret societies. See the Decrees of the Second Plenary Council, Baltimore, 1868 (page 261), again promulgating this decision. No man can be an Odd Fellow and a Catholic.

Jeanne D'Arc.

ON the day of the national "fête," a slab and a plaque commemorative of Jeanne d'Arc were placed in the old market-place of Rouen to mark the spot where the heroine suffered death, the 30th of May, 1431. The cause of Jeanne d'Arc progresses slowly at the Vatican, not because, as has been wrongly stated, an Englishman, in the person of Cardinal Howard, until recently presided at her process, but because France is slow in furnishing Rome with the necessary details respecting her. Although her canonization moves slowly, more than two hundred French priests have panegyrized her in public as a saint. We are informed, upon the authority of M. Jean de Bonnefon, that when Cardinal Howard was told that he, as an Englishman, had no right to touch the memory of Jeanne d'Arc, he replied: "I turn over the pages of her sublime history, not with a bleeding, but with a repentant hand."

AT a christening party in South Boston all hands got gloriously drunk, and when they got over their debauch, it was found that some one had lain on the babe and smothered it to death. We congratulate the babe. It is better off in its little coffin than in the arms of a drunken mother.

MR. AUBREY DE VERE has in preparation a volume of mediæval records in blank verse. The subjects treated include incidents in the lives of Columbus, Copernicus, and Joan of Arc. Mr. De Vere has been among the recent visitors of Lord Tennyson.

Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

McCauley & Kilner, Baltimore.

CHRIST OUR TEACHER. Translated from the French of Father J. B. St. Jure, S. J., with an introduction by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons. Price 60 cents.

We append Cardinal Gibbons' Introduction: "The original from which this little work is a faithful English translation was written in the seventeenth century by Father St. Jure, a learned and pious member of the Society of Jesus. Its aim is to illustrate and enforce the evangelical truths and virtues almost exclusively by a reference to the teachings of the Gospel. The book is appropriately called 'Christ our Teacher,' as we hear neither Moses nor the Prophets speaking to us; but our Saviour Himself, the Incarnate Wisdom, is alone instructing us in its pages. The words of Christ bearing on each individual duty of Christian life are judiciously grouped together, and the concentration of these spiritual forces can hardly fail to capture the citadel of the soul. The old saying, that 'Precious articles are usually contained in small parcels,' finds a just application in this little volume. I regard it as a most useful companion for priest and layman, whether as a help for meditation or as a book for spiritual reading; and clergymen, who are often unexpectedly called to preach a sermon or to give an instruction, can have their memories refreshed and pious considerations suggested to them by a glance at the texts which are so admirably arranged before them."

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chic.

SIMPLICITY IN PRAYER. By the author of Les Petites Fleurs. From the French. Price 30 cents.

This little book treats of general considerations on prayer; meditation, or the prayer of discourse; affective prayer; the prayer of silence; continual and practical prayer; method of prayer.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

THE WILL OF GOD, in Trials, Difficulties and Afflictions. A little book of admonition and consolation for Catholic Christians, by J. Hillegher, S. J. Translated from the German. It is sufficient to say that this very instructive book has the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOME time ago, it will be remembered, the Rev. P. F. O'Hare, of St. Anthony's Church, translated from the French of the famous Jesuit, Rev. F. X. Schouppe, the book, The Holy Mass Explained. During the recent retreat of the Brooklyn priests, Archbishop Elder paid Father O'Hare the high compliment of referring twice during his conferences to the book, and commending for it a wide circulation at the hands of priests and people.

MUSIC.

White-Smith Publishing Co., Boston.

Vocal.—"Forward March," Male Quartette, by Jno. Gung'l. "Jack and Jill," Male Quartette, by Alfred J. Caldicott. "If Thou Hast a Key," by Carl Bohm, "Johnny Doolan's Cat," by Jno. Cooke. "Once Only Comes the Hour," by Carl Bohm. "Alone Yet not Alone," words by Henry Vaughan, music by Paul Rodney. "The Fellow Who Played the Drum," by Arthur West. "The Angel's Promise," words by Frederic E. Weatherby, music by A. H. Behrend. "Pretty Girl! Rather," by Felix McGlennon. "Only Sad Memories," by Will J. Moorman. "Good Night," words by Longfellow, music by Luigi Denza. "Agnes," words by Joseph Carew, music by Franz Petersilea. "The Vision," words by Edw. Fuller, music by Ger. J. Couchois.

Piano:—"Black Hawk Waltz," by May E. Walsh. "Oriental Perfumes," waltz, by G. Bellenghi. "La Californienne," Polka by Henry Herz. "Golden Noon," Morceau de Salon, by Chas. Drumheller. "Vivacité Galop," by A. Coraggio. "Tramway Galop," by L. Gobbaerts. "Valse Militaire," by E. Waldteufel. "Sweet Remembrances," waltz by same author.

Books:—"The Folio," for September.

THE Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Lord Bishop of Cork, has presented to the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Cork, a check, the gift of a gentleman who happened to find out that the society was in debt. The check covered the entire balance against the society, amounting to four or five hundred pounds.

Honors to a Boy Hero.

THE DANIEL RYAN MONUMENT AT HAVERHILL, MASS.

On the morning of Saturday, September 19, the Catholic Cemetery, Haverhill, Mass., was the scene of a commemoration unique in the history of New England. A monument had been erected here by popular subscription to the memory of Daniel Ryan, a brave Irish-American lad, who lost his life more than a year ago in the performance of a heroic act. The citizens of Haverhill, without distinction of creed, attended first the Mass for the repose of the lad's soul, in St. James' Church, and then the unveiling of the monument in the cemetery.

It is well here briefly to recall the event which was the subject of a popular demonstration so unusual and so beautiful.

On Saturday, February 15, 1890, a dozen or more boys were skating at the lower end of Lake Saltonstall. Four of them were in advance — Olin Flanders, Daniel Ryan, Freddie Martin, and Hudson Barrows. The ice was rotten and treacherous, and just as they passed into what is known as Muskrat Cove, the ice gave way all around them, and they were plunged into the water.

All the boys but little Olin Flanders succeeded in climbing out. The little fellow sank twice. When he came up the next time Daniel Ryan, numbed by the icy water, exhausted by his own struggles, and yet brave beyond his years, plunged into the water, grasped the drowning boy, and struggled heroically to bring him to the solid ice. He had almost succeeded in his rescue when the rotten ice broke again, and the two boys sank beneath the water for the last time.

His last words were, "I will save you," and when the bodies were recovered his arm was around Flanders.

It is easy to be brave when the young blood runs warm, and the eyes of applauding spectators are on a daring deed. But to do as this lad did, to plunge back after a drowning comrade when he had with difficulty just escaped with his own life, and was chilled and weak after the struggle, when there was no one to hearten him by a cheering word, and not one chance in twenty of success, implies a far higher order of heroism. It was not the reckless impulse which is often mistaken for bravery. Young Ryan turned back from life deliberately, and with clear realization of the risk he was about to run. Courage like this is not common, even with courageous young America.

Young Ryan intended to study for the priesthood.

"It was the bravest deed I ever knew," said John B. Wright, editor of the Haverhill Gazette, in a letter to a friend, immediately after the occurrence. Mr. Wright, be it said, never let the memory of it suffer the least obscuring, but when a proposition was made by Mr. B. W. Hayes to honor young Ryan's memory by the erection of a monument through a popular ten-cent subscription, opened the columns of his paper for the publication of the names of subscribers, and by the manifestation of his own ardent interest in the matter, fanned popular feeling into enthusiasm. Over one thousand dollars were raised.

A committee consisting of Mayor Burnham, City Clerk Tenney, I. L. Mitchell of the Bulletin, the Rev. James O'Doherty, John L. Hobson, John J. Winn, and John B. Wright of the Gazette, was chosen to have charge of the fund. The contract for the monument was awarded to Weeks, Cummings & Co.

The monument is of pure white marble. On the pedestal stands a majestic, graceful, and beautiful Victory, wearing the laurel, and holding in her hands a crown.

The monument bears the following inscription:

"DANIEL RYAN,
BORN AUGUST 16, 1872,
DIED FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

"This monument is erected by the people of Haverhill as a tribute to the heroic courage and manly spirit of Daniel Ryan, a member of the Haverhill

high school, who was drowned in Lake Saltonstall, February 15, 1890, while bravely striving to save the life of his comrade.

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

ERECTED BY THE PEOPLE OF HAVERHILL TO THE MEMORY OF DANIEL RYAN.

On the panel base is inscribed the name "Ryan."

The Solemn Mass of Requiem at 8.30 A. M., in St. James' Church, was celebrated by the Rev. J. J. Graham, the Rev. F. X. Burke, of Amesbury, being deacon, and the Rev. J. H. McAvoy, of South Boston, subdeacon. The Rev. M. H. Buckley was master of ceremonies.

To the right of the sanctuary were seated the relatives and friends of young Ryan, and the parish people. In the middle aisle were the prominent citizens, superintendent of public schools, teachers of the high school, and monument committee. On the left were the St. Alovsius boys and other citizens.

After the Mass the procession, headed by a platoon of police and St. James' Fife and Drum Corps, and including the Catholic young people's societies, the boys and girls of St. James' parochial school, with their teachers, the Sisters of St. Joseph, a long line of carriages, containing Mayor Burnham, city and state officials, the priests of the parish, the relatives and friends of young Ryan, and a large delegation of the high school teachers, moved to the cemetery.

Colonel Jones Frankle directed the exercises, aided by his assistants, and Father O'Doherty was master of ceremonies.

Miss Winifred Power, a classmate of Daniel Ryan, read this poem, written by Miss Katherine E. Conway, of The Pilot, especially for the occasion :

A DREAM FULFILLED.

[Written for the unveiling of the Ryan Monument, Haverhill, Mass., September 19, 1891.]

The dreams of youth ! dear God, the dreams of youth !
High-hearted, splendid, innocent. In sooth,
Right glorious the final fruited tree
Worthy of blossoming so fair to be.

One dreams of Wealth. Ah, but his lavish gold
Will be to others blessing manifold!
And one, of Fame — that land and fellow-men
In his own praises may be praised again.
And both of Love — unfading evermore,
The light that never was on sea or shore.

But he, at whose new grave we stand — what dreams
Rose up before his eager steps — foregleams
Of what supreme, desired bright destiny —
The grave among the spring flowers hid — ah, me !
For he was strong in body and brain, as one
With the full term of mortal years to run.

His dreams ? he never dreamed of Gold or Fame ;
He never dreamed of Love, — a vestal flame
Warmed his young heart and lightened in his eyes,
His dream, his choice, — not Love but Sacrifice.

Ever in sight the Christ of Galilee :
Ever His call — " Arise and follow Me :
My fields are white with harvest, help Me reap.
My flocks are strayed and starved, go, feed My sheep.
This watchword thine — ' God and my fellow-men ! ' "
Oh, sweet that clarion call beyond all ken
Of hearts that never heard it ! And the light
His sleeping and his waking dreams made bright
Rayed back to that unquenchable fire of love
Which is the Heart of Christ enthroned above,
Lord of the City of God and Light thereof.

He dreamed for souls to spend himself — the poor
Rejected, turning from the rich man's door,
Tempted, " God hath forgotten us ! " for when
Will stricken man cease testing God by men ?
The laborer overwrought and wronged — the child
Brain-surfeited, soul-starved — from God exiled ;

The old, the sick, the orphaned, the astray
'Mid the desert's thorns and brambles, — even they, —
And oh, for none more fondly ! who contemn
Christ and the Christian's hope, not knowing them.

Fain of long years for longer service, — fain
Of all that men most fear, — of toil and pain
And peril for the Master's sake ; no burden
Too hard for him who waited Heavenly guerdon.
For fair, beyond his fairest dreams, that day
When, labors ended, shadows rolled away
He would fare singing to Heaven's harvest home
Bearing his sheaves of souls.

Hither we come
In joy and pride, and wherefore ? Lo ! a bloom
That never fruited, and a stripling's tomb.

Hush ! no dream unfulfilled, no blighted flower
For him who lived all life in one brave hour,
And died to save his friend. In vain ? Even so
A greater love than this no man can know.

He bore his harvest-sheaves to Christ — ah, me !
Only a dead child folded tenderly,
And all foregone the man he dreamed to be.

O just God's measurement ! O glad surprise !
Breaking upon the humble spirit's eyes :
Crown as for years of toil, for harvests fair
Of souls retrieved, the palm the martyrs bear.
"For whom this lavish guerdeon, Lord ?" "For thee —
To God the man is what he means to be."

And so, to what he dared and meant to do,
To the dream broken on earth — in Heaven come true,
We raise commemorating marble — raise
A voice of love, in tearful, tender praise
Of our boy-hero — who unreckoning gave
All that he was and hoped to be, to save
A little life ; nor gave it all in vain
Since the brave lessons of his deed remain
To teach what true success is. Young hearts, dream.
Dream nobly and plan loftily, nor deem
That length of years is truest living. See,
A long life's labor in an hour is done,
Not by world-tests the heavenly crown is won,
To God the man is what he means to be.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

Mayor Burnham was then introduced by Father O'Doherty, and gave an eloquent address; thus concluding: Reverend Father: Bearing to-day the burden of a sacred trust, we enter these grounds, hallowed by the ashes of those who have gone from among us, and standing before this last resting-place of the youthful hero, we surrender to your holy keeping this monument, the gift of the people of Haverhill, and in the name of the committee charged with the duty of selecting it, we ask that it receive the care and protection that shall render it capable of the sacred mission designed for it by those who, with loving hands, pay their tribute to the worth of one of the noblest of his kind.

At the conclusion of the Mayor's address the monument, which was draped with the national colors, was unveiled by Alderman Frank C. Cummings and Mr. Nicholas Powers.

Father O'Doherty, in accepting this gift from the citizens of Haverhill, made his grateful acknowledgment of the noble spirit they had shown in honoring young Ryan's memory.

He then blessed the mound, and followed this impressive ceremony with a prayer for the repose of the soul of the boy-hero.

Among the well-known people not already named at the church and the grave were noted: City Clerk David B. Tenney, John L. Hobson, Representatives John A. Gale, James O. Parker, Alderman Charles W. Arnold, Councilman Martin A. Fitzgerald, Senator Benj. F. Brickett, Representative Henry H. Johnson, Clerk of Police Court Edw. B. George, J. C. Irving of the Haverhill Gazette, W. T. Dodge of the Haverhill Bulletin, Councilmen Natt C. Bartlett, Charles H. Heath, Lot F. McNamara; John J. Winn, Esq.; Fletcher S. Smith of the Boston Globe; Superintendent of Schools Albert L. Bartlett; Principal Clarence E. Kelly; John D. Horne, sub-master of the high school; Mr. and Mrs. John B. Wright; Miss Katherine E. Conway and Mrs. William J. Quinn of Boston; Mr. I. L. Mitchell of the Haverhill Bulletin; Councilmen Harry E. Bean and John J. Brinblecom; Superintendent of Streets Wallace T. George; Alderman Frank E. Watson, Moses H. Dow, and Frank G. Cummings, and Mayor's Clerk Jerome S. Fuller, Councilmen Franklin P. Stiles and Andrew E. Fay; City Engineer John T. Desmond and Medical Examiner John F. Croston; Mr. and Mrs. James Ryan and family.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

THOMAS J. BUTLER, who has acted as canvasser and collector for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, is no longer connected with the MAGAZINE. Neither is he authorized to procure subscribers for The Pilot.

MR. GLADSTONE writes in favor of increased representation of labor in Parliament, but deprecates the formation of a labor party. His objection to such a party, in his own words, is on the ground that "if every class of the community exercised the right to form a party we should have a queer Parliament."

THE wife of a man in Keokuk, Iowa, led him out of a saloon by the ear, and then demolished the bar-room mirror and several glasses with a broom handle.

THE child belongs to the father, and is, as it were, the continuation of the father's personality. — LEO XIII.

A Noble Work.

THE Chicago Visitation Aid Society, of Chicago, report 650 active members. 4,600 books were loaned out and returned during the year. Of poor-house inmates, 3,824 confessions, 3,430 communions, extreme unction, 232. Baptisms 119, of which 47 were adults. This report was made by its director, Rev. H. Basselman, S. J. Daily visits are made to the various police-stations. Forty new active members were enrolled the past year. This noble band of laity is devoted to works of mercy, such as much rejoice the hosts of heaven.

Irish Devotion.

IN the bright future which is swiftly coming to Ireland, the names of those who died for her will be written in the porch of the national temple. No country on earth has ever called forth deeper devotion. Her altar-stones are red with the bloody offerings of twenty generations of men. The heartless, the ignorant, and the ignoble of other races sometimes weigh the result against the cost, and shake their heads; but they only tell the world that they are not of the stuff to keep up a losing fight for seven hundred years with odds of five to thirty in number, and five to a million in organization and wealth. The Irish have never lost a man in their long fight, for no man is lost who is as strong in death as in life. The sacrificial seed has been fruitful a thousand-fold. It will burst in flower suddenly and soon, when Ireland's parliament is opened on Irish soil, and that flower will drop a seed of even greater and more perfect beauty for a future day.

Dedication of St. Paul's Cambridge, Mass.

MAGNIFICENT DISCOURSE BY BISHOP KEANE, OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

THE re-dedication of the much enlarged and beautified church of St. Paul, Cambridge, Mass., on Sunday, Oct. 4, was a religious event of more than local or ordinary interest. St. Paul's, like many another Catholic church in New England, was originally a Protestant house of worship. But if its old attendants of half a century ago could revisit it, they would find nothing of the building that they knew but the rear gable and a part of the side walls; and for the cold and bare interior they would behold the Christian altar, and all the beauty of color and symbolism that helps to raise men's hearts to the God of the altar.

St. Paul's stands almost in the shadow of Harvard University. Adjoining it is the site of the first schoolhouse built by the city of Cambridge in 1640. Not far away is the new Catholic school, which was dedicated also on Sunday.

BISHOP KEANE'S SERMON.

After the Gospel, Bishop Keane ascended the pulpit; and, choosing his text with rare felicity from the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, wherein St. Paul's visit to Athens is described, preached a discourse which must live forever in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to hear it.

"This re-dedication of St. Paul's Church, in the classic town of Cambridge," said the preacher, "recalls the visit of St. Paul to Athens, and his preaching before the sages of that mistress of the intellectual world. St. Paul was converted and called to the apostleship. He spent three years in preparation for the ministry, and then went to see Peter, the Head of the Church, at that time in Jerusalem. From that memorable visit dates the constant association of SS. Peter and Paul in the mind and the speech of the Christian Church. They represent the two forces necessary to the development of any great organization: St. Paul, the centrifugal force; St. Peter, the centripetal; St. Paul, the developing; St. Peter, the conservative.

"Christ likens His Church to a tree. St. Paul pushes forth the branches; St. Peter preserves the organic unity. Christ likens His Church to a wise householder, who from his treasures brings forth new things and old. St. Paul represents the new things, St. Peter the old. St. Peter's especial mission was to the Hebrews; St. Paul's to the Gentiles.

"SS. Paul and Barnabus being consecrated bishops for this Gentile mission, the former journeyed westward to Macedonia, and thence to Athens. Here he found abundance of the spirit of religion, but of religion gone astray. The city was full of altars to the heathen gods; but there was one altar which especially attracted the Apostle's eyes—the altar to 'The Unknown God.' What these Athenians groped for, he was sent to bring them. He went to the market-place, which was the place of town reunion. Here he met the people of culture, eager for something new. But their intellectual curiosity had degenerated into intellectual despair, into intellectual indifference. They wanted new things; they did not expect true things; they did not desire them. They were content to drift.

"These flippant intellects, meeting St. Paul, recognized that here indeed was one with something worth listening to. So they took him to the Areopagus, so he might reach all. Note the tact and charity of St. Paul. He does not reproach them with their idolatry, but congratulates them on what truth they already have; on their religiousness, especially as shown by their altar to the Unknown God. 'Him,' he said, 'I come to make known to you.'

"Thus St. Paul set us the example of how we are to deal with those in error: not to upbraid them with their wrong but to congratulate them on their right, and with the hand of charity and persuasion lead them to the fulness of the truth.

"St. Paul showed the Athenians that this Unknown God was the First Cause of Plato and Aristotle. He reminds them of the words of their own poets—man is the offspring of God. Hence he proves to them the personality of God. Our mind is a little spark of the Divine Intellect; our will a spark of His love. Between Creator and creature a bond of dutifulness exists. In former times, ignorance excused error. Now there is light, and moral accountability. St. Paul then spoke of Christ, the link between God and man, the Divine Mediator, who is to be man's Judge at the Last Day. But now he was getting too serious for his flippant hearer. They wanted no more of him. So they smiled, with a sneer in their smile, and said they would hear more another day. Like Pontius Pilate, they asked, 'What is truth?' and hurried away, lest they should hear the answer.

"It was not the first time that Athens had heard the truth and rejected it," continued the preacher. And he brought before his hearers a vivid picture of Socrates, 400 years before St. Paul, grieved at the indifference of his people, and fired with the spirit of a missionary, preaching to them the immortal soul, the Eternal God, duty and accountability. "They hushed him up, denounced him as a disturber of the public peace, brought him before the Areopagus. The authorities ordered him to stop, put him in prison, with one week to decide his fate. His friends pleaded with him to save his life, by promising to cease preaching the truth. But he refused. This week in prison gave us the sublime Dialogues which Plato has rendered immortal. Then he drank the hemlock, which he was condemned to drink, and lay down and died.

"But the death of Socrates was the death-

knell of Athens and so it ought to be. Her national life rotted away and she became the slave of Rome. For Socrates, she had the sensual Epicurus, and the stoic Zeno, with suicide as the remedy of the ills of life. Then Paul came, and brought truth, like Socrates, only more truth, all truth, and he, too, was rejected. Athens thus gave up her last hope of self-retrievement. But though the men of Athens treated the truth flippantly, nevertheless the truth took root. The Christian Church dealt nobly and sweetly with the philosophy of Pagan times. In the Christian schools of Athens and Alexandria, Plato was honored and reverenced. Centuries later, Christian theologians made Aristotle the natural foundation of the edifice of divine learning.

"Even Zeno and Epicurus had their meed of honor for whatever truth was in them. Zeno taught the sternness of duty. His philosophy was perfected in the Christ of the Cross. Epicurus preached pleasure—Behold the Blessed Hereafter of the Christian Church.

"Christ Crucified is no enemy to the world, no enemy to human wisdom. The wisdom of God is no enemy to human wisdom. The Christian religion is not merely for the other world, but also for the peace, honor and prosperity of this world.

"All the improvement in human conditions is the result of faithfulness to the lessons of Paul in the Areopagus. All the failures in human society the result of infidelity to these lessons. Still men fear to know the truth, like Pontius Pilate and the Athenians. The world is better than it was twenty centuries ago; but still it is far from what God wants it to be.

"We are yet far from true wisdom—which is to know that God is always right; that only God's ways can be good for us; and to give ourselves to God without reserve."

Bishop Keane then adverted to the Renaissance—the new birth of the flippant and doubting spirit of Athens. "One result of the lessons of the Renaissance was the Reign of Terror in Paris in '93, at the memory of which the world still trembles."

"Yet the same spirit haunts our age. Matthew Arnold says that the age has drifted very far in the direction of Athens, but that there are signs of a reaction, of a near-at hand age of faith.

"But today, dear brethren, and here in our own land they are raising the standard of agnosticism. In our nineteenth century they are actually building up the altar to the Unknown God.

"They are nearly twenty centuries behind the time; they are going back to the miserable exploded notions that were the shame and disgrace of Athens twenty centuries ago. They are bringing us back to the intellectual condition from which St. Paul and Christ and truth delivered the men of that day.

"Today, at the end of the nineteenth century, twenty centuries behind St. Paul's time, men can be found who in their folly consider themselves the wisest and best of all men, because they are in reality fools and believe in agnosticism.

"What would they make of human society? Alas! alas! Men have listened too much to that gospel, and we have only to look to Europe today to see the result.

"It is only when you listen to the gospel of universal peace and universal charity, and love the Lord with your whole heart and soul and mind, and your fellow-men as yourself, because they are like you, and are the offspring of Infinite Mercy, Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love; it is only then that men will come to a proper realization of the Divine Word.

"That day, dear brethren, is bound to come, but it will come only in proportion as the King of kings becomes the King of the world.

"Here in this town, which saw the beginning of our new world's life, must we not thank God that in this new world of ours Our Blessed Saviour is, above all, working out the realization of His glorious mission?

"See how from all the nations of Europe, which hate one another, and are watching for the opportunity to destroy one another, see how they come to our America.

"God bless America, and from America may Christ's spirit pour to the ends of the earth, till the standing armies are disarmed, and the weapons of destruction are buried out of sight, and national hatreds and animosities are forgotten, till every nation will recall the words of Paul in the Areopagus: 'God hath made of one blood all mankind to dwell upon the face of the earth.'

"That is the meaning of today's celebration, under the shadow of the first University of the land, of which the whole country is proud, as we are of the Church St. Paul reared. As St. Paul chose the seat of learning for his labors, it is fitting that a church bearing his name should be in this classic city."

CATHOLIC NEWS.

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS will administer Confirmation at St. Cecilia's Church, Ashland, on Sunday, Oct. 11.

THE Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., Provincial of the Jesuit Fathers, New York, accompanied by the Rev. Thomas Gannon, S. J., is on a visit to Boston.

THE Devotion of the Forty Hours is announced to begin in these churches on Sunday, Oct. 11: St. Cecilia's, Ashland; St. Thomas', Jamaica Plain; St. John the Baptist, Lynn.

THE Revs. Michael O'Brien, P. R., of St. Patrick's Church, Lowell; William O'Brien, rector of St. Michael's, Centralville, Lowell; William M. O'Brien, rector of St. Mary's, Winchester; James P. Rogers, rector of St. George's, Saxonville, and James McGlew, rector of St. Rose's, Chelsea, arrived home from Europe on the Scythia on Oct. 5. Father O'Brien, of Winchester, was presented with a purse of $800 in the evening by Father Brennan, on behalf of the parishioners of his town and Woburn.

THE feast of St. Michael, which occurred on Sept. 29, was solemnized on the Sunday within the octave by the Italian Catholics of the North End, Boston. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Church of St. Leonard of Port Maurice by the Rev. Ferdinand Santipolo, of Adua, Italy. He was assisted by the Revs. Astori Vincenzo and Giuseppo Martini. Father Santipolo preached, eloquently eulogizing St. Michael as the prince of the angelic host. In conclusion he exhorted his hearers to lives of Christian faith and practice. Vespers were sung in the evening by the same priests, Father Vincenzo delivering the sermon. Later a concert was given in North Square by the Roma band.

Pilgrimage from France to Rome.

An impressive spectacle was witnessed in St. Peter's on the 20th of September, when the Pope received the first contingent of French workingmen pilgrims who have gathered in the Eternal City to do homage to His Holiness. Attended by twelve cardinals, the Pope was borne into the famous edifice, and was hailed with the fervent acclamations of about 2,000 persons, the large majority of whom consisted of the pilgrims. Cardinal Langemeux, Archbishop of Rheims, read an address on behalf of the workingmen of France, and the celebrated Catholic leader, the Count de Mun, read another address enunciating the impossibility of settling the social qcestion independently of the action of the Church. His Holiness, who is described as looking exceptionally well, read his reply in French as follows:—

"Great is Our joy at the sight of this third pilgrimage of French Catholic workingmen to the tomb of the holy Apostles. The recollection of your preceding pilgrimages, dearly beloved sons, and of your piety is still quite fresh and vivid in Our memory, and now you are again here grouped around Us, more compact than ever. You come again, in the name of your numerous companions in labor, guided and presented, as on former occasions, by this worthy and zealous Cardinal who is so devoted to your interests, and assisted by these priests and pious laymen whom you know to be your best friends, ever attentive to your wants, and always ready to render you service. This eagerness of Christian France to send, at such close intervals, legions of pilgrims to the Eternal City, there to pray in its sanctuaries and to receive the Benediction of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, fills Our soul with hope and consolation. What is there, in fact, more consoling than to see the faithful children of the Eldest Daughter of the Church, these employers and these workmen, thus seeking, in a religious impulse of faith and of love, to bind still closer the ties which unite them during so many centuries to their common Mother, the Holy Roman Church! And, on the other hand, what more fruitful and more rich in happy results for the future! This is undoubtedly a fruit of that Spirit which breathes when and where it will, upon the nations as upon the individual, and We know that God never leaves His works imperfect.

"But, dearly beloved children, as We have just heard, a more special sentiment leads you today to Our feet. You feel constrained to express to Us by your own voice your filial gratitude for the Apostolic word which We have recently spoken to the world in your favor.

"With all Our heart We accept your thanks, and We rejoice at having been able, by this act of Our office as Universal Pastor of Souls, to contribute so efficaciously to the elevation of the working class. Your thanks, besides, are Our first fruits, for you are the first representatives of the workingmen whom We received since the publication of Our Encyclical, and it is Catholic France, ever the first in generosity, which sends Us these representatives. The satisfaction We experience is so much the more intense, as We know that your sentiments are more sincere, and dictated by a more complete adhesion and obedience to the teachings of the Church and of its Head. You have listened, dear children, to these teachings. In presence of social peril, ever more menacing, We have raised our voice to show, by the light of the Gospel and by sound reason, where safety was to be found and what path could alone lead to it.

"We have said that it was necessary to hold as a certainty that the labor and social question will never find its true and practical solution in purely civil laws, even the best. This solution is by its nature bound up with the precepts of that perfect justice which demands that the salary shall adequately respond to the labor. This is again in consequence of the domain of conscience, and entails, above all, a responsibility before God. Now human legislation, aiming directly only at the external acts of man in his social relations, cannot be extended to the direction of consciences. Further, this question demands the assistance of charity, which goes beyond justice and recalls the common dignity of human nature, elevated again by the Redemption of the Son of God. Now, religion, with its revealed dogmas and its divine precepts, alone possesses the right of imposing on consciences justice in its perfection and the laws of charity with all their devotedness; and the Church is the authorized organ and interpreter of these precepts and of these dogmas. It is, therefore, in the action of the Church combined with the resources and the efforts of the public powers and of human wisdom that the secret of every social problem must be sought.

"These teachings and others which are united to them, We have given in Our Encyclical Letter with all the extension that is fitting to them, and We have the consolation of stating that the seed of Our word has not fallen upon an ungrateful soil, and that, with the help of God, it will bring forth its fruits in all places.

"Already, either in private or in assemblies and congresses, men placed at the head of considerable industries have studied how to put in practice those of Our teachings, of Our counsels and advice which concern them. On their side, the Governments have not been insensible to Our Encyclical, and We hope that it will be a light to them to guide them in the present question with which they are occupied with every reason.

"Let there be action everywhere, and without spending precious time in sterile discussions; let people realize in the facts that which in their principles cannot any longer be the object of controversy. If there still exist, as to the application—as is inevitable in problems so complex—obscure sides and doubtful points, it is fitting to leave the enlightening of them to time and to experience.

"As to you, dearly beloved sons, may this

pilgrimage confirm you in your Christian convictions. You have the right to the liberty which is necessary to you for the fulfilment of your religious duties, and consequently to Sunday's rest. This liberty and this rest are accorded to you by your Christian employers; profit by them to sanctify the Lord's Day and to draw down upon yourselves and your families the blessings of Heaven. Avoid association with evil men, above all with those who, under the fallacious name of socialist, aim at nothing less than the overthrow of the social order, to the great detriment of the working class. Unite, on the contrary, with those who share your good sentiments. Form with them and with your Christian masters, under the high patronage of the pastors of your dioceses, and aided by the counsels of your priests so devoted to your cause, associations and circles, where you will find, as in a second family, with the relaxation of an honest enjoyment, light in your difficulties, aid and strength in your struggles, encouragement and support in sickness and old age.

"Fathers of families, think of your children; strive to procure them a moral and Christian education, and by your wise economies prepare for them a calm and secure future.

"On returning to your own beautiful land, dearly beloved sons, say to your companions, to your friends, to the members of your families, that the heart of the Pope, like that of Jesus Christ, Whose Vicar he is, is ever with those who suffer and with the abandoned of this world. Meanwhile, to the absent and to those who surround Us here, but above all to you, laborers and workmen, masters and employers, directors of works and distributors of alms, priests and laymen, organizers and members of this grand pilgrimage, We accord, as a pledge of Our special affection, and with all the effusion of Our soul, the Apostolic Benediction."

Death of Parnell!

BRIGHTON, Eng., October 7.—Mr. Parnell, it is now stated, suffered from congestion of the lungs, besides acute rheumatism. He became unconscious at seven o'clock last evening. His physicians, who had gone away, were hastily resummoned.

They found him an hour later in a hopeless condition. From eight o'clock his wife, Miss O'Shea, and doctors, did all possible to alleviate the patient's dying struggles. After repeated recalling to sensibility, he lapsed into final unconsciousness.

The night without was stormy. Signs of extreme exhaustion warned those about the bedside that the end was near.

He finally passed away before his wife realized he was dead. She had borne up nobly till the last, and then, when all was over, broke down utterly.

Born in 1846, Parnell's ears were opened to hear the death-cries of his countrymen, starving, while their land held enough and more than enough to keep them in plenty, were it not for the alien law which caused it to be sent abroad to keep the landlords in luxury in foreign lands.

With his mother's milk he drank in hatred of British tyranny, for she was a descendant of Old Ironsides, who often had crossed swords with England in America's defence.

Growing up to young manhood, he was sent, according to the fashion of the time, to England, to complete his education, and there, instead of losing caste, as so many of his countrymen had done, he became more Irish as time went on, and finally went back to Ireland to work for her regeneration as never another man had done within our time, and finally to pass away when she was on the threshold of securing the rights which he had claimed for her.

His struggle during his early parliamentary career, when the whole House of Commons was a unit against him, and when he had no supporters in the House of Commons, except poor Joe Biggar, are now almost forgotten; but, during the vigils of those lonely nights, when his countrymen slept at home and he kept guard at Westminster, was laid the foundation of the triumph which is soon to come to them and to Ireland. His visit to this country, in 1879, will be readily remembered by all as being the first occasion on which the Irish people of this country were really brought in touch with their brethren at home on

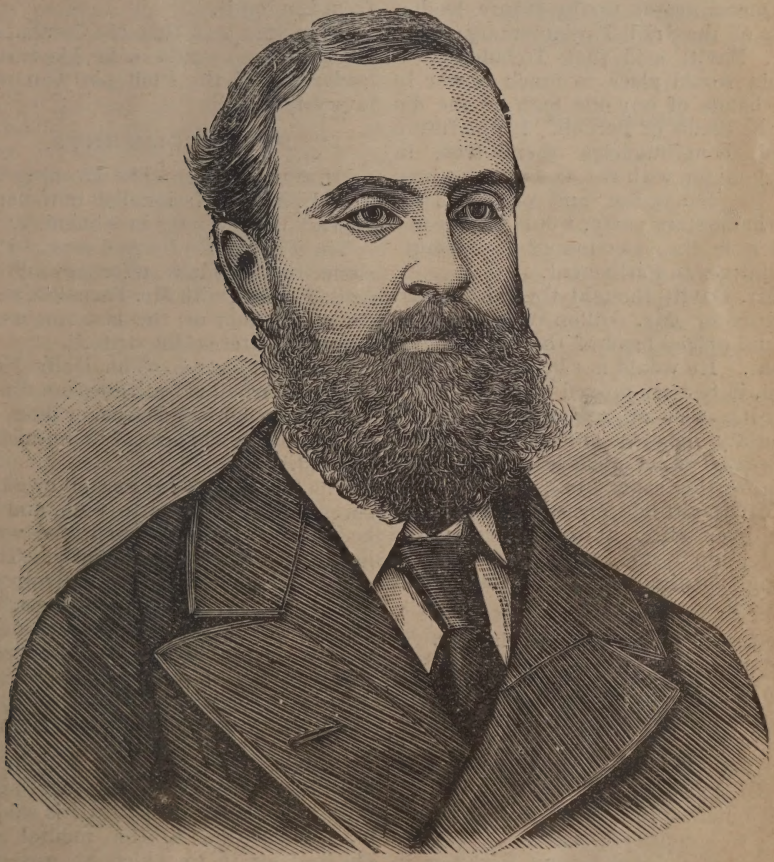
The National Question.

The able and diplomatic manner in which he succeeded in bringing Englishmen to offer Ireland home rule will probably be never fully known, but when the day of her triumph comes, Ireland, without distinction of class or party, will, with one accord, despite the differences which have recently occurred, turn to the grave of Charles Stewart Parnell, and deck with the couquerer's wreath the resting place

of the generous, broad-minded Irishman who first taught his countrymen to claim the right to act the part of a nation.

However men may differ, or whatever their opinions may be on the unfortunate phase of the Irish struggle which has existed during the past twelve months, there need be no difference as to the part which the great Irishman who has just passed away played in inaugurating the policy of constitutional agitation, and the work which he did in furthering that movement in its infancy.

The wonderful success which that policy has achieved in the short space of fifteen years, and the success which it has brought within measurable distance, are too apt to blind people who have not closely followed the movement to the difficulties and obstacles which its founder in its early days had to surmount. He had to inaugurate a new policy, he had to convince his countrymen, long weaned from any belief in the efficacy of such methods that in it there was a possibility of success; he had to unite opposing parties, various religions, and convince hostile critics that in it was to be found the solution for all the difficulties and trials of their countrymen.



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, BORN IN 1846, — DIED, OCTOBER 6, 1891.

What Davitt Says.

MICHAEL DAVITT could hardly believe the news of Parnell's death to-day.

"I regret exceedingly, from a personal standpoint, the death of Mr. Parnell. I regret it because it is sad to speculate on the brilliant future

that he had, and the great opportunity that fell to him to immortalize himself as a patriot in the cause of his native land. I believe now that no harsh utterances will be delivered over the grave of Mr. Parnell, and that many, if not all, of the animosities that have existed among the people of Ireland recently will be buried out of sight, never to be resurrected."

Questioned as to the future leadership of the Irish Parliamentary party, Mr. Davitt said that Ireland never again would place so much power in the hands of any one man as she did in the hands of Parnell. In the future Irish constituencies themselves, in conjunction with the executive council of the federation and of the Irish Parliamentary party, would have some voice in the selection of their representatives in Parliament.

Mr. Davitt thought that either Mr. Sexton or Mr. Dillon would be the future official head of the Irish movement. He would not be surprised, he said, if Sexton proved to be the man, as he was an experienced parliamentary debater and tactician, and possessed other qualities which fitted him for the leadership.

Mr. Davitt laid stress upon the fact that even with a united movement the leadership would never possess anything like the importance it did under Parnell.

Justin McCarthy's Sentiments.

LONDON, Oct. 7. In an interview to-day Mr. Justin McCarthy, discussing the political effect of Mr. Parnell's death, said that it was impossible to forecast the political effect of the death of Mr. Parnell.

He added that he hoped it would lead to a complete reunion of all the shades of opinion among Irishmen in general, and in the Irish Parliamentary party in particular.

He thinks it will not hinder the progress of the movement for the self-government of Ireland.

He believed that all feeling of hostility to Parnell would completely disappear in the feeling of genuine and universal regret which was experienced among Irishmen at his death.

"Three weeks ago," said he, "we (Mr. Parnell and myself) had a long and friendly conference at my house at Chelsea, and we mutually agreed to draw part of the Paris fund, in order to defray the expenses of registering, which were incurred before the split in the party.

"Before the divorce proceedings I was a close friend of Mr. Parnell, whom I admired intensely. He consulted me in regard to the lamentable manifesto, and I used all efforts to prevent him from issuing it.

"My idea was that the issuance of the manifesto would make his further leadership of the Irish party an utter impossibility."

PRESS COMMENTS.

DUBLIN, Oct. 7.—The Evening Telegraph, now a Nationalist newspaper, appears this evening in mourning.

The Freeman's Journal says: "We claim that a great effort should be made to close, with Mr. Parnell's, death the sad history of the last few weary months of fratricidal strife."

LONDON, Oct. 8.—The Daily News says: "Parnell's death does not diminish in the slightest degree, or delay for an instant the chances of home rule for Ireland."

The Times says: "Parnell owed his success to his power to note, and his keenness in trading upon, the weaknesses and vices of humanity. That, with a character essentially repellant, he succeeded in inspiring actual enthusiasm is the highest evidence of the greatness of his intellectual ability."

PARNELL'S OPPONENT DEAD.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—Sir John Pope Hennessey died at Queenstown to-day, rather suddenly. His death is said to have been due to the mental and physical strain to which he was subjected as one of the consequences of the political contest in North Kilkenny.

A curious coincidence indeed is the fact that the man who was the instrument by whom the laurels were first plucked from the brow of Parnell, after the famous quarrel in the party, should breathe his last almost at the same hour as the man he defeated.

Sir John Pope Hennessey was a man of great ability, world-wide experience, and fervid eloquence; a man whose

winning personality and great attributes would have made him a tower of strength to any party or any cause.

He has been the representative of the English government in at least half a dozen of her Britannic majesty's colonies, and could tell from practical experience what the effect of home government had been in each.

He had been selected as the Parnellite candidate for Kilkenny previous to the split in the Irish party, but when the rupture, occured and the bishops opposed Parnell, Sir John declined to follow his lead, and was adopted as the candidate of the opposing party. He was elected, after a severe and bitter struggle, by 3889 against 1362 for his Parnellite opponent, Mr. Scully.

Sir John was born at Cork in 1834. After receiving his education at various Irish colleges, he studied law, and was called to the bar at the Inner Temple, London, in 1856.

As a Conservative and supporter of Disraeli's — afterward Lord Beaconsfield's — foreign policy, while in regard to Irish matters he maintained an independent attitude, he was the first Catholic Conservative elected to the British Parliament.

Immediately upon entering the House of Commons he adopted an attitude of sturdy opposition to the government of the day, and his great abilities made him an opponent not to be reckoned lightly.

But he was too troublesome an opponent of the Liberals to leave him long unnoticed, and in due time his activity on behalf of the Conservative party was rewarded by Disraeli, who appointed him governor of Labuan in 1867.

This post he filled till 1871, when he was given control of the West African settlements, remaining there until 1873, when he was gazetted governor of the Bahama islands. He was governor of the Bahamas until 1875, when he was transferred in the same capacity to the Barbadoes and Windward islands, remaining there a year. In 1877 he was made governor of Hong Kong, China, and this office he retained for five years, until he was made governor of Mauritius, in 1882.

On retiring from the governorship of Mauritius he returned to Ireland and took up his abode at his lovely residence at Youghal, county Cork, where he owned the house in which Sir Walter Raleigh lived. To visitors to Youghal is still pointed out in Governor Pope Hennessey's garden the tree under which Raleigh sat when he smoked the first tobacco introduced into Ireland, and where his faithful servant, it is said, treated him to a cold bath in fear of his being burned to death. In that same garden, too, was planted the first potato ever grown in Ireland.

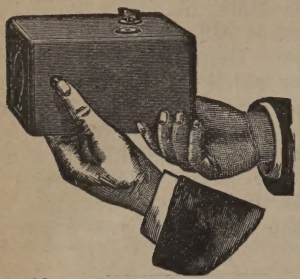
Silver Jubilee.

THE silver jubilee of Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessy, of the Dubuque Diocese, came off on the 30th of September, and was undoubtedly the greatest religious occasion ever celebrated in Iowa. There were present fifteen bishops and two hundred and fifty priests from all parts of the diocese and from many portions of the United States.

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, noted as one of the most gifted orators in the Church, preached the jubilee sermon, which was a very impressive one. He took for his text the words used by the Archbishop of St. Louis, twenty-five years ago, who consecrated Bishop Hennessy. In the ninety-nine counties of his diocese, at that time, there were forty-four priests and four schools. To-day, in this diocese of fifty-three counties there are two hundred and three priests and six hundred sisters of the various orders.

After the services at the church there was a grand banquet at the Hotel Julien given by the clergy of the diocese to the bishop, at which three hundred and fifty clergymen were present. Bishop Hennessy, in his address, made a strong protest against the public school system, which he described as a monster, backed by immense wealth and influence, which is devouring the youth. Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul made a most eloquent response to "Our Church and Our Country."

In the evening three thousand men participated in a torch-light parade, which was reviewed by the clergy. The following day two thousand Catholic school children paid their respects to their bishop.



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If you can't get it send to us.

We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 2 1-4 lb. can $1.20. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. *Poultry Raising Guide*, price 25 cents, free with $1.00 orders or more. Sample copy of THE BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free.

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Oak " " " "	-	23
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Ash " " "	-	16

PATRONAGE

No Flowers.

THE Archbishop of Cologne has issued a circular to his clergy, notifying them that hereafter no flowers will be allowed at funerals in that diocese. He says: "True Catholic charity to the departed shows itself, according to the teaching of the Church and the practice of all Christian centuries, especially in prayers and good works which we offer up for the poor souls, in the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the reception of the Holy Sacraments, the gaining of indulgences, and the giving of alms to the poor."

JAMES STEPHENS, the ex-Fenian leader, has arrived in Dublin, where, it is reported, he has the government's permission to remain for the rest of his life.

OCTOBER is the month of the Holy Rosary. It must be recited every day, in every Church in the world.

The Encyclical.

ACCORDING to the London Globe the late Encyclical of the Holy Father comes pretty much to this: "If men would be good Christians, they would be good citizens, and the world would be a better place than it is." Our brilliant contemporary, the Indo-European Correspondence, has a comment on this utterance well worth quoting: "This is just the reverse of what is taught by our so-called modern spirit, vis.: that so long as a man is good to his neighbors, it matters very little what creed he professes, or whether he professes any. *So long as a man is good* supposes a great deal at starting. If the world could be made good without Christianity, it would not have been necessary for the Second Divine Person to come down at all, or to toil and suffer so much."

A Glorious Work.

THE world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will, in turn, look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a pleasant, kind companion.

FATHER KOENIG'S TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

Six Years in Torment. [12]

Rev. W. Stutz, Red Wing Minn.—Speaks a good word for Pastor Koenigs Nerve Tonic, when he says. that he recommended the Medicine. during a period of five years, to many sufferers from nervous disease with the best results. He informs us, that a woman, a member of his congregation had been cured of Epilepsy of Six Years Standing by the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

Could not get along without it.

PLATTEVILLE, WIS., May, 1888.

The bottle of Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been received and almost used up, and that with a decided good result. My wife could not get along without the medicine. The impression is especially in cheering her, removing gloominess of mind and giving her a better appetite and color in the face.

LUCAS ABELS,
Presbyterian Clergyman.

Our **Pamphlet** for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent **free** to any address, and **poor** patients can also obtain this medicine **free** of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Kœnig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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Taking Holy Water.

AMONG its "Dont's" for churchgoers, the Catholic Youth has this: "Don't fail to see the holy-water font at the church door. Take a few drops with which to bless yourself." This recalls an incident which happened some years ago in a near neighborhood. A very fine church had a handsome holy-water font, with the inscription, "Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop," etc., over the same. As a rule, the font was dry. One day some one posted above the font the words: "Wanted, some hyssop." Of course the pastor saw it. He was a rather touchy man, and spoke very sharply from the altar about the irreverence. But the church had plenty of holy water afterwards. The Catholic Youth's "don't" is good. But church fonts should be kept clean and well filled. There are too many church fonts with a little dirty dab of water in them, not very strengthening to devotion.

REV. ANDREW FREY, who once bested the present Emperor of Germany in a literary competition at college, visited Providence recently. He is the son of Count Frey Von Freyenheim, a convert from Lutheranism, and a Catholic priest. During his visit to New England, Father Frey was the guest of Rev. Rector Stang of the Providence Cathedral, who, a couple of years ago, published a pamphlet, showing, in a strong light, the ludicrousness of Luther's claim to be a reformer.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, the Irish Liberator, is to have a monument in Chicago. It is to occupy a site in one of the beautiful parks of the city, and will, it is expected, be dedicated during the Columbian Exposition.

THE largest salary drawn at present by any diplomatist, according to foreign papers, is that of sixty thousand dollars drawn by M. Waddington, French ambassador in London.

DONAHOE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1891. No. 6.

"The future of the Irish people in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — MOST REV. DR. IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Methodist Ecumenical Conference.

THE great Methodist Ecumenical Conference has met, discussed, resolved, and adjourned, and this great world moves on very much as it did before. We think, too, that we may, without undue presumption, declare that notwithstanding the tremendous assaults made upon the old "Roman" church, she still survives and with majestic tread pursues the even tenor of her way as regardless of the presence and action of the grand Methodist conglomeration as the fabled bull was of the presence of the inflated fly who had lit upon his horn and kindly offered, if he was too heavy for him, to fly away. "My dear little friend," said the dignified animal, "I did not know that you were there." What a compliment to the old "corrupt" church, the "Mother of harlots," and the "man of sin," to be thus noticed by such a learned and distinguished body of good Christian men! They were so united, so harmonious, and presented such a lovely picture of Christian brotherhood and Christian charity! One is led to ask, with some surprise as well as curiosity, what is there about this old, effete, played-out church that constitutes such a powerful attraction for these methodical saints? Is it because she presents such a striking contrast?

For instance in the matter of unity. The subject of union among this heterogeneous conglomeration, all bearing a common generic name, with an infinite variety of species, — "slight, non-essential differences," — was up for discussion. Its gravity was acknowledged by an English brother; but he thought it better to adopt no resolution on the subject at this time. He thought "Christian unity," should be substituted for union; that is, such unity as is practicable among separate sects. Another brother remarked that this subject of union had been thoroughly discussed at the first council ten years ago. If union was wanted, he declared emphatically, if not elegantly, the way to get it was to "peg away" at it. In the midst of this discussion, in order, we suppose, to give a practical illustration of true Methodist harmony, and to help on the "good cause," another English brother regretted

that the proceedings of the morning had not been characterized by a spirit of harmony. He was reminded of a verse in the old hymn:

"Into a world of ruffians sent,
I walk on hostile ground."

It is not at all surprising that this rather pointed language was not considered complimentary, and, therefore, ensued what in popular language would be called a row; but it is our impression that it should more properly be designated as a specimen Methodist "love-feast."

But why discuss this subject of union at all? It is such a knotty question; it is so surrounded with difficulties; it seems such a hopeless case. The whole ground was gone over at the last council, ten years ago. We have had ten years to think about it, to discuss it, and to form a common platform, and we are really no nearer than we were then to a solution of the difficult problem. What is the use of keeping up the agitation? Ah! but do you not see? There is that grand old Catholic Church, looming up above us all, with its compact unity; its thorough organization; its aggressive energy, and its plausible arguments. If we don't look out, these wily "Romans" will overrun the land, and then where shall we all be? So they have set themselves deliberately to destroy this hydra-headed monster, and, if possible, to exterminate him from the face of the earth.

No less than three tremendous big guns were fired off in one day by representatives of three sections of the conglomerate, with a promiscuous fusillade all along the line, which produced a great detonation, but we have not heard that the fatalities were great. The shots were like the following:

"Rev. M. T. Myers, of the Primitive Methodist Church, read the essay of the morning, on "The Present Position of Romanism." "It is the boast of the Church of Rome, he said, that she never changes, and is infallible in all her deliverances and doings, though there are periods in her history when she has not hesitated to deviate from the trodden path of former generations."

"Infallible in all her deliverances and doings," is rich. The weak point of the gentleman's declaration is that he does not give chapter and verse for it. No doubt he is a great Methodist theologian; but we fear that embraces a very narrow view. Certainly he is not well up in Catholic theology. To say that the Catholic Church claims infallibility in all her deliverances and doings, indicates a degree of ignorance and loose thought and writing on the teaching of the Catholic Church nothing short of ridiculous. We cannot doubt that many of this, no doubt, excellent gentleman's more intelligent brethren were ashamed of this random firing into the air; and if some of them did not assume the Christian duty of advising him to read up, and inform himself more thoroughly, on the true doctrine of the Catholic Church, we must say they lamentably failed in their duty.

With the following we are not disposed to quarrel.

"But the subject of education is most likely to form the battle ground between the two great contending parties into which we are naturally dividing ourselves, both in England and America. Make all churches equal with the

state ; give all fair play, and, if in the race, Romanism can outrun us, we shall have only ourselves to blame, and on the head of Protestant Christendom be the eternal disgrace."

All we have to say on that head, is, that if our Protestant friends, and the Methodists in particular, many of whose most able men acknowledge the importance of a sound religious education, do not hasten and adopt a system of public school instruction, different from the godless system that now prevails, the "eternal disgrace" which he threatens will surely fall upon their heads.

The second deliverance was on the subject: "Romanism as a Political Power," by a representative of "Episcopal Methodism," from Michigan: —

"He said that Romanism was an evolution in which the spiritual gives way to ambition, and the result was politics. The Church of Rome was to be judged by her history. Ecclesiastically, the Pope was the church. Nothing on the face of the earth was so arbitrary as Romanism. The entire priesthood was bound to the Pope, and he controlled the people by assumed authority at the confessional. The pulse of Romanism, he thought, as a political power, had fallen in Europe."

The Pope controlling the great mass of the people, throughout the world through the confessional, is not bad. We could sometimes most heartily wish that he could do so, and do it effectually. Of course, the politicians would not like it, for he would go for honest politics every time, and under all circumstances. If the truth were known, we suspect it would be found that that is one of the great secrets of the tremendous opposition that is continually waged against the Pope, both at home and abroad. So they do not hesitate to indulge in the most reckless and absurd charges against the tyranny of the Pope and the threatening aspect of the Papacy toward our American institutions; whereas the Catholic Church is really the only institution in the world that successfully combines authority with liberty, conservatism with true progress, and always goes for honest and just administration in Church and state.

The third attack was made by a Dublin Methodist — stripe not given — but he proved himself a true Irish Protestant by the vigorous manner in which he wielded the spiritual shillalah. His subject was: "Romanism as a Religious Power."

"He said there were many gross and corrupt teachings of the Church of Rome, and he referred to what he called its contradictory ecclesiastical miracles. Romanism was a religious power with many, but was gross and corrupt in moral practice. The idea of Romanish morality was incorrect. The Church of Rome taught immorality; the end to sanctify the means. The Church of Rome tried to extend itself by getting into families, by domestics and governesses teaching its religion to the young."

That is a stale old chestnut. It is too late in the day for a grave and dignified body to give sanction to such an outrageously absurd and mendacious charge. They seem to have realized this; for the final, formal resolution which they adopted on the subject of Romanism, though sufficiently aggressive, comes far short of the openly mendacious and abusive language which they had but just applauded in their set speakers. They content themselves with asserting, in somewhat gran-

diloquent terms, that "the conference views with deep concern the subtle and persistent efforts of the Roman hierarchy to make its power felt outside its own sphere, in many lands (who has presumed to limit and prescribe that sphere?), to the detriment and danger of the civil and religious liberty of the people," recognizes with satisfaction the fact that the Roman Catholic laity have, in notable instances, had the courage and the wisdom to withstand the unwarrantable pretensions of their ecclesiastical superiors, "and, while professing that they ask no special rights and privileges, at the same time they feel called upon to remind their Protestant brethren, generally, of "the sacred rights and privileges they enjoy, won for them by the sacrifice and fidelity of their forefathers," and to call upon them "to unite in maintaining their great inheritance of freedom, and handing down the same, intact, to future generations."

That is all very fine, no doubt, and we observe the conference calls forth the usual flattering notice of our esteemed contemporary, The Independent, which seems to think it will have an excellent effect, though it evidently does not anticipate any very practical result. "The paper adopted," our e. c. remarks, "may not be of much importance in itself. Its suggestions may not be given practical effect, but they are significant, as indicating a strong desire felt by all branches of Methodism that the disadvantages of division may be reduced to a minimum," etc. It also remarks with truth that: "The proceedings of the conference indicate that there is a strong desire for organic union, which is a far better thing than federation."

Yes, it must be admitted that this strong desire for union which, in fact, exists among all the Protestant denominations, is a hopeful sign; but it is not that there is any good ground of belief that organic unity among themselves is any nearer than it was forty years ago, or that the hope will ever be blessed with fruition in this world, but that they will, in time, come to see that that hope can only be realized in that very old Roman Catholic Church which they now so much dread, but which is really their loving, holy Mother, who awaits their return to her bosom with intense desire, and loving, hopeful confidence.

H. L. R.

BOOKS. — Books are teachers whose influence is peculiar to themselves. They speak not to you unless you speak to them. You must go to them, or they will not come to you. They teach when other teachers sleep, or travel, or die. In the silence of the midnight hour, or in the seclusion of a mountain or forest retreat, with none but you and your book, there you and it, in stillness and solitude like death, may converse together. Not a sound shall pass from either to the other, yet you and it shall talk as though you had a veritable living person by your side. In the indelible form of printed words, passing as rapidly as the weaver's shuttle before your eyes, it holds converse with you in the secret chamber of your mind. Enfolded in those magic syllables and sentences is a voice which none can hear but the invisible ear of your own soul.

The Celtic Cross.

THROUGH storm, and fire, and gloom, I see it stand,
Firm, broad, and tall —
The Celtic Cross that marks our Fatherland
Amid them all.
Druids, and Danes, and Saxons vainly rage
Around its base;
It standeth — shock on shock, and age on age —
Star of our scattered race.

O holy cross! dear symbol of the dread
Death of our Lord,
Around thee, long have slept our martyr dead —
Sward o'er sward!
An hundred bishops I myself can count
Among the slain;
Chiefs, captains, rank and file — a shining mount
Of God's ripe grain.

The recreant's hate, the Puritan's claymore,
On headland steep, on mountain summit hoar,
In mart and town,
In Glendalough, in Ara, in Tyrone,
We find thee still,
Thy open arms still stretching to thine own,
O'er town, and lough, and hill.

And they would tear thee out of Irish soil,
The guilty fools!
How time must mock their antiquated toil,
And broken tools!
Cranmer and Cromwell from thy grasp retired,
Baffled and thrown.
William and Anne to sap thy site conspired;
The rest is known!

Holy St. Patrick, Father of our faith,
Beloved of God!
Shield thy dear Church from the impending scaith!
Or, if the rod
Must scourge it again, inspire and raise
To emprise high,
Men like the heroic race of other days,
Who joyed to die!

Thomas D'Arcy MacGee.

WE are involved so early in the prejudices of so many whose interest is concerned to communicate them to us, that it becomes extremely difficult to distinguish through the rest of life what is natural to us and what is artificial. — *St. Pierre.*

Parnell.

"*Tu Marcellus eris.*"

GREAT beyond all question was the career of the self-contained statesman, who recently passed away at Brighton by the Sea. The times, the aims, the failures, the trials of organized efforts heretofore to help Ireland, offered slight encouragement to any one embarking on the stormy sea of Nationalism. Fenianism, than which no more formidable foe British domination encountered, was stamped out by the iron hoof of a partisan, perjured jury system; and the wild justice of "revenge," which at the great conspiracy's height and decline committed some terrible acts, was paralyzed by the gallows and prison pens of Darkest England. Ireland was crushed beneath the oppressor; and the optimist was sanguine indeed, who saw aught to cheer the surrounding ruin of a doomed people.

At this time, and amidst such unpromising conditions for national regeneration, appeared a young parliamentarian, Charles Stewart Parnell, by name. His manners were cold, but candid; his ancestry for sterling patriotism was of the highest repute; but of intellectual accomplishments he had little to boast. With an easy fortune, a high social standing, and moderate talents, the way of life of this young man was not difficult, it was supposed, to forecast. His first efforts at speechmaking were below the average. But as Curran once said, pointing to his forehead, in reply to a severe rebuke, "It is there, my lord, if it could come out." So the strictures on Parnell may have something to do with the early difficulties of a member destined to be an acute and ready debater. Old members to whom debates were every-day occurrences scarcely repressed sneers at the slow, awkward utterances of the unfledged Irish member, who, indeed, looked out of place, representing a country, at whose shrine the thunderbolts of O'Connell, and splendid fire of Shiel, did homage.

But Parnell, like many others, waited patiently until his "undiscovered world" should find recognition. He did not wait long; or rather the intolerable arrogance of British bigotry gave him the opportunity. Then, for the first time was witnessed on the benches of Westminster Hall, a pale young man hurling defiance at organized bullying, showing method and justification in the course adapted, by availing himself of those entrenchments, by which the privileges of members are secured. No Irishman can look back to the early and closing years of the "seventies," without acknowledging Parnell as the man for the crisis. The serene courage and inflexible will of the late chief must always command respect and admiration, when opposed to the whole House of Commons. Parnell and Biggar, the intrepid twain, day after day, night after night, proclaimed justice to Ireland, and then and there was inaugurated that policy of obstruction which, under many forms, was destined, in a short time, to reverse British methods and summon the youth, intelligence, and spirit of Ireland to the rally-

ing shout of Home Rule. Here we may date that historic beginning, an essential in Ireland's life, the resolution that never wavered, the unique independence that wrested respect from the unwilling, and commanded earnest attention from a hostile majority, inflamed against his country, and confident of power to do mischief. Parnell pushed his claims to be heard, and boldly planted the flag of Ireland rescued from the wreck of sedition and fallen parties. Here is his greatest praise — the praise of compelling an alien parliament to listen to cruel wrongs, and by the force of logic and circumstances to enlist under his banner the eminent statesman Gladstone, and the great Liberal party of the British Kingdom.

I can affirm that the Irish question was first treated as paramount under the Parnell *regime* in Irish politics. True, before eloquent men brought forward their country's grievances; and while, apparently, respectful attention was bestowed, the English House of Commons hardly imagined, much less desired, any concessions. It was pitiful to hear the great old lion (so Mr. Parnell called Isaac Butt), the father of Home Rule, eulogizing the blessings of a native parliament, which would be of great advantage to both countries, and the honorable House in apathetic repose. It was an occasional treat for them to listen to genuine eloquence, there being a variety of that material in both the great English parties. So they kindly bore with Mr. Butt's vagaries. Little did any one suppose that Butt's plea for Home Rule of those days, would, in a few years, be the watch-word of millions, would shake to its centre the Empire, and be a question that admitted of only one solution — absolute success. It is a truth, each crisis in a country calls forth its appropriate hero and genius. Of such was the man I write. No man ever entered politics with less promise. Ireland was down. Emigration was at full tide. Popular leaders were in dungeons or in oblivion. No hope for the future animated those who submitted to alien mastership. Then it was that Parnell almost alone stood forth to raise his country (like Grattan) "from her bed in the ocean to get nearer to the sun." He was the first Irish leader who taught Englishmen *en masse* that he must have a respectful hearing, and his country's wrongs expiated in the restoration of her national rights. He did more, when through his influence English statesmen adopted his views, and joined hand in hand to obtain a parliament for Ireland.

Firm in the object of getting Home Rule, Parnell by no means handicapped his cause in parliament by this burning question. No; he strove strenuously for what minor advantages he could obtain, and wisely put each successive benefit realized on the plane leading to this glorious terminal. Associated with lieutenants, whose fidelity was remarkable, he did much, which his control as leader enabled him to do, in the way of cementing elements previously fragmentary. How much of his good fortune was due to the loyalty of his co-laborers; how much to English sense of justice; how much to aid from Irishmen in America and the colonies, — we cannot determine. The fact remains, never since Strongbow have the thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of

Irishmen been so thoroughly united and systematically devoted to the attainment of her just rights and honest dues. Outnumbered in the House, and odious throughout the kingdom, by means of the calumnious assaults of a mighty press, — the Times, — borne down by illness and imprisonment, Parnell still kept on the good fight, and, like the prophet of old, exhorted perseverance, courage, power. Need I say, the fruition of his utterances shall be at no distant day realized. This is his work; and no subsequent errors can deprive him of being regarded the greatest wielder of constitutional methods of the century.

Unity of thought, as well as unity of action, demands a striking personality to accomplish. Commonplace and its realms must be relegated when grand ideals are to materialize. No ordinary politician could undertake the yoking together of divers characters, made dubious and desperate by gross grievances, and at the time intolerant of any means having a conciliatory tinge. Nor were they destitute of strong reasons for their diffidence. Unfortunately, the history of England and Ireland furnishes but too good grounds for questioning the feasibility of any plan evolved by moral means, as contra-distinguished from revolutionary. O'Connell, with a few score members at his back, tried to persuade Englishmen that the restoration of Ireland's legislature was not only proper, but even a source of power to England. Year after year he urged this with all the ability of a first-class parliamentary orator; and he was either coughed or laughed down. No man could present his case with greater talent or skill, and his language only excited the sneer of prejudice. His superiority was acknowledged by such men as Lord Jeffrey, the great critic, and Lord Beaconsfield. There is no comparison between O'Connell and Parnell in a parliamentary struggle. Parnell was an indifferent speaker, whose sole claim to notice was a unique *nonchalence* and tenacity that never loosened. It was the sincerity, infectious doubtless, the willingness, better felt than expressed, the ready, single, dogged purpose, the purity of motive, the sympathy of soul to soul in his country's hour of sore distress, the high resolve, the desperate ambition which kindled anew at the pyre of defeat, and stirred up by the passion within, challenges the admiration of mankind. Unequal to the "swaying influence" of O'Connell to inspire millions, Parnell possessed the talisman of success, which to his far-seeing mind taught only the real, worked onward for the tangible, and with an intuition never surpassed, adjusted jarring personalities by adapting means to ends in the pursuit of a glorious consummation, Irish self-government. Persecuted by the powerful Times, he emerged triumphant. Conquering all around, he was ingloriously conquered by himself. The strength he exhibited in battling for his country, he voluntarily surrendered like Samson to be shorn of; and his country and her cause, though stunned, are not shaken.

We shall not dwell on the great Commoner's later months. Let us forgive him for the good he has done. Parnell's life is yet to be written; and then a proper estimate of his character will be given to the world. There can be no doubt his name will stand high in the

lists of those who have done and suffered much for Ireland. Until he appeared in the English House of Commons, no member from Ireland dared to obstruct legislation as not bearing on remedial measures for his country. No member had the pluck to tell the first assembly of gentlemen in Europe, as they dubbed themselves, that their legislation was a fraud and a sham; that their garrison was a desolation, their pretensions outrageous, their presence in Ireland barely tolerated, until an opportunity offered, and the further amicable connection of England and Ireland depended on a speedy restoration of that parliament to the latter, from whom it was taken by bribes, perjury, and treachery.

This is Parnell's work, nearing, we hope, to completion. Its fulfilment will, we doubt not, gladden his spirit, occupying a happy station from on high.

W. J. NOLAN, M. D.

Bridgewater, S. D.

All Saints' Day—November 1.

WHAT a glorious feast is this in heaven and on earth! How the angels rejoice at sight of all the saints! They behold their love, their sufferings, their fidelity; and, while the blessed saints themselves bless and praise God for the joys and glory he has bestowed upon them, the angels praise Him because of his saints; for God is glorious in His saints.

Let us raise our eyes to them. Among them are the martyrs who, by fire, and sword, and hunger, and cold, and wild beasts, went up to heaven, blessing God in the midst of their anguish. Oh, how lovingly did God receive them, and how graciously did He console them!

Behold the confessors! Stripes they bore, and dungeons, and chains, and hunger, and thirst; but a thousand, — nay, ten thousand thousand times — has God repaid all, and they have entered into the joy of their Lord.

Behold the virgins! Hear the canticle they sing. They follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth! Oh, how lovingly He looks at them. Blessed, happy virgins, pray for those who on earth are trying to walk in your footsteps.

Behold the Queen of martyrs, of confessors, and of virgins! Behold her glory, and beauty, and grace, who on earth had her soul pierced with a sword and was in deadly anguish at the foot of the cross.

The sufferings on earth are the door to the kingdom of heaven.

Besides these great saints, behold our own dear ones who have died in the grace of God. What joy is theirs, what glory, what peace, what blessed rest!

We praise and bless thee, O God, because of thy saints! Through thy mercy may we, one day, be numbered among them.

All ye angels and saints of God, make intercession for us.

The Immaculate Conception.

THE 8th of December is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and a holyday of obligation. The great Cardinal Manning has this to say about the celebration: The great mystery was the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, and the fact of which we ourselves were witnesses was the definition of the doctrine some thirty years ago by the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX. of blessed memory. Some have said if the Immaculate Conception be a truth, why was it not defined before then. What is necessary now must have been necessary of old. Some scrupled thus at the definition, forgetting that the Spirit of God alone knows the time and seasons, and the Spirit of Truth alone has in all ages progressively, and step by step, unfolded and defined all the mysteries of our faith, not all at once, but in succession and as needed by the faith. The articles of the Apostles' Creed have been assailed and defined one by one: first, God the Father and Creation; then, God the Son and the Incarnation; then, God the Holy Ghost,—have all met with denial; some upon the Holy Sacraments, some upon the doctrines of grace, some upon the nature of the doctrines of sin. All the errors we have are progressive, and as errors have unfolded themselves: so the definitions of the Church in time and in season have likewise unfolded the whole truth of God. As every error has arisen there has been needed a definition to condemn it; and because in these latter times special errors affecting the doctrine of grace spread over the face of the nominally Christian world, it was in season that this great mystery of the singular sanctification of the Blessed Mother of God should be defined, not only as a definition of the truth, but to put the key-stone on many other doctrines of the whole structure of the revelation of God.

There have been three periods in every doctrine in the Church. In the first period, with a living spiritual consciousness of the divine illumination, the Church has believed the whole revelation that was committed to it; secondly, comes the period when the intellectual perversity of controversies and conflicts of human minds compels the Church to analyze and to search into every doctrine, and to sift out from it, the elements of misconception and error; thirdly, comes the time when the analogy and examination is complete, and the Church defines it by a scientific expression of bishops in the form of a definition. We have this exactly in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. There never was a time, either in the East or in the West, that the disciples of Jesus Christ did not believe that Mary the Mother of God was without sin. They believed her to be sinless, and, what is more, to be sanctified with a sanctification of holiness greater than any one else, and coming from God alone. This was the first period. Then came controversies about original sin and actual sin, and it became necessary for the Church to analyze this faith. There never was for a moment a doubt that the Mother of God was without sin; the only question was whether she was before her existence without sin;

whether she was born without sin; that was the only question the Church entertained. Lastly, when that analysis was complete, Pius IX., surrounded by some four hundred bishops of the Church, and sustained by the unanimous declaration of all the bishops under heaven, — for some misunderstanding thought that twelve pastors of the Church, who hesitated whether the doctrine should be then defined, doubted whether the doctrine was true, which no one ever doubted — sustained by the whole pontificate under heaven, Pius IX., declared that Mary, the Mother of God, from the first moment of her existence, was by the special grace of the Holy Ghost, and through the merits of her divine Son, exempt from original sin.

Pius IX. had another bright jewel in his tiara. He not only closed this question and invested the blessed Mother of God with her high privilege, and placed on her head the diadem which declared her Immaculate Conception, but in that very act he put in exercise his own infallibility. In that very act the head of the Church on earth taught the whole Church on earth with an infallible voice: and some years after, it was reserved for him, in the council of the Vatican, to define as a doctrine of faith that prerogative as head of the Church which he exercised when he defined the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God. The world, which looks at the Church from without, and cannot enter into spiritual illumination and cannot know that inward consciousness that comes from the Holy Ghost, scruples at these two great definitions of the Church; and the best answers that can be made to those in the world is, "What man knoweth the Spirit but the spiritual man that is in him?" The least grace that he could conceive is proportionate to the dignity of the Mother of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is that she herself should be without sin; and the least prerogative that he could conceive proportionate to the office and responsibility of the head of the Church on earth and vicar of Jesus Christ, who stands in the stead of his divine Master, was that he who was the guide of others and the teacher of the faith should himself be exempt by the divine guidance from error. Therefore the Immaculate Conception seemed to him to be primary grace required by the dignity of the Mother of God, and exemption from error by the spirit of truth perpetually guiding him seemed to him to be the least prerogative proportionate to the responsibility of watching over the truth, in all ages throughout the world, and condemning error wherever it arises and contradicts the truth.

PRESENCE of mind is not always monopolized by the brave and wise, nor is it uniformly cultivated for great and good purposes. Several of the pupils in a "backwoods" district, determined not to study geography. The teacher believed that they were old enough to begin the subject, and, accordingly, called one of the oldest boys to her desk, and spoke to him about the necessity of a knowledge of his own and other countries. "I shan't study g'ography till I git ready!" growled the youngster. The teacher rose quickly and seized him by the collar, intending to shake him, when the young rascal hastily added, "But I'm *ready now!*"

Speak Now!

In Behalf of My Persecuted People; To Every Loyal Irish and American Heart.

SPEAK *now* the timely word, give *now* the pledge of sympathy, —
In vindication of your trust, help others to be free!
As deep within your loyal hearts live Erin's memories fair,
Give friendship's grace of welcome to your brethren in despair!

They only seek the right to live, the workman's equal place;
In peace of life's security to prove their ancient race
Is *no man's foe;* and nevermore a burden to the land
That gives its freedom-rights to all who 'neath God's sunlight stand.

If they, to fortune-favored ones, seem uncouth in their ways,
It is but *seeming*, that shall pass with light of better days;
Their hearts are eloquent, though mute their grateful lips awhile,
Yet speedily life's flowers unfold 'neath Freedom's gracious smile.

Never on record be it placed that men of Irish birth
Turned coldly, heartlessly, away from saddest hearts on earth!
From households wrecked, uprooted joys, the pilgrimage forlorn
Of hapless thousands, *'gainst their will* from home and birthplace torn!

Let not the future on its page bear reminiscent blot
Of world-wide sweep of selfishness, that scorns the exile's lot;
Be generous, born Americans! beneath the Star-Flag and the Green,
Help not the cruel barriers raise, imploring souls between!

For, in the pages of her wrongs, dear Erin's bitter woe,
Is chronicled this honor great, — she ne'er was Israel's foe;
My people live in peaceful trust amid a loyal race,
That never shared in thought or deed the century's vast disgrace.

As you hate tyranny, and long to free your own Green Isle, —
Give not your credence unto false, dark purposes of guile!
They would misrepresent all aims of Justice, Truth, and Love, —
Close Freedom's hospitable gate to Israel's wounded dove!

Men of the patriot's fearless stamp! Women of whitest soul!
Who live in peace and plenteousness, while Russian death-bells toll
For gray-haired grandsires, women old, maidens of tender years;
And strong men, burdened in their flight with wives and children's tears!

Speak for the right! the timely word, and tender hand-clasp give!
The land is broad, its harvest fields may bid the thousands live;
Ye need not silence keep, nor cringe before the Russian Bear;
He would not grant to you or yours, one breath of Freedom's air!

If Europe's crowned ones *dare* not speak for mercy's holy sake;
And even our great Republic still in craven silence take
The *non-committal* part; will not the daring, brave, and true,
Uprise in protest of the strong? oft mighty are the few!

Give ear unto the Brotherhood, that only rightful claim
Asserts for life and liberty, and worship of God's name;
Upon the page of History write the names of one and all,
Who, at *this* "trying time of souls," responsive to the call
Of homeless Israel, bids the light upon her wanderers fall!

Their future generations shall love's grateful memory keep;
Your children's children all the joys of generous action reap;
Across the seas, o'er every land, the Freedom-signals wave,
That Ireland and America to the downtrodden gave!

Brighton, Mass., October, 1891. CORA WILBURN.

Silver Jubilee of Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessy.

Rt. Rev. John Hennessy.

We briefly announced in our last Magazine the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Bishop of Dubuque, on the 30th of September. Rev. John Hennessy was born in Limerick, Ireland, but made this country his home, with the high ambition of laboring to keep fresh in all hearts the faith of his ancestors. He began his labors as a missionary priest in the diocese of St. Louis in 1850 as pastor of the Church of St. John the Baptist at New Madrid, Mo., and for a few years subsequently of St. Peter's at Gravois, in St. Louis county. While still retaining this charge Father Hennessy was appointed professor of dogmatic theology and Holy Scripture in the theological seminary at Carondelet, and in 1857 became superior of that institution, his learning and experience fitting him for the position. He was subsequently attached to the Cathedral, and towards the close of the Civil War was pastor of St. Joseph's Church in the new episcopal city of St. Joseph, Mo. Having been elected Bishop of Dubuque on the 24th of April, 1866, he was consecrated on the 30th of September in that year. The important diocese confided to Bishop Hennessy, comprised the whole state of Iowa, with a rapidly growing Catholic population, which already exceeded a hundred thousand souls with about sixty priests and seventy-nine churches.

Early in his administration Bishop Hennessy founded the Mercy Hospital at Davenport on property secured by Rev. Mr. Pelamourgues. He endeavored to establish a college; but it was not till 1873 that St. Joseph's College was opened. It is now in a flourishing condition.

The same year the Fathers of the Ancient Order of St. Benedict, with Father Augustine Burns as superior, founded St. Malachy's Priory at Creston, in Union county, the first English-speaking community of Benedictines in the United States.

In 1881 the diocese, which had increased greatly, was divided, and a new See established at Davenport. The diocese of Dubuque thus reduced comprised the portion of the state of Iowa, lying north of the counties of Harrison, Shelby, Audubon, Guthrie, Dallas, Polk, Jasper, Poweshiek, Iowa, Johnson, Cedar, and Scott. By 1884 the episcopal city of Dubuque had a fine cathedral, dedicated to St. Raphæl, and twenty-six other churches, the Mercy Hospital and the Marine Hospital, both under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, an asylum for

orphans of German parentage, St. Joseph's College, convents of Visitation and Presentation Nuns and of Franciscan Sisters, with several academies and parochial schools. The total number of priests was one hundred and fifty, the churches nearly equalling that number, giving the sixty thousand Catholics of the diocese every advantage for hearing Mass and approaching the Sacraments; while the care of the growing youth, on whose fidelity to the faith so much depended, was evinced by the fact that more than seven thousand six hundred attended Catholic schools. Bishop Hennessy was one of the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884.

How Hot it is in Africa.

AFRICA is the hottest continent of all. One needs to turn only a few pages of African travels to feel cool by comparison in thinking how very hot he might be.

Mungo Park, that pioneer of the Dark Continent, remarks upon the awful heat produced by a vertical sun in a dry and sandy country, with a scorching wind blowing from the desert. The ground becomes unbearable to the naked foot, and even thoroughly seasoned negroes will not run from one tent to another without sandals. Often the wind from the Sahara was so hot that he could not hold his hand in the currents of air coming through the chinks of his hut without feeling sensible pain.

About the hottest place in the world is Massowah, on the shores of the Red Sea. Its average temperature for the month of May is ninety-nine degrees Fahrenheit, and even in midwinter the thermometer is said to rise frequently to over one hundred degrees in the shade. An English naval officer says the hottest town in India is nothing to Aden, while Aden's heat is mild to that of Massowah, whose climate can only be compared to that hot hereafter which we are all anxious to avoid. It was at Massowah that James Bruce, the famous eighteenth century traveller, was astonished to find the heat had made his sealing-wax more fluid than tar.

Captain Lyon, who made the acquaintance of the Sahara early in this century, was much struck by the absence of vegetation. He observed many skeletons of animals, and occasionally the grave of some unfortunate human being. The sun's heat had so dried all these bodies that there was no appearance of putrefaction. Even animals just dead gave forth no offensive odor; and after a long time their skin remained unbroken with the hair still on it, though so brittle as to fall apart from a slight blow.

Journeying towards the Great Desert, John Davidson was murdered by the natives, and his privately printed journal (1839) is a rare and most interesting record of African adventure. When the thermometer in the sun marked a temperature of one hundred and forty-one degrees, he had to wrap pieces of white wool about his stirrups, Moorish daggers, and all metallic articles, because they grew too hot to be handled.

It is affirmed that eggs may be baked in the hot sands of Upper Egypt and Nubia, and the Arabs say, "In Nubia the soil is like fire, and the wind like a flame." When Bayard Taylor traversed the Nubian Desert, he seemed to absorb the sun's heat until he glowed like a live coal. The skin of his face cracked and peeled off, and had to be anointed every day with butter, from the alternate buttering and burning attaining at last the crispness of a "well-basted partridge." This dry heat acted also upon the provisions; dates became like pebbles of jasper, and when he asked for bread he was given a stone.

In his wandering among the wild tribes of the Soudan, F. L. James occasionally noted a temperature of one hundred and sixty-four degrees under the sun's rays.

In his notes of the African experiences which ended with his death at Khartoum, the lamented General Gordon made such remarks upon the weather as: "No man under forty years of age should be here, and then only those who are accustomed to these climates. Young fellows never will stand the wear and tear and malaria of these countries."

C. J. Anderson encountered excessive heat in his explorations of Southern Africa, and his violent thirst could not be appeased by water, half boiling as it was. He says: "We experienced precisely the same sensation as when standing before the mouth of a heated oven. The quicksilver rose to such a height as almost to make us doubt our eyes."

The greatest of African travellers, David Livingstone, tells how the hot wind of the Kalahari Desert marked every wooden thing not made in the country, shrinking the best seasoned English boxes and furniture.

Before his recent travels "In Darkest Africa," Henry M. Stanley confined his marches in Congo to the morning hours, on account of the heat, and of the climate he wrote: "The sun is the only real enemy to the European." O. A. BIERSTADT, in Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Death-Bed Repentance.

AFTER living the greater portion of their lives, in the unbridled indulgence of sin, many men when they feel the hand of death is upon them, return to God, and ask for the assistance of a priest to reconcile them with their Maker. The mercy of God is infinite, and we cannot say, that in cases of this kind, the repentance of these persons is not sincere. Of one thing we are taught by experience, and that is, that often, after a man has been seriously ill and has recovered his health, he relapses into his former evil courses. Is not the presumption strong that in cases like this, the repentance was not sincere, but was only wrung from the penitent by the fear of the impending judgment of God? The better way is to live in a state of continual submission to the will of God, and in the practice of all His commandments, so that when the dread summons shall come, as it must to all that are mortal, it shall find us with the wedding garment on and with our hands full of merits, and that we shall hear the glad tidings: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Mr. Parnell's Heroism.

THE world has rarely seen a politician wise enough to retire from active public life when he had reached the zenith of his power, and when it was evident that his popularity had started down an incline which it was impossible to retrace.

Had Webster retired from public life as soon as it was settled that the Whig party was doomed to hopeless collapse, the melancholy history of the last years of that heart-broken statesman would never have had to be written.

Had Bismarck stepped down and out after the death of Emperor William, the pitiable ruins of "blood and iron" in premature dotage would not be posing in burlesque upon the stage of European politics.

If it were not out of place to be too personal, we might mention several conspicuous examples of other living statesmen who are too far gone in hopeless dotage to realize that they have practically outlived their usefulness as active factors in public life.

It argues no want of appreciation for the masterly political genius of Mr. Parnell, or for his undoubted patriotism, to say that the great mistake of his life was in not having retired quietly into the background when it became evident to almost everybody that forces were arrayed against him which no amount of personal heroism could overcome.

But the statesman in politics is rarely built that way. The converging streams of popularity which he has turned to his advancement all go to make a powerful tide that sweeps him along, and which he finds it impossible to resist, even though it finally dashes him upon the rocks.

Such being the usual mould of great men in history, the verdict of the world must be that, for heroic struggle against herculean odds, Mr. Parnell stands out a giant among fallen statesmen. The world will ever admire the hero, however opinions may disagree as to his good judgment or his inspiring motives. E. L. WARNER, in Boston Sunday Globe.

DROP BY DROP. — Nothing is softer than water, yet nothing is more powerful when properly applied. It is only by practical experiment that some people can be convinced of its potent force. At a recent entertainment a wager was made that the strongest man present could not stand a quart of water dropped into his open hand, drop by drop, from a height of three feet. A strong, manly fellow eagerly accepted the bet, thinking that to stand the force of such a small quantity of water was mere child's play. Before five hundred drops had fallen into his hand, he almost cried with pain and said he had enough. After a little water had fallen, each drop seemed to crush his hand and a blister in the centre of it was the result. This is a very practical illustration of the old adage that constant dropping wears away stones.

Christmas Eve.

WHAT had become of the owners of the Manor House? Why had the large country house on the outskirts of Gloucester stood empty for a time, and then been let for a term to a stranger in the county by so eminently conservative and old-fashioned a person as Mr. Dalmayne.

These questions had been freely and eagerly discussed by the little world of which Manor House was a not unimportant part, but they had never been quite satisfactorily answered, although by common consent a flavor of scandal attached to them. Then the interest had gradually died out, merged probably in some fresh and less mysterious gossip, and the former occupants of the Manor were wellnigh forgotten. Even when present, Mr. and Mrs. Dalmayne had been neither sociable nor popular in the county. The husband had married late, and chosen a mature wife of forty-five, sharing his prim, puritanical ideas of reserve and morality. They had lived a formal, eminently respectable, somewhat inhospitable life, and had not altered their ways even when their only daughter Helen had become a fair, tall girl of nineteen.

Miss Dalmayne had not seemed to be affected by the uncongenial atmosphere that surrounded her; she grew in the shade, as some flowers do, sweet and bright, without yearning for a more brilliant sphere of worldliness and pleasure; she was content with the homely life and pursuits; and, above all, she loved music. Song came to her naturally, and with it the secret instincts of poetry, romance, and half-mysticism which are sometimes found to develop spontaneously where habits and heredity should have laid only the seeds of stern practicality. To do Helen's parents justice, they spared no expense on their daughter's education; they were proud of her talents, and had given her the best masters and governesses. Even now, whenever an occasion offered, whenever the old cathedral city was visited by some good musical artist, they allowed Miss Dalmayne to receive tuition from him, on whatever terms he wished to mention for his visits to the Manor.

The last musician who had made a stay in Gloucester was a Signor Perugino, endowed with a splendid voice, and under whose guidance Helen had made wonderful progress. The few people who heard her sing wondered at the tenderness and expression with which she rendered the great composers' masterpieces, and which imparted so novel a charm to the purity and correctness of her tones. It seemed as if the soul of the young girl had been suddenly stirred, and not her soul alone. Her heart, hitherto closed, had begun to beat with a woman's warmer feelings. How do these things happen? Why are the most innocent the easiest prey of the tempter? Why are the most unwitting of evil the most prone to err? The old, sad story has many variations, but the end is ever the same. A man's reckless wooing, a girl's fond trust, love of art changing into love for the artist, unscrupulous advantage taken of a timid yielding, a brusque avowal of passion, an irrevocable step blindly taken, and — a ruined life!

One morning Mr. and Mrs. Dalmayne read a note, hurriedly written, in which Helen told them that she had left her home with the only man to whom she could ever give a wife's affection. She craved forgiveness for this rash act; but, feeling that her parents would never favor the suit of Luigi Perugino, she had followed the dictates of her heart and gone away with him. "I should be false to my love and to myself," she added, "if I told you that I regretted what I have done; but I can never be thoroughly happy, even with him, if you do not give us both your pardon and your blessing. I am not the less your daughter to-day, and Luigi will be a son to you."

Sternly respectable, uncompromising in their godliness and virtue, hating foreigners and papists with British vigor, dreading notoriety of any kind, Mr. and Mrs. Dalmayne were incensed at what they termed a shameful and disgraceful exposure. They turned a deaf ear to Helen's appeal, and, in a curt answer, forwarded through a solicitor, they renounced her forever, and henceforth refused to hear her name mentioned. They suffered cruelly. Their harshness was in proportion to the heaviness of the blow received. They could not compel themselves to own the truth respecting Helen's absence. They shrank from facing inquiries; and, perchance, in spite of their severity, the sight of the place once gladdened by the young girl's presence became intolerable to them. Without warning, they left the Manor House; nor did they inform any one of their future plans. Some weeks later the property was put in a house-agent's hands, and a new tenant took possession. They disappeared, and Helen was as dead to them as if she had never been born.

The girl's romantic dream of bliss had the usual rude awakening. If Perugino had loved her, he had loved the prospects of an heiress still more, and reckoned on the prompt relenting of the Dalmaynes toward their only daughter. With the conviction of his mistake, when Helen's repeated supplications, prompted by him, had no more effect than the first, his attitude towards her changed. Things were going wrong with him. He was no longer the fashion; his English patrons neglected him; his pupils seemed to care less for a married singing master than for the handsome, dashing Signor Perugino of former days. His resources diminished, his temper grew execrable, and he vented it on Helen. Submissively, patiently, she endured his rebuffs and the ever-increasing privations. She passed from mean lodgings, to lodgings meaner still, till, one day, she found herself alone and deserted in two shabby rooms in a small London back street. Luigi had gone, leaving behind a few curt words of explanation, by which he advised her neither to seek nor follow him, as he was returning to Italy, where she would find that a stolen marriage, contracted in England, would prove to be no marriage at all.

Helen's cup of misery was full. Surely, if she had sinned against her parents, they were avenged. But could she remain passive under her wrongs? In a few months her child would be born — Luigi's child. Should it come into the world with a heritage of shame — nameless, fatherless, branded with the stain of dishonor? No, no; not

if its mother could help it. There must be justice on earth, tribunals who would protect her. She would, in spite of his threats, seek and follow Luigi, and compel him to own her as his wife.

Helen had still to learn how weak is a woman battling against the world single-handed; but she never wavered in her resolve. With infinite perseverance she pursued her purpose. She applied to the police, and traced her husband (as she still called him) to Paris. Selling every available bit of personal property left to her, with the scanty sum thus obtained she crossed to France. In Paris she learned that Perugino had accepted an engagement at the Casino of Nice. She determined to go thither. By slow degrees, husbanding her last pence, she crept on. At Avignon she was taken ill, and was received into a house of refuge for women, where her son was born, and where she struggled back to life. A few weeks later, the kind Sisters of Mercy, pitying her weakness, but compelled by the rules of their house to let her go, gave her a little money, and with gentle, compassionate words bade her and her baby God-speed.

The season was far advanced. Even in the South, winter will assert itself with sudden fury, and these spells of unexpected cold and frost are more cruel than in the North. Helen, unable to pay the railway fare, and yet blindly determined to reach Nice, had wandered on, on foot, in the direction pointed out to her. At nightfall snow began to drop softly and heavily. When it ceased the short December day was drawing to its close; still the earth kept a silvery light from the reflection of its white mantle, and the stars coming out one by one showed the forlorn woman that she was approaching a village. Although it was nearly twelve, lights shone in all the cottages and from the tall windows of the church. The inhabitants, gathered round their fires, were waiting for the tolling of the bell summoning them to the Mass of Christmas eve.

Helen knew it not; she was faint, dazed, half-unconscious from cold and fatigue; she pressed the child closer to her breast, and as she staggered along wondered vaguely if she should knock at one of the humble doors and ask for shelter and food. Advancing still, with a confused fear that death was near, and that her baby would be left alone at the mercy of strangers, she forgot all else. Suddenly she found herself under the porch of the church, and almost at the same moment the sound of bells came from the steeple. They seemed to her like a voice bidding her to enter. Mechanically she obeyed. She pushed aside a heavy curtain, and found herself in the warmth and light of the illuminated aisle. Before her the high altar glittered with sparks of fire; on her right, in the more subdued brilliancy of a side-chapel, a statue of the Virgin rose white and pure, with extended hands and head inclined toward a wooden manger at her feet, filled with fresh, clean straw, on which reposed a fair, rosy waxen image of the Child Jesus. Helen, as in a trance, moved toward it, and sank upon her knees. She had no clear consciousness of where she was or how she had come; she felt a strange sense of rest and peace; she saw a tall, fair form with a gentle, divine pity on its calm features, and a

warm, soft cradle in which a babe lay cradled. Furtively she glanced around her. She was alone, and the sound of the bells came to her ear hushed and reassuring. Rapidly, with nervous, trembling fingers, she loosened the scanty clothing that covered her child, and removing the waxen figure, which she hid under her thin shawl, she placed her own living child in the manger of the creche, and, without looking back, hurried from the church unseen. A few minutes later, with the last strokes of the bell, the priest appeared at the door of the sacristy, and the villagers trooped in for the midnight service.

The aged curé had just faced his congregation, and pronounced the "Ite missa est" that ends the Mass, when, from the lateral chapel, a faint cry fell upon the devout silence. It was twice repeated, and all eyes turned to the spot whence it proceeded; then, simultaneously, in awed wonderment, men and women rose to their feet, with half-suppressed exclamations of "miracle! miracle!" for in the centre of the creche the "Bambino" was raising its little arms, and his lips were parted by its human call.

The aged priest, silencing the excited villagers with an authoritative gesture, passed from the high altar to the chapel. Instead of the waxen figure he had reverently placed in the manger that morning, according to the religious custom of the day, he saw a lovely little child, moving its naked limbs in the straw. He lifted it gently in his arms, bent his white head over the little form, and, wrapping it in the folds of his linen surplice, placed his wrinkled hand on the downy head, uttering a short silent prayer. Then he turned again, and once more facing the kneeling, wondering crowd, he spoke:

"A miracle you said, my brethren. Yes, a miracle indeed, worked by Providence, who inspired a poor mother with the thought of placing her little child under the protection of the Virgin, and leave it to her mercy and our charity. We accept this Christmas gift, you and I. We adopt this foundling, and shall rear him for the service of God."

And the litany began.

In the cold winter dawn, under a hedge at a short distance from the hamlet, a woman was found crouching on the frozen ground, rocking in her arms a waxen image, and singing in sweet, clear, but tremulous tones, an English lullaby. She allowed herself to be led away with passive wonder, but obstinately refused to part with her burden. Before Christmas day had ended she was dead.

Evil Results of Extravagance.

THE many defalcations daily announced by the press, some of them here at home, emphasize the fact that the old time sterling virtue of honesty is fast being lost sight of. Deplorable as the case is, it is all the more so, when we have to confess to these dishonest manifestations among our own people. The unhappy experience of the Catholic Knights of America is heart sickening. We are loath to notice this state of affairs, but evil is never bettered by passing it over quietly, and a Catholic journal would be derelict in its high mission, if it would

allow silence when an expression is called for. A dishonest Catholic is an anomaly. He is a foul ulcer on the body Catholic — festering, gangrening, rendering loathsome the community of which he is a member and bringing shame on the Church at large. He must have been a liar from the beginning, a mocker of holy Church and her sacred sacraments, and defiant of her teachings. If not so known to his fellow members at large, it was, because under the outward show he concealed the corrupt heart; a sycophant or hypocrite, who had all the show of external piety, but a poor article in his soul. No Catholic so ignorant, but he knows the utter detestation holy Church has of the dishonest man. No priest in her communion who will absolve the sinner confessing the crime unless he makes ample restitution.

Pittsburg Catholic.

The Origin and Development of the Roman Catacombs.

If a person looks from one of the hills on which Rome is built across the Roman Campagna, or that expanse of land that stretches out towards Tivoli and Tusculum, it is in appearance one broad, monotonous plain, unrelieved by tree or shrub or hill. In fact, however, it is undulating and picturesque. Many of the eminences that relieve it are of considerable height; many are mere sand-hills.

Let us now keep in mind only those that are in the immediate vicinity of the city. Under these eminences, or sand-hills, as we may call them, and beside the different roads that lead out of Rome in every direction, the Roman Christians of the first three centuries buried their dead. Not within the walls, let us remember, but without them. The Roman laws strictly forbade either the burial or burning of the dead within the walls. The custom existed from the earliest times; but a law expressly forbidding it, we find for the first time in the Code of the Twelve Tables drawn up during the Decemvirate. It was severely sanctioned and strictly observed, until the Roman empire began to decay, and the invasion of the barbarians made burial outside the walls inconvenient and sometimes impossible. The law was then relaxed through necessity, and it gradually fell into disuse.

The Christians, as well as the pagans, obeyed that law. There are only two instances in which any Christians were buried within the walls until the early part of the fifth century. St. Gudentiana, a Roman lady of senatorial rank, had some members of her family buried underneath her house in the valley between the Esquiline and Viminal hills; but that was done of necessity. SS. John and Paul, brothers and officers in the Roman army, were buried in one of the cellars of their own house, on the Cœlian hill, in the time of Julian the Apostate; but that was done by those who secretly murdered them at the bidding of the emperor, in order to conceal their guilt. With these two exceptions, the Christians, as well as the pagans, were buried outside the city walls, and at both sides of the different ways that led to the provinces, such

as the Appian, the Flaminian, and the Nomentan Way. Along the Appian Way traces are still to be seen of the tombs and *columbaria* where the pagan Romans were buried, or rather where their ashes were kept. The tomb of the Scipios and the mausoleum of Cæcilia Metella are still objects of curiosity to visitors; but of nearly all the pagan tombs, only the mere traces now remain.

It may be as well to observe here, what we shall see later on, by way of illustration, that there is a wide difference between the places where the pagan and Christian dead were laid. They are quite distinguishable to any one who has made the least study of the subject, and has inspected them for oneself.

Let us turn aside, then, from one of those old Roman roads to one of those little eminences by the way. We descend by stone stairs to a depth of many feet. Here below we find galleries or corridors crossing one another at intervals and in all directions, though very often at right angles, just as the streets of a city intersect one another, sometimes at right angles and sometimes obliquely. From the landing where we are, we may descend to another level beneath, and to still another, and, in some cases, to a fourth; and on each level we find a similar labyrinth of corridors. If we imagine an immense building of three or four stories, each flat cut up by corridors and intersecting one another in all directions, a staircase running down from each flat to the one underneath, and so on to the ground floor, we have imagined, as if in miniature, what we meet after our imaginary descent. Indeed, the eminences under which these corridors are, may be said to be honey-combed by them.

It is in such places as these that the Christians of Rome buried their dead during the first three centuries.

Let us examine more closely what we meet as we go along these subterranean corridors. They were formed, evidently, by excavating through the firm material that forms the under strata of the ground in which they are. In fact, the marks of the pick-axe are still traceable in many places. The walls of these corridors are quite perpendicular, and the roof is either quite flat or slightly arched. They are, in all cases, high enough to allow the tallest man to pass through them without inconvenience, and, in some cases, are eight or ten feet high; but, as a rule, they are so narrow that two persons could hardly pass through them walking abreast. Rows of horizontal niches, sometimes seven or eight or more from the floor to the ceiling, run along the walls and cut into them, just as are the berths in a steamer or the shelves in a bookcase. These niches are of various sizes. Some are wide and long enough for a full-grown man to lie within them; some are only large enough to contain a child; but they are all cut into the walls in the same shape; a violin-case is the best illustration that I can think of now. These niches were the graves of the early Christians. No traces of the bodies are to be met with in them now, unless an occasional piece of bone, or more frequently a white powder to which the bones have been reduced. We shall see later on how the bodies were taken into the churches of the city, from time to time,

during the barbarian invasions, those which were known to be the bodies of martyrs being placed under the altars; so that, at the present day, only empty niches are seen that once contained bodies.

It may be as well to describe here as elsewhere how the bodies were laid in the graves. No coffins were used in those days. The body, with the hands not clasped but stretched down by the sides, was wrapped up in a sheet. Then came a coating on the outside of a certain kind of composition, and the whole was wrapped up in another sheet. Sometimes even a second coat of composition covered the second sheet for greater sanitary precautions. Tertullian incidentally mentions this custom of having the hands of the dead stretched by the sides, in connection with a miracle that took place in his time, whilst the funeral rites were being performed by a priest over the grave. In this passage he distinctly says that prayers for the deceased person were recited at the burial. Pieces of the composition with which the sheet, enveloping the bodies, used to be coated have been found, from time to time, bearing the impress of the folds and texture of the cloth; and in the cemetery of St. Domitilla even pieces of the cloth itself have been found after having withstood the decomposition of centuries. The rings which the deceased wore during life were usually left on their fingers; and little plates, generally of lead, but sometimes of ivory, having inscribed on them the name and burial of the deceased, were often buried with them. After the rediscovery of the burial-places, two centuries ago, many of these objects were found, but were taken away as precious memorials by persons who were influenced more by aimless sentiment than by archæological research; so that, at the present day, very few such specimens remain. Indeed, the injury done to archæological science, and consequently to the history of the early Church, as revealed in the customs of the early Christians, by the provoking curiosity and indiscretion of well-meaning devotees, can never be estimated; and had not the Popes, moved by real reverence for those sacred places, and in the interest of Christian archæology, interfered, at length, by attaching a censure to this pious pilfering, the loss to be deplored would be much greater.

When the body, wrapped up as has been described, was laid into its little place of rest, the opening of the niche was hermetically closed by a slab of marble, or by large tiles well fitted into the mouth of the niche and into one another. They were then carefully cemented all round the rim and at the joinings to prevent the exhalations of the decomposing bodies from getting through. On the slabs inscriptions were engraved, sometimes in rude characters and vulgar Latin; and sometimes the characters are beautiful and the Latin elegant. They conveyed substantially the thoughts and feelings that we engrave on the tombstones of our cemeteries to-day; but they were much shorter and more pithy, and are full of pathos and feeling. Besides the inscriptions, symbolic figures were also often engraved, expressing thoughts of faith and Christian hope. Several thousand of these slabs have been collected by Commendatore de Rossi, under the patronage of Pius IX., and are, at present, to be seen carefully classified by him,

and fixed on to the walls of the Lateran Museum in Rome. And never has it been said of anything more truly than it may be said of these, that "there are sermons in stones." De Rossi has woven a web of history out of them so convincing as to the identity of many Catholic practices and beliefs with those of the early Christians, that non-Catholic historians of great name have acknowledged the force of his reasoning; and his extraordinary industry and knowledge are daily drawing from them new germs of study and sources of light that must yet reveal traces of information that we have not hitherto hoped for.

In very many cases the inscription was not engraved on the slab, but scratched on the soft cement; and many of these have also been copied and published. The friends of the deceased, for the purpose of recognizing the grave, used to also press into the soft cement, some article belonging to the departed, such as a cameo, or shell, or gem; and at the graves of children, remnants of their little playthings have been found, such as little bells and dolls. Very often, too, coins were fixed on to the cement, and these have been skilfully utilized for determining the date of a cemetery. Some of these coins have been collected; and in many cases where they have fallen off and have been lost, the impress that they left in the cement has been examined and made to serve the purpose of the coin itself in revealing the name of the emperor during whose reign the grave was made.

We have examined what is to be seen in the subterranean corridors into which we have descended, and we have seen what took place there at the burial of the dead. But these corridors are often interrupted by door-ways leading into chambers of various forms and sizes, excavated also, of course, as the corridors were. We may compare them with the family vaults in our cemeteries. Although neither in their original purpose nor in their development is the comparison fully correct, yet dealing with the subject in a general way, the comparison will serve our present purpose instead of a lengthy explanation which we cannot at present afford. The walls of these chambers were pierced with niches for the dead, as we have seen in the corridors; but in them all there is one burial-place more remarkable than the rest: a very large niche cut deeply into the middle of the wall facing the door-way; its upper part is semicircular, and the bank that forms its base is raised three or four feet above the floor. A grave was made down into that bank, and in it the principal martyr in the chamber was buried. It was called an *arcosolium* from its form; and I have referred to it at the risk of being tedious, because it will come useful later on, when we come to trace the historical development of these burial places, and the different purposes which they served. Sometimes two of these chambers are just opposite each other, so that a person in one may see what is going on in the other. Sometimes three or four of them are clustered together, and are lighted through a common shaft running up through the soil into the air.

This is a rough and imperfect description, drawn from memory, of what any one visiting the Roman catacombs will find them to be.

There was a time, and that not long ago, when it was believed

by many that the catacombs formed one immense subterranean network around Rome, and were connected with the churches within the city. Nobody thinks so now; and it could have been believed only at a time when their history had been forgotten, and before the study of them was revived. It is now known that in the third century there were twenty-five large, and about twenty small cemeteries; and it is a remarkable fact that at that time also there were twenty-five titles, or, as we would now call them, parishes in the city. Such a coincidence would at once appear to be something more than mere chance; and various circumstances connected with the ecclesiastical discipline of the time leave us without doubt that it was not chance. In fact, a re-arrangement of these *titles* or parishes made in the third century by Popes Dionysius and Marcellus had for its object, not so much the administration of the sacraments as the funeral obsequies of the dead. But, beside these twenty-five greater cemeteries, there were about twenty others of a smaller size, which belonged to private families. Originally, all the cemeteries, even those which were afterwards attached to parishes in the city, were the private burial-places of families. They were constructed by them, for their family use, in their villas or gardens outside the city, as we have already seen. The feeling of fraternal charity begotten of Christian faith, that took away the unnatural distinctions of paganism and united all Christians into a supernatural brotherhood, led the wealthier classes to set apart a portion of their land for the burial of their families, and for the burial of the poor who had no land. By the will of their owners, these burial-places became incorporated with the parishes in the city, and they became public and grew to very large dimensions. Hence, very many of the catacombs were called after the name of the family to which they at first exclusively belonged; for instance, the catacomb of St. Domitilla, of St. Priscilla, of St. Lucina. Some got the names of the principal martyrs who were buried in them, as that of St. Hermes. Some were called after the locality in which they were; such as *Ad duas lauras*, and *Ad Catacombas*; and that which has become the most famous of all is called after Pope St. Callixtus, who constructed it.

It is now a fact placed beyond dispute that, from the time of St. Peter, there were converts to the Christian religion from the highest classes of Roman society. I do not forget that St. Paul says, in one of his Epistles, that "there are amongst us, not many mighty, not many noble." But he does not say that there were none. On the contrary, he says "all the holy ones salute you, especially those of the House of Cæsar." Several evidences have been found in the catacombs themselves showing the noble birth of some of the first converts. For instance, Pudeus, in whose house St. Peter lodged, was a senator. Pomponia Græcina, after whom the crypt of St. Lucina has been called, was wife of Plautus, the conqueror of Great Britain. The word *clarissima*, denoting a lady of noble birth, has been frequently found amongst the inscriptions. St. Domitilla, who lived in the time of the Apostles, was a member of the imperial family. She was sent into exile by Domitian, her cousin, because she was a Christian. In recent

years, a cemetery has been discovered bearing unmistakable evidences that it was constructed in her property and under her patronage. Three years ago the present writer had the good fortune of being present at the first public visit of De Rossi to a very large and beautiful chamber just then discovered by him. It was the burial-place of another family of senatorial rank who became converts also in Apostolic times: the family of Acilius Glabrio. These few instances serve to show that Christianity did not begin in Rome with the lowest classes of society there. How groundless, then, is the argument so often brought up at the present day, — namely, that the first believers in the Divine Mission of the Saviour and in the miracles of His Apostles were of a class who would be disposed to think a deed miraculous merely because it was new and strange. Many of its first converts moved in the highest grades of Roman society; and for them, moreover, to become Christians meant something more real than sentiment. It meant bending the will from the unrestraint and luxury of paganism to the severe discipline that the Apostles enforced. In all cases it meant social ostracism, and, in most cases, a martyr's death. Something more than sentiment was necessary to overcome such difficulties as these.

Here is another difficulty that may occur to me, and that has, in fact, occurred to many. All the catacombs put together would cover over a very small area. Yet it has been calculated that if the different subterranean corridors that compose them were stretched out in one continuous line, they would extend over a length of three hundred and fifty miles. Let us consider the number of niches that pierced that length of corridor; and each niche contained a corpse, in some cases three or four. Can it be, then, that only Christians were buried in the catacombs? Ought not the immense number of graves argue us into the conviction that pagans were buried in them also? Yet it is certain that Christians exclusively were buried through all that immense network of corridors, and that during the first three centuries. No certain trace of a pagan grave has ever been found in any part of the catacombs. The truth is, conversions to Christianity took place in very great numbers from the beginning. Tacitus says that during the persecution under Nero, "a mighty multitude," (*ingens multitudo*) of Christians were put to death. Evidences have been found amidst the ruins of Pompeii that show that Christianity had found its way there before its destruction in the year 79 A. D. Tertullian says that, in the time of Nero, a great multitude of persons not only in Rome but everywhere, were daily abandoning idolatry for the Christian religion.

Another difficulty that occurs is this: How is it that under the sword of persecution the Christians were able to construct such immense cemeteries? How came it that they were allowed? Well, at first, they did it under the shadow of Judaism, and afterwards, strange as it may seem, under the shadow of the Roman law.

From the time of Julius Cæsar a numerous colony of Jews lived in Rome. Although they dealt then, as they do to-day, in all sorts of things, from jewellery to broken bottles and old clothes, their money-power was very great. They ingratiated themselves into the favor of

Cæsar and Augustus, and received privileges from both. They were allowed the free exercise of their religious rites and ceremonies Coming from Jerusalem as Christianity did, there was nothing more natural than that the pagan Romans would confound it with Judaism, or, at least, take them for two branches of the same sect; and, as a matter of fact, they did. Thus, Gallio, the proconsul of Achaia, drove St. Paul and his Jewish accusers from his presence refusing, as he put it, "to judge questions of a word, and of names, and of your law." Claudius Lysius wrote to the procurator of Judea that St. Paul had been summoned before him about "questions of the Jewish law." Festus told Agrippa that the accusations against St. Paul were "about certain questions of their own superstition, and of one Jesus deceased whom Paul affirmed to be alive."

This being so, and the Christians being confounded with the Jews, the Christians enjoyed the privileges intended for the Jews only. This explains the words of Tertullian: "*Nos quoque ut Judaicæ Religionis propinquos sub umbraculo insignissimæ religionis certe licitæ.*" But the Jews soon repudiated and denounced them, and hence it became necessary that the Roman law should either recognize Christianity in its own name as well as Judaism, or to proscribe it; and it was proscribed. For three centuries the sword of persecution was held over it; not that there were no intervals of peace, but that the proscription remained, and might be brought into operation at any time.

How did the Christians construct their cemeteries, bury their dead, and carry out their religious ceremonies and worship under such difficulties as these? Strange as it appears, they did it under the cloak of the Roman law itself. Everything connected with the dead was held in special veneration by the Roman people, and was specially guarded by the Roman laws. Once a man had allotted a portion of his land for burial purposes, and the ashes of the deceased laid there, the place became, by the fact, invested with a sacred character, and came under the protection of the law. Thus, for instance, it was exempt from such laws as regulated the transfer of property; and, though the owner may sell the land in which the burial-place was made, the burial-place itself continued to belong to the family notwithstanding any private contract to the contrary. The pagan Romans had also burial-clubs whose members used to meet regularly in some apartment about their burial-places to transact their club affairs, and also for convivial purposes. Now, under the cloak of such customs and laws, the early Christians buried their dead without let or hindrance, and held their meetings of prayer and worship at the tombs of the martyrs. It is true that the Emperor Valerian interfered with the liberty of the Christians in the use of the catacombs. His edict, published in A. D. 257, is the first of such a kind that we know of; but, then, it was directed not so much at the catacombs as places of Christian burial as against them as places of Christian assembly.

Reference has already been made to the chambers in the catacombs, and to the *arcosolia* where some eminent martyr was buried. These chambers, sometimes clustered together as has already been observed,

were also used for other purposes than burial. The anniversaries of the martyrs' death were celebrated with solemnity over their graves in the catacombs. The bank that forms the base of the *arcosolium* served as an altar on which the Holy Sacrifice was offered. It is the origin of the custom, which the Roman Ritual enjoys at the present day, of putting the relic of some saint in the altar-stone over which Mass is celebrated.

When peace came to the Church, after the conversion of Constantine, the Christians began to bury their dead over ground. They also erected basilicas there in which they used to celebrate the Divine Mysteries. And, in order that the Church would be around the grave of some illustrious martyr, the foundations used to be laid deep down into the ground, as may be noticed at the present day in the Church of St. Agnese on the Nomentan Way. From the time of Constantine, i. e., from the beginning of the fourth century, very few bodies were buried underneath in the corridors of the catacombs. For the space of a few years, about the year A. D. 370, whilst Pope Damasus was repairing the catacombs and beautifying the chambers, several persons were buried below. Afterwards, they were buried exclusively in the soil over the catacombs; and after the invasion of Rome by Alaric, in the year A. D. 410, the catacombs ceased forevermore to be a place of Christian burial. They were not, however, forgotten by the faithful. Their martyrs and friends reposed there, and they used to assemble there at certain times to celebrate the feasts of the martyrs. The catacombs henceforth were visited by the faithful, for the sake of praying for the dead, of honoring the martyrs, and to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, which was regularly offered there by the priests of the *Titles* or parishes in the city, to which the different catacombs were respectively attached. The Lombards invaded Rome in the eighth century. They plundered the catacombs, and the Popes, to prevent any such desecration in future, had the bodies taken into the churches of the city, and the bodies of the martyrs placed under the altars. This gradual translation of the bodies from the catacombs to the churches was going on from the middle of the eighth century to the middle of the ninth. By that time all the bodies had been removed. The catacombs were no longer frequented as places of worship, and were gradually neglected and forgotten. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries we read of an occasional pilgrim to Rome visiting also a few of the catacombs. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries those few were also forgotten; and, finally, only one was known or frequented. It is that which is to be seen at present under the Church of San Sebastiano on the Appian Way, and which has always been known as the *Cœmiterium ad Catacumbas*. With the exception of that one, they were all neglected and forgotten until the close of the sixteenth century. One, situated beside the Via Salaria, was discovered by accident by some working men. The curiosity of antiquarians was excited, and the explorations went on. In the course of time others were discovered, and at the present day the indefatigable researches and erudition of De Rossi have made us, in many respects, as familiar with them as if we lived before they were deserted.

The Centennial of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP CHAPELLE.

THE centennial of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, was celebrated with imposing ceremonies on the 28th and 29th of October. This venerable institution may be called the mother of all the ecclesiastical colleges in the United States, and its alumni were called together from all parts of the country.

On Wednesday morning, at ten o'clock, the grand procession marched from Calvert Hall, the new college of the Christian Brothers, to the Cathedral. First came the students of St. Charles' College, followed by one hundred and fifty seminarians, three hundred priests, several bishops and archbishops with their attendants, and lastly the Cardinal, with his attendants, train bearers, and acolytes in crimson robes.

The sanctuary, which has been for some time closed, undergoing extensive repairs, was reopened on this solemn occasion, and presented a most beautiful appearance. Spacious alcoves have been added for the accommodation of large numbers of the clergy, by extending the walls at the rear of the Cathedral. A magnificent fresco, representing "The Transfiguration," has lately been completed at the back of the sanctuary, also paintings of St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory. The day being the feast of Saints Simon and Jude, the trimmings of the altar were crimson. Clusters of palms and groups of tropical plants were tastefully disposed around the sanctuary, and a solid pyramid of light, composed of numberless tapers, arose behind the crucifix, from a solid bank of yellow chrysanthemums and calla lilies.

The Mass was celebrated by Right Rev. Bishop O'Reilly of Springfield, Mass., assisted by Rev. Denis O'Callaghan of Boston, Rev. P. J. McNamara of Brooklyn, and Rev. E. P. Hickey of Cincinnati. The sermon was delivered by Bishop Kain of Wheeling. He spoke of the various systems of training for the priesthood, from the Levitical time to the days of St. Charles Borromeo, and eulogized Father Olier, the founder of the priests of St. Sulpice, as the one who inherited the spirit of St. Charles. He sketched the history of the seminary since 1791; and he spoke of the establishment of the secular seminary, and outlined the history of Mount St. Mary's and St. Charles' Colleges. The music of the Mass was rendered by the clergy and seminarians, and was very grand and impressive. At the conclusion of the Mass, the bishops and monsignori went direct to the Cardinal's residence, and the other guests returned to Calvert Hall.

At two o'clock in the afternoon dinner was served at St. Mary's seminary, where fourteen hundred guests sat down to table. Cardinal Gibbons presided, with Archbishop Williams on his right and Archbishop Ryan on his left. There were many prominent laymen as well

as clergymen among those invited, for St. Mary's was at one time a secular as well as an ecclesiastical college, and sent forth brilliant sons into all spheres of life. During the course of the dinner, Rev. Dr. Magnien, superior of the seminary, who had been for several days indisposed, slipped in quietly, but his coming, being observed by some of the students, was the signal for quite an ovation. Towards the close of the dinner, the Cardinal made an address in response to the toast: "The Pope and the Seminary." He showed how Pope Pius VI. was instrumental in sending the Sulpicians to Baltimore in 1791, when they were flying from persecution in France, and how, at a later day, when, on the return of peace, they contemplated going back to France, Pius VII. counselled their remaining here in these words: "We must not strip Paul to clothe Peter. We must not strip the infant Church in America of her scanty apparel to clothe the majestic form of France, already decked out in royal garments befitting the oldest daughter of the Church." The Cardinal then alluded to the blessings poured upon the seminary by our Holy Father, whom he called "our glorious Pontiff, Leo," and concluded with these words: "Pius has planted, Leo has watered, but God has given the increase."

Mr. S. Teakle Wallis, who was selected to speak about "The Alumni of Old St. Mary's College," was detained at home by sickness, but sent a very cordial letter of regret, and assurances that he was present in spirit. After this, Rev. Dr. John E. Fitzmaurice, President of St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, Philadelphia, spoke on "Our Sister Seminaries."

In the evening, a reception was given, at which the Cardinal presided. Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, made a short address, in which he alluded to the skepticism now so prevalent, and the great responsibility devolving on priests to meet and conquer these dangerous questions and arguments to be met on every hand.

Mr. A. Leo Knott delivered a very able address, in which he gave the story of the secular side of St. Mary's College, made many happy allusions to the early students and prominent graduates, and congratulated the seminary on the great work it has done during the century of its existence.

On Thursday, October 29, a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Seminary, for the repose of the souls of deceased students and professors. The Right Rev. Bishop Phelan of Pittsburg was the celebrant, assisted by Rev. Thomas M. Burke of Albany, Rev. George Devine of Baltimore, and Rev. J. B. Dougherty of Connecticut. The music was a Gregorian Mass rendered by a seminarian choir. An eloquent sermon was preached by Bishop Foley of Detroit, from the beautiful text: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Going, they went and wept, casting their seed. But coming, they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves."

The class reunions brought together many old friends who had not met for years, and these days of festivity were doubtless fully enjoyed by the alumni. On Thursday evening the clergy of the archdiocese held a meeting in the prayer hall, and an address, accom-

panied by a purse of four thousand dollars, was presented to the Fathers of St. Sulpice. The address was read by Rev. J. F. Mackin of Washington. Other addresses and handsome presents were received from Boston, Brooklyn, Albany, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis, the total amount being about ten thousand dollars. An alumni association was formed, Bishop Kain of Wheeling being elected president, and Rev. Edward Kelly of Chicago, secretary.

In the evening the old students assembled in the beautiful little chapel of the seminary to attend Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and there they sang the *Te Deum*, the grand old hymn of thanksgiving.

A fitting termination to the solemnities of the centennial of old St. Mary's was the consecration of a priest of the diocese, the Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D. D., to the high office of a bishop, on All Saints Day. The first bishop ever consecrated in the Baltimore Cathedral, on this festival, was Cardinal Cheverus, first Bishop of Boston, the consecrator being the Most Rev. Archbishop Carroll, assisted by his suffragans, Bishops Neale and Egan; and Bishop Chapelle was the second, the chief consecrator being the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, assisted by Archbishop Salpointe of Santa Fè, and Bishop Kain of Wheeling. Rev. Thos. Lee, who will succeed Doctor Chapelle at St. Matthew's, was the assistant priest, and the deacons of honor were the Rev. Denis O'Callaghan of Boston, a fellow-student of the Doctor at St. Mary's, and the Rev. P. Manning of Lonaconing, Md. The bulls were read in Latin by the Rev. A. Magnien, S. S., president of St. Mary's Seminary.

The solemn and impressive ceremonies of consecration have been so often described that Catholic readers are familiar with them; the examination of the candidate, the solemn oath of the bishop elect, the anointing of the head, the imposition of the hands of the consecrators, the blessing of the ring, crozier, and gloves, the offerings of bread and wine, the investing with the episcopal insignia, and the solemn blessing given by the new bishop at the conclusion of the ceremonies. All these ceremonies, so full of dignity, so rich in symbolism, were enhanced by the grandeur of the surroundings, the venerable and beautiful old Cathedral, the exquisite ornaments of the sanctuary, the gathering of distinguished priests and prelates, the magnificent vestments of the celebrants, and the fine music of the Cathedral choir. It was an event never to be forgotten by those present, among whom were a great number of the people of Washington, who went over to Baltimore to do honor to their friend and pastor. Bishop Chapelle is the third priest chosen from Washington within the past few years to swell the ranks of the hierachy, the others being Rt. Rev. J. J. Keane and Rt. Rev. J. O'Sullivan.

The Rt. Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D. D., was born in the diocese of Mende, France, August 28, 1842. He was educated by the reverend clergy of Picpus, whose special devotion consists in maintaining the perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament while preparing candidates for the priesthood and missionary work. The young man came to America with his uncle, Canon Chapelle, who was entrusted by

Pope Pius IX. with a delicate mission to the Republic of Hayti. The Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick requested young Mr. Chapelle to remain in his diocese, which he did, entering St. Mary's Seminary, January, 1860, and graduating three years later. After teaching two years at St. Charles' College, he was ordained by Archbishop Spalding, June 28, 1865. Three years later he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1869 he was secretary of the Tenth Provincial Council of Baltimore, and in the same year he accompanied Archbishop Spalding to Rome as his theologian at the Vatican Council.* He has been continuously engaged in parish work in the diocese, and in 1882 succeeded Father Boyle as pastor of St. Matthew's, Washington.

Although selected many months ago as the coadjutor of the venerable archbishop of Santa Fé, the doctor did not receive his commission until the latter part of August. His title is Bishop of Abasso, with right of succession to the Archbishop of Santa Fé. The archdiocese of Santa Fé, although old and extensive, is poor, and offers a wide field for missionary labor, the stations attached to the different cities being far apart and poorly supplied. The new bishop takes with him, to this distant field of labor, the most cordial sympathy and the best wishes of his many friends here. Among the handsome gifts received by him was a portable altar, with a complete set of everything necessary to a missionary. The most unique thing in the set is an adjustable crozier, which can be packed in a small box. This outfit is the gift of the Ladies' Tabernacle Society, of which the bishop has for some time been spiritual director.

Bishop Chapelle returned immediately to St. Matthew's to spend a few weeks with his beloved parishioners, and to administer the sacrament of confirmation in his old parish, before leaving for the far West to enter upon the arduous labors of a bishop in a missionary country. His future career will doubtless prove a very great, and, let us hope, a happy contrast to the retired life of a close and assiduous student, which the Right Reverend Doctor has led for many years.

AGNES HAMPTON.

*Dr. Chapelle was one of the theologians of the present Archbishop at the Third Plenary Council, and was one of the seven clergymen selected to prepare the decrees of that Council.

A Chance for the Girls.

"THERE is a great chance for old maids in the Argentine Republic," remarked Henri Bosquet, of Buenos Ayres, in conversation with a Chicago Tribune man. "There are about sixteen men to one woman there, and the unmarried males are more than anxious to secure wives. This is especially true of my city. When a 'new woman,' as we call the welcome arrival, comes to town, about fifty men make a wild effort to secure her. It is quite an interesting contest, and the one who captures the prize is looked upon as something of a hero. The local papers write columns about it, and about everybody in the city turns out to the wedding. It doesn't matter much about the woman's age or looks, she is received with open arms and married off in a jiffy to some real nice man."

Kildoona:

THE STRANGE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD.

From the Original Manuscript of Miss Alice Carroll, of Kildoona, Ireland.
Edited by Victor O'D. Power.
Author of "Bonnie Dunravan," "Duncarrick," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

FATHER WILLIAM DECIDES.

"PARDON my delay, girls," the old clergyman said, as he came in; "that poor woman is not as bad as I feared, thank God! She will get over it. On my way home I met Launce in search of you, Alice. Your aunt has missed you from Rathronayne, and is in a fine flurry about you, my young lady! Why didn't you tell her you were coming here, pray?"

All this time Launce Ronayne kept in the background near the door. He was very pale, and his dark eyes were fixed wistfully upon my sister's face.

Marion had risen impulsively, and stood with clasped hands upon the hearth. She, too, was pale as death; her eyes were cast downward, and her lips trembled visibly.

Not waiting for a reply from me, Father William walked briskly to my sister, and caught one of her trembling little hands in his.

"Come, come, Marion, dear; let bygones be bygones! Launce has been telling me just now that you and he parted, under very unhappy and mysterious circumstances, on that evening of your disappearance from our midst, over a year ago. Well, he is willing to forgive and forget — for he is a noble fellow, I tell you, and his heart is not one you'll meet with every day, my dear! So come now and shake hands, and be friends again — for my sake, child," he added, very earnestly.

Marion lifted her eyes suddenly, and glanced appealingly at me.

That glance was eloquent enough.

It said plainly:

"The time has come, Alice, when the truth must be told to Launce and Father William. Tell it at once, and deliver me from this painful situation."

I moved forward quickly and stood beside my sister, and looked gravely from Father William's kindly face to Launce Ronayne's.

"Allow me to answer for Marion," I said, and the long sigh of relief which escaped my sister's lips, told me that I had interpreted that glance of hers aright. "She has been telling me her extraordinary story; all is clear to me now. You may have thought, Launce, that Marion treated you badly, cruelly, capriciously. Ah! not at all. She could not have acted otherwise, as you shall presently hear. It was because she loved you — loved you too fatally well — that she treated you so in the past. It is because that fatal love still holds possession

of her broken heart, that she is constrained to treat you thus to-night! Hush!" I broke off, for I saw by the sudden light in Launce's dark eyes, the quiver on his lips, that he was about to speak. "Not a word, until I have explained everything. I shall be as brief as possible. You can hear fuller details later on."

Then I told them my sister's story from beginning to end, just as she had narrated it to me to-night.

During the recital Marion again sank upon the low chair by the fire, and bowed her face in her hands.

As my strange narration unfolded itself, as Bothwell Aylmer's villainy came to light, and my outcast brother's true story was revealed, — I saw Father William and Launce start and quiver; I saw the hot color coming and going in their faces; I understood for myself the conflicting emotions which swayed their hearts.

"And so *this* is the truth at last!" Father William said when I had ceased speaking. "Never before have I heard such a story. My poor, poor child!" he added, turning and placing his trembling hand on Marion's bowed head; "may God comfort you, and may your future atone somewhat for your unhappy past!"

I crossed the tiny room hurriedly, and impulsively took Launce Ronayne's hand in mine. The anguish of his colorless face dismayed me.

"Courage, courage, Launce!" I whispered earnestly. "All may be well yet. Of one thing rest assured," I added: "Marion regards you as her truest friend on earth, — and you can understand fully now what puzzled you so cruelly in the past. Take my advice, Launce, and do not linger here a moment longer. Your presence to-night cannot but be painfully embarrassing to my poor sister."

"I shall go this moment, Alice," Launce said, turning toward the door. "Come outside with me for a moment. I have a word or two to say."

We left the room quickly. In the tiny hall we paused, Launce's hand still in mine.

"Of course, Alice, you will bring Marion to Rathronayne to-night," he said, in a whisper. "The covered car is waiting at the gate. I brought it to fetch you back, by your aunt's wishes. She guessed that I should find you here. I shall hurry home now on foot, and acquaint Miss Carroll and my father with what has occurred, and when you wish, you can follow with Marion. She need have no hesitation in coming to Rathronayne," he added, with a heavy sigh; "I sha'n't intrude upon her, in any way. You can tell her so. Oh, Alice!" he added, with a passionate light in his dark eyes, and his broken, despairing voice brought the tears to my eyes, "this is worse than all. I had believed her dead — gone from me forever, in this life at least, and I had taught myself resignation. I had learned to find comfort in the hope of our meeting in the life beyond. But now, now — to find her alive, unchanged, and yet the wife of that heartless scoundrel at Kildoona! Ah! it is maddening! Alice, what are we to do? How are we to punish that fiend!"

"We can talk over this on to-morrow," I said hurriedly. "Tell your father everything, Launce, and he and Aunt Anne can put their heads together."

"But what if those scoundrels take fright and escape in the meantime! What if they get away to-night! Marion's appearance will put that rascal on his guard. He may have already left Kildoona! But, by Heavens! he sha'n't escape scot-free!"

"Hush, Launce! Hush!" I urged earnestly. "If you were to see that miserable wretch, as I saw him to-night, your anger against him would considerably alter in character. Why, he is a mere wreck —a tottering, haggard, pitiable wreck. He has not the physical strength left to crawl across the room. He cannot be long for this world."

"Well, I will take your advice, Alice," Launce said, in calmer tones, after a pause. "I will tell everything to my father and to your aunt. Do not delay too long here. It is late enough now. Good-night, dear, and good-bye for a short time."

He opened the door and stepped out into the night. I returned to the parlor, with a heavy sigh.

"Poor Launce! true noble heart!" I said to myself regretfully. "Ah, what a bitter fate it was which came between Marion and you!"

I found my sister and Father William seated by the fire, her hands in his, as he spoke to her in low, earnest, kindly tones. Not caring to disturb them, I quietly withdrew again, and went into the kitchen where Mary Driscoll was in the act of removing the red turf from the top of a round oven which contained a very fragrant cake for tea.

Poor Mary's honest face was full of concern and very natural curiosity, so I told her the truth about Bothwell Aylmer, knowing full well that the whole country-side would ring with the story, ere the week was at an end.

"Glory be to God!" gasped Mary, swaying to and fro, and beating her hands together in her excitement. "How were we *all* such fools! Sure, oughtn't we to know well that it wasn't our poor dear Master Richard was there at all, at all!"

I did not tell Mary, that Bothwell Aylmer was my unhappy sister's husband. I hoped that that part of the story could be kept forever a secret in our immediate family. It was just possible that Aylmer had not taken Randal Darragh into his confidence in this matter; and, if so, I felt that Marion's secret could be buried and forgotten forthwith.

Mary got up tea at last, and then I rejoined Father William and Marion. During tea, I told them what Launce had been saying to me in the hall, and the old clergyman took it upon himself to answer for my sister.

"Yes, of course, my dear," he said; "Marion will go to Rathronayne to-night; it is the only place for her; and as for that unfortunate wretch at Kildoona, I really hardly know what is best to

do; but, I must say that I agree with Launce as to our immediate action in the matter. I do not see the wisdom of holding aloof from Kildoona until to-morrow."

The words had scarce passed his lips when we heard the rolling of wheels on the road without, and a minute later there was a loud knocking at the door.

"Brian Ronayne, as sure as fate!" cried Father William, rising hastily and throwing open the door of the sitting-room, just as Mary Driscoll was emerging from the kitchen, lamp in hand.

The front door was opened, and in came Brian Ronayne and Aunt Anne. My dear old warm-hearted kinswoman! How eagerly she rushed into the room! With what a cry of gladness she flung her plump arms about Marion's neck and covered her face with kisses.

"Oh! Marion, darling, I could not rest one moment at Rathronayne when Launce told us the glad news! Welcome, welcome, a thousand times."

Brian Ronayne's greeting was quite as genuine as Aunt Anne's, although somewhat less demonstrative.

"My dear child," he said, in his kindly tones, as he held my sister's two hands in his, "I am overjoyed at this reunion. No words can tell how your disappearance pained and shocked us. But now, that we have you once more, we will watch you well and not let you fly away again, I can assure you! Nora is wild to see you; but, for one reason, we did not care to bring her. Launce has told us the entire story, Marion, and your aunt and I are of opinion that it would be a rash thing to risk the escape of those scoundrels at Kildoona by postponing our action in the matter until to-morrow. We have, in fact, decided on going to Kildoona at once; and that is why we left Nora behind us. She has no business there. What say you, Father William? Your opinion shall decide the point."

"I agree with you, thoroughly," was Father William's reply. "Those rascals must be confronted at once and charged with their crimes; but don't you think we should send word to the police, first of all?"

"That is already done," Brian Ronayne returned. "The police will follow us to Kildoona. Let us lose no time. Every moment is precious."

And five minutes later, indeed, we were all driving through the dark night toward Kildoona, Marion clinging to me in a wild, affrighted way, as we drew nearer and nearer to the ill-fated house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEMESIS.

WHEN we arrived at the avenue gate, we all, at Father William's wish, dismounted, and the vehicles remained on the road.

"Let us approach the house on foot," the old clergyman said. "Ha! I hear another car. The police, no doubt."

A side-car whirled up to the gate, and four men alighted.

Yes; they were the police. Father William told them to follow us on foot, and to watch without, while we entered the house.

We walked along under the leafless trees in silence. Now and then, the night wind moaned dismally in the bare branches overhead; now and then, the crash of the Atlantic breakers on the beach broke upon the silence; or the scream of a sea-bird rang shrilly in our ears, like a warning cry of doom.

And here we were at the house, at last; and now, Marion was clinging to both my hands, and a long moan of terror escaped her lips.

"Alice, Alice, I cannot enter that house again! No; I cannot! It is useless to urge me further."

Instantly Brian Ronayne, Aunt Anne, and Father William were at her side, while I supported her failing figure with my arms.

"Oh, Father William! you will not ask me to see that man again!" she urged pitifully. "I thought, when I was leaving your house to come here, that I could screw up my nerves to the required pitch; but for the past five minutes an awful terror has seized upon me, and I cannot — no; I *cannot* advance one step further!"

"My poor child, do not give way to this agitation," the old clergyman returned, soothingly. "In truth, we will not urge you to do anything against your wishes. Our motive in bringing you here to-night was that you could stand with us before those scoundrels, and charge that man with his wickedness, to his face! But now" —

"Hush!" Brian Ronayne suddenly cried. "Good Heavens! there is some dreadful scene going on in that room there! Don't you hear the voices?"

He pointed to the windows of the Elm Parlor, faintly illuminated by a subdued light from within; and, as he spoke, we heard plainly the sound of voices raised in anger — passionate anger, it seemed, gradually heightening to fury.

"Lift one of the windows cautiously," Aunt Anne whispered to Brian Ronayne. "Then we can move aside the blind, and see for ourselves what this means."

He obeyed her promptly. The window moved upward without a sound. Then Aunt Anne withdrew the blind slowly, and, as we all crowded around her, we were enabled to obtain a glimpse of the scene within.

In the dull-red light of a shaded lamp, placed on a table near the fire, the figures of Bothwell Aylmer and Randal Darragh were revealed.

Randal was standing with folded arms close to the table, his back to the window, while the man whom I had, for the past ten months, believed to be my brother, was holding on, for support, as it seemed, to the high back of the arm-chair, — just as he had clung to it some hours before, when Marion had confronted him in that fatal room.

An uncorked brandy-bottle and a tumbler were placed upon the table. I saw Aylmer's face distinctly, and I knew that he had been drinking hard since Marion and I had left him to-night. His eyes glared upon Randal Darragh like the eyes of a wild beast. His shaking right hand was thrust forward, the forefinger extended straight

toward Randal's face, as though he were charging his evil accomplice with some breach of faith, some unpardonable treachery.

As we peered into the room, Bothwell Aylmer was speaking in furious passion, every word reaching our ears distinctly without.

" . . . and I may thank you, *you* for all!" he cried, hoarsely. "But for meeting you that night — curse you! — this would never have occurred. You tempted me and urged me on to the act, and told me it would be the making of me for the future. I know *now* why you were so eager that I should play the part I have played in this house, for the past months. You wanted to revenge your mind on Richard Carroll, — to pay him off for his treatment of you in that poaching-case, long ago! You told me the story yourself, in one of your drunken confidences. I see all now — all — *all!* I have been duped, befooled, ruined — utterly ruined, body and soul, and all by you, you, *you!*"

That trembling, extended hand was thrust nearer to Randal Darragh's face. That emaciated, tottering figure, seemed to be acquiring gradually the preternatural strength and activity of insanity itself.

"*Dar Dhia*, man alive! What does *I* care for your d — d *rohosham!*" * Randal cried, fiercely. "Sure, *I* didn't force you to pass yourself off as Master Richard Carroll, did I? It was your own free will; an' you jumped at the iday quick enough that night! You seem to forget all about it; but I remimber it well enough.

"When you wor prowlin' about the grounds here, strivin' to get a word with Miss Marion, I met you by chance, an' took you first for Master Richard!

"Then you laughed, an' told me it was a mistake o'mine; an' from that we began talkin', an' the plan crossed my mind, an' you met me half way, faix, an' intered into it, heart an' sowl!

"Then you told me Miss Marion knew you, an' that she'd have to be got rid of; so you come home with me to my own cabin, an' there we settled everything.

"The next night you thought you kilt her, an' you took to your heels.

"But you come again a few weeks after, an' heard about the advertisements bein' sint to the papers; an' you went to Midnight Mass to the Glen Chapel, so that you'd get a good fair look at Miss Alice, an' Miss Anne, an' the priest, an' all the people. You wanted to know 'em all by eyesight before you'd come to live among 'em, later on!

"Now, which of us is most to blame, pal? — you or me. Come, come! have sinse. We can't stay till mornin' here. Miss Marion'll give the alarm, an' we'll have the whole squad of 'em a-top of us in a jiffy. Here — fork me out the cash I axed you for; — one hundred an' fifty pound! I'll take no less; an' then you an' me'll cry 'quits' forever!"

"Not one farthing will I give you!" was Bothwell Aylmer's vehement rejoinder; and, turning suddenly, he seized the brandy bottle,

* Silly talk.

half filled the tumbler with the fiery liquid, and drained it at a draught. "No; not one farthing, you vile miscreant! You think you'll bully me, I suppose; but you were never more mistaken in your life. Away from me, I tell you! Keep back. I wash my hands of you from this hour. Back, back, I say!"

As the words passed his lips, that shaking hand of his was suddenly clenched, and he struck Randal Darragh straight between the eyes.

Then he sprang forward from the support of the big chair. The light of madness blazed in his eyes. He no longer tottered. For the time being, at least, he was as strong as the villain before him.

"You won't give me the cash — eh?" shrieked Randal. "And you sthrike me in the face; do you? All right, my bloomin' gallows-bird? We'll see if I can't pay you off for *that*, whatever!"

He stooped suddenly toward the fireplace. For a moment his ungainly figure was hidden from our sight. Then he reappeared; and Marion shrieked aloud in terror.

"Ah, hold him back! Hold him back!" were the wild words which rushed from her lips. "Take the poker from him! He will murder him — in the midst of his sins."

It was the last pitiful plea of the outraged wife; for, in this crowning moment, notwithstanding all Bothwell Aylmer's cruelty toward her, Marion could not forget that she had once called him husband, once loved and trusted him as such.

But that pitiful appeal came too late. We saw the dreadful weapon uplifted; we heard a sound from Randal Darragh's lips, like the ferocious growl of a wild beast. Then the poker descended; there was a dull, crunching blow, a shrill yell of agony, and all was over,

The police rushed in. Randal was seized and handcuffed. At the same instant, his mother, drunken and staggering, appeared at the door.

But I have but a confused recollection of this hideous scene. It sometimes returns to me in fevered dreams; and in my waking hours I endeavor to believe that it was, in truth, but some ghastly nightmare.

Ah! do not ask me to dwell further upon this awful night. Let us hasten away from it, and strive to blot out forever that dark episode of violence and horror.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LAST WORDS — FAREWELL.

THREE months went by.

Marion, Aunt Anne and I were still at Rathronayne. In truth, we could not bring ourselves to return to Kildoona just yet.

Launce had gone to the continent, to see the friend of his childhood, boyhood, and early manhood, and he postponed his departure from Dignon week after week, visiting constantly at the monastery, and writing long accounts of these happy visits to Aunt Anne and to me.

Day after day, I urged Marion to rouse herself from the stupor of

horror which seemed to have fastened down upon her since that awful night at Kildoona, and to fulfil her promise of coming with me to see poor Richard.

But, for months, I was utterly unable to win her round to my desires.

At last, however, I was successful. We left Ireland in the early summer, and Aunt Anne had decided upon venturing back to Kildoona, and having our old home in readiness to receive us, when we returned from abroad.

"We must forget the past, my dear," Aunt Anne said to me. "It was a dreadful experience in our lives; but, thank Heaven, it is gone by forever. We must endeavor to brighten up the old house once again. Christopher Jacobs was finely disappointed, Alice," my aunt added, with a smile of satisfaction. He was just ready to pounce on the place and foreclose the mortgage, when the truth was made known to him as to Bothwell Aylmer. Then he found that he had been beautifully 'sold,' and he was forced to surrender the title-deeds on the spot! Perhaps that little occurrence may leave a good effect upon that unprincipled harpy, and teach him a little Christian forbearance and charity for the future."

"I fear not," I returned; "on the contrary, it will render him more ferocious. He will vent his ire on some other unfortunate victim."

Randal Darragh had stood his trial — first of all, for aiding and abetting Bothwell Alymer's felonies, and, lastly for manslaughter; and was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

What became of his wretched mother I know not. During the first months of her son's transportation, she disappeared one night from her home, and never returned to our part of the country again.

So that, when Marion and I did, at last, set out on our long-spoken-of visit to the French Monastery, the storm-clouds were rolling away rapidly from our gloomy skies, and the blessed sunshine of peace was stealing forth once more.

To our amazement and joy, who should meet us in London but Father William! He had come on by another route, in order to give us a happy surprise.

Launce was still on the continent; and I suspected shrewdly that there was a little plot on foot between our good old friend and Marion's hapless lover.

Nor was I mistaken.

When, after two or three days' journey, we arrived at Dignon, lo! here was Launce waiting to welcome us from the *Diligence*, his dark face beaming with renewed happiness and hope.

That same evening we four visited the Monastery. Ah! happy, happy visit! — although my joy at this reunion was not without a note of sadness, too.

Yes; my lost brother was restored to me, in truth. It was the Richard of the long ago.

I saw again the clear, honest, blue eyes, so full of tenderness and courage. I heard again the buoyant tones which had rung in my ears

like music, in the dear old days gone by. How I longed that poor "Rollo" could share my delight at this meeting!"

And still — despite my efforts to conquer the selfish feeling — my heart sank and sank.

Yes; my loved one was restored to me, in one sense, but lost, forevermore in life, in another. His old home could know him never again; and I sighed heavily as I bethought me of my own future at Kildoona — without Richard!

Then again, by degrees, an inner voice struggled to be heard, and at last found out the ear of my soul, and cried to me:

"Alice Carroll, do you grudge him to God? Would you, if you could, withdraw him from this blessed life of self-denial, faith, sacrifice, and noble deeds, and drag him back into the pettiness, the selfish struggles, the misery of the world?"

And so I conquered that narrow selfishness. No, no! — a thousand times no! I did not grudge him to his God. Ah! I was satisfied now to give up my darling to wiser and better hands than mine.

On the day of our farewell, Richard spoke fully, at last, as to his wishes with regard to Kildoona.

"You, Marion, and you, Alice, will, of course, make the old place your home as long as you please," he said, as he took one of our hands in each of his, and gazed, with his beautiful, Celtic eyes, into our faces. "Aunt Anne will always remain with you; and at some other time I hope you will all come again to see me and bring *her*. That visit must not be long postponed, either," he added, glancing at Launce Ronayne and Father William, who now smilingly approached — as if, I thought, the little scene had been previously arranged between them; "and when you all come again, I shall expect to meet a brother in the person of my dear old friend here," and he looked affectionately at Launce. "Yes, Marion, dear; this is my wish, and I know you will grant me this happiness. Launce loves you. He is worthy of your love — for a nobler heart never beat in man's breast than his! Give him your hand, Marion, before you leave me. I shall take that act as a tacit promise that you will not refuse my request."

Then, a beautiful color suffused my sister's face, and her small hand was timidly extended, and grasped in Launce Ronayne's honest palm.

So we took our leave of my brother, and he stood at the monastery door waving his hand to us, until the bend of the winding avenue hid him from our sight.

So, in my dreams, I often again saw his loved face, heard his kindly tones, and felt the lingering pressure of his dear hand in mine.

. . . . . .

Well, we returned to Ireland, and Richard's fond wishes were, in due time, fulfilled. Launce Ronayne and my sister were united at last, and Heaven smiled upon their union.

They now reside at Rathronayne, and Aunt Anne, Nell Connor, and I live out peacefully our quiet lives within the ivy-clad walls of old Kildoona.

We visit Richard, now and then; and my heart has long since recognized the comforting fact that he is far happier in his monastic home, amid the vines and olives of Dignon, than he could ever be elsewhere.

And now, all is told.

I lift my eyes from these pages, and gaze out through the clustering elms by my window, and lo! the blue Atlantic is before me, its foam-fringed wavelets breaking in musically upon the sunlit shingle of the shore; and away there to the westward are the azure peaks which I love so well, and all around me are rest and peace, and quiet domestic joys.

By and by, I shall hear Father William's kindly voice below; for, despite his nine and eighty years, our silver-haired old friend is still almost a daily looker-in at the house which he always loved.

And may God spare him to us, I say! — and, with this heartfelt prayer, I close my desk, and wish you all — Farewell.

THE END.

Moral Cowardice.

THE fearful result of men drifting from the Church has recently been exhibited in the suicide of two ambitious leaders, Boulanger and Balmaceda. Both of these individuals aspired to be leaders, and when defeat came, like cowards, they sought to hide their humiliated pride in the grave. Their idea of the object of life was the attainment of glory. The one was cruel, selfish, and revengeful, and the other, immoral and ambitious. Had they been imbued with the doctrines of the Church, in place of taking their own lives, they would have accepted their defeat and humiliation in the spirit of resignation, and found consolation at the foot of the cross.

The tragic death of Boulanger was accomplished at a place and in a manner that shocks every feeling of propriety, and only shows how men of genius and prominence can abandon all self-respect and violate the laws of morality, while, at the same time, claiming the support of the people. It also shows how utterly unworthy he was to be a leader in a land whose proudest title was "eldest daughter of the Church."

A leader should be a man of irreproachable character and a model of virtue. Boulanger was neither; nor was he possessed of true heroism. Whilst he had that brute courage which moves men to march into the very jaws of death to win renown, he did not have the moral courage to endure his repudiation by his country and the death of one whose companionship was a crime. The contrast presented by the death of these two men and that of a vanquished Christian leader, who accepts the reverses of life in a proper spirit, demonstrates, in a truly practical manner, that the teachings of the Church are not only sufficient to restrain men in the hour of victory, but to strengthen them in defeat and sorrow. Those who are trying to weaken the influence of the Church should learn a lesson from the fate of Boulanger and Balmaceda, and in that fate see the result of their efforts to silence the teachings of the Gospel. The Church News, Washington, D. C.

The Clan-na Loughlan.

AN IRISH HISTORICAL POEM, IN TWO CANTOS.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM COLLINS.

Author of "Rory the Rapparee"; "The Rose of Mourne; "Dalaradia: A Tale of the Days of King Milcho;" "The Wild Geese;" "Desmond; or, The Two Flags," etc.

Canto First.

I.

Upon Slieve Donard's heathy height
The sun bursts out with gladsome light,
And, as his earliest beams emerge
Beyond the horizon's rosy verge,
He leaps to kiss, with rapturous joy,
The wavy woods of Clandeboy,
And fondly tints, with radiant glow,
The dimpled waters as they flow
Undimmed and pure o'er rock and linn,
Like infant heart, untouched by sin.

II.

The day-god woos Slieve Donard's form,
That stands unscathed mid strife and storm;
And, as the thick mist rolls away,
Dispersed by his all-piercing ray,
A thousand glories are revealed,
A thousand beauties are unsealed,
And to the eye, with wondrous ken,
Rise mountain, river, rock, and glen,
Turret and tower, and donjon keep,
And fosse and rampart, broad and deep:
Fringed by dark woods that line the shore,
Round Maghera and Tobermore:
Like gems, by nature freely strewn
From Neagh's green banks to Port Glenone.
Carntogher soars in beauty grand;
Slieve Mish its varied peaks expand,
Where oft the saintly Patrick trod,
In youth, communing with his God,
Or mused beside the spreading bay,
Where Nial's ships at anchor lay.
From tall Slieve Croob, the lambent air
Freshens Andarragh's valleys fair,
And loud is heard the skylark's song
The dark-green, wavy woods among,
By Shimna and by Annalong.

III.

Blithesome and gay the mild May dawn
That gilds Slieve Donard's crest;
Fair is the scene it shines upon,
In love, and peace, and rest.
The fat beeves by the river's brink
Browse peacefully and still;
The timid deer, unstartled, drink
By every stream and rill.
No huntsman's cry, no bugle horn
Awakes the echoes lone;
No sound disturbs the bright May morn,
No slogan blast is blown.
The echoes sleep upon the shore,
The hill-fox in his lair;
No tramp of steed, no splash of oar
Breaks on the stillness there.
But, ere the sun shall veil his light
From mountain, wood, and lea,
'Ere comes the night, Slieve Donard's height
A goodly sight shall see!
For, hid among the furze and fern,
Amid the brush and broom,
Clan Loughlan's saffron-shirted kern
Find fair and ample room.
Clan Loughlan's spears are in the glen,
His flag is on the hill,
With trice five hundred fearless men
To do his lordly will.
And never yet has Norman host
Pierced his proud rank of spears,
Or Norman king of victory boast
O'er his stern mountaineers.

IV.

O'er fifty towers his banner flew,
A hundred hills his slogan knew,
And thrice a thousand lances stirred
In answer to their chieftain's word.
From Bann to Foyle the beacons blazed —
From Finn to Esk the cry was raised,
And echoed o'er the hills afar
When Loughlan called the clans to war.

V.

Clan Loughlan's chiefs were chiefs of fame,
And loved and honored clan and name:
The boast of Erin, proud and grand,
Noblest of Erin, proud and grand —

From Newry's towers to broad Tyrone,
From Bann's green banks to Innishowen,
From where Dundalgan's turrets rise,
To where tall Croghan greets the skies,
Saimer's green vales, Lough Foyla's shore,
O'Cahan's land, rude Barnesmore, —
All, all in fealty knelt and prayed
For him who well the sceptre swayed;
And many a clan, and many a host,
For him they served and loved the most,
Would rally round the blood-red hand,
When raised for faith and fatherland —
Dundalgan, the ancient name of Dundalk —
And meet the foe with greeting loud
As bolted thunder rends the cloud.

VI.

The bark-borne fisher of Lough Neagh
Threw by his nets to join the fray;
The hunter paused the boar to tame,
And grasped the spear for nobler game.
The reaper by the Mourne's banks
Forsook the scythe for freedom's ranks,
The bard his wild harp flung aside,
The bridegroom left his new-made bride;
And old and hoary, gray and young,
Their souls with love of freedom strung,
Leaped to the strife whene'er they saw
O'Loughlan's flag in Maghera.
And many a fierce heart throbbed with joy
To greet its folds in Clandeboy,
And rally round the ancient sign
Of Nial of the Pledges Nine.

VII.

In Maghera there's care to-day,
No curraghs skim in Dundrum Bay;
The deer, by hunter unpursued,
May roam at will in Myroe's wood;
O'Loughlan's tower, deserted now,
Looks grim as Donard's sullen brow.
No watchman paces on the wall,
No harp-string echoes in the hall,
No footstep of the kern resounds
Along the bare, deserted grounds.
The raven, as he flutters near,
Turns on his course with sudden fear,
So still and lifeless, lorn and lone,
Seems every gray and moss-grown stone.

VIII.

But though no living thing appears,
No glimpse of men or glimpse of spears,
Yet trusty spears and wary men
Keep watch and ward by hill and glen;
There's not a bush Slieve Donard bears,
There's not a tree the wood uprears
'Twixt Maghera and Annalong,
There's not a rock their glens among,
A copse-wood green, a dingle fair,
But hides a fierce Clan-Loughlan there;
Whose eyes with eager longings gaze
O'er hill and glen and wildwood maze!

IX.

'Tis eve, the sun is sinking low;
His beams have left the vale below,
But still upon Slieve Donard's crest
With lingering smile he loves to rest,
And, as his daily course is o'er,
Sudden, on hill, and vale, and shore,
There bursts a wild and fearful yell,
As if the very fiends of hell
Sprang through the jaws of death and came
To flood the land with blood and flame —
So sudden and so fierce its tone
The bravest heart a dread might own.

X.

Ere its last echo faintly died
Afar, beyond Slieve Donard's side,
From out the pass within the glen,
Spurred hard a band of mail-clad men.
Their levelled lances brightly shone,
As gallantly their steeds dashed on;
Their armor caught the fleeting glow
The sun cast on the woods below;
And, as they come, his rays reveal
Their long, bright lines of gleaming steel;
And bugle clang and trumpet note
Out on the evening breezes float,
And soars o'er rock, and stream, and gorge,
The red-cross banner of St. George.
De Lacy leads each serried rank,
A thousand men from front to flank.
St. Bruno's monks in Newry mourn, —
His hand from them their power has torn,
His rugged breast was deaf to prayer
Of monk or mitred abbot there.

His march, that morn, beyond the Pale,
Was marked with woe and woman's wail;
The smoking roof-trees dim the air,
On mead and strand the corpse lies bare,
And desolation, far and wide,
His ruthless hand has well supplied.

XI.

But where is fierce O'Loughlan now?
Why stirs he not on Donard's brow?
For him his dearest foemen wait;
Fears he the glance of frowning fate,
Or dreads the nod of Norman plume,
That thus he hides amid the broom?
No! though the Norman spears were strong,
And thick as oaks in Annalong,
Though every blade of grass that springs
'Twixt him and Maghera of kings
Sent forth a foe, he would not fear,
Nor blanch before his fiercest spear.
Did ever Kineal Owen shrink
From danger, though on death's dark brink?
Did e'er the Gael from onset hie,
When Dane or Norman churl came nigh?
In town or tower, in mead or mere,
When did Clan Loughlan ever fear?

XII.

Sudden as leaps the lightning flash,
Sudden as booms the thunder crash,
Up from the ground the lances leap,
High on the breeze the banners sweep.
The ponderous pike, uplifted high
With lusty arm and flashing eye —
The ready spear, well poised, to throw
Its headlong strength upon the foe —
The bow, with eager finger pressed,
Points to De Lacy's haughty crest;
On rock, and cliff, and crag, anear,
Flame banner, buckles, brand, and spear;
Hidden the heather on the hill,
Hidden the furze beside the rill,
Hidden the brush, the broom, the fern,
Far as the foeman can discern,
From peak to base, from head to heel,
Slieve Donard's sides are clothed in steel!

XIII.

As from their heathy couch they sprung,
Wildly the cry of freedom rung;

It pealed afar o'er Donard's crest,
It shook Carntogher's rugged breast;
The frightened eagles, screaming, fled
From distant Invar's hoary head,
The red deer ran towards Conla's lake,
The frenzied boar forsook the brake,
And, as upon the breeze 'twas blown,
It echoed far in green Tyrone.
That slogan as it rent the air,
Told not of fear or dark despair,
But in each clansman's burning blood
It roused a fierce, red lava flood
Of hate and vengeance 'gainst the hand
That came to raid O'Loughlan's land

XIV.

The chieftain marked, with eager glance,
De Lacy's steel-clad knights advance;
Their lances tall, their bowmen good
In close array march from the wood —
Their iron ranks for battle set,
With helmet, buckler, bastinet,
And trappings dight with gems and gold
From many a shrine and castle hold,
Despoiled and torn, by glen and dale,
Outside the borders of the Pale.
But faltered not O'Loughlan then,
What recked he of their mail-clad men?
What cared he for the robber brood
Whose hands were aye in blood imbrued?
His banner proudly o'er him waved,
That oft their fiercest charge had braved;
His clansmen waited but his call
Upon their foremost ranks to fall;
And, answering to their fearless shout,
With hand on hilt, his blade leaped out,
And, while the war-pipe's maddening tone,
Press to the charge the Kineal-Owen,
With lance in rest and bended bow,
Clan Loughlan stands before the foe!

XV.

Then paused the Norman! Well he might;
For never yet beamed such a sight
Upon him, as he now surveys
With troubled heart and anxious gaze.
Crafty as fierce, he keenly viewed
The stern battalions in the wood,
Watched them advance a-down the slope,
And, deeming that he could not cope

With such a host upon the plain,
Resolved that perfidy should gain,
Where force and boldest deeds were vain.
Bending, with courtly greeting, low,
His white plume touched his saddle bow;
With lowered lance, unvisored face,
He spurs him from his ranks apace,
And reins his steed, with graceful spring,
Beside Clan Loughlan's chief and king.

XVI.

"My liege lord, Henry, greeting sends,
And with his wish his fond love blends,
To all his vassels far and near,
Within his realm of Ulster here;
To those who have his friendship felt,
And to his throne in fealty knelt,
He greets, with courtesy and grace,
And offers rank, and power, and place;
To those misguided chiefs who still
Rebel against the royal will,
And war against their rightful lord,
He doth, in clemency, accord
Pardon and grace for misdeed done
Against him and his royal son,
Provided, in befitting hour,
They speed to Newry's royal tower,
And all their ancient laws disown
And swear allegiance to his throne."

XVII.

"Lord Earl," O'Loughlan made reply,
And flashed the lightning from his eye,
His hand upon his sword:
"Sooner Slieve Donard's base shall reel,
Sooner this heart fear Norman steel,
Than an O'Loughlan basely kneel
To Norman king or lord!
What reck we for the tyrant who
In wrath the sainted Becket slew;
Or you, vile minion, base, untrue,
That knows not ruth nor dole!
The saint's red blood stains Henry's name,
O'Rourke's still dims De Lacy's fame, —
Brothers in murder, guilt, and shame,
There's blood upon each soul!
Nor darker is the darkest grave
In deepest depths of ocean's wave,
Unfathomed and unknown,

Than is the hatred, strong and deep,
That in our bounding bosoms leap
For him, and him alone, —
The perjured king, the spoiler rude,
Hoary in guilt, in blood imbued,
Slayer of priest and guest,
Accursed of heaven, accursed of men;
The she wolf, in her gory den,
Bears not so fierce a breast!

XVIII.

"Shall we, who swept the Roman host
From Britain's coward, conquered coast,
When her soft sons were slaves, —
Shall we, while linked in war array,
A perjured king's behests obey,
And love, hope, country, cast away?
As well might Norman try to stay
The rush of Mourne's waves!
Let Leinster whine in mute despair,
While robbers plant their standard there;
None but the veriest slave would bear
The dark yoke of the Pale!
Ulster bends not to Norman throne,
Her hills no foreign flag has known,
Her plains are ours, and ours alone,
The birthright of the Gael!
Where our brave sires trod free, of yore,
Unfettered, free, from shore to shore,
Where Dathi Nial's banner bore,
Unconquered and unquelled,
We'll guard and keep, though all the world
In wrath its serried legions hurled
Against us and our flag unfurled,
Till death our doom has knelled!
Norman, unholy and accursed,
Nurtured on blood, on plunder nursed,
When war's red, fiery billows burst,
Tell your assassin lord,
Strong is O'Loughlan's kingly pride,
Rough are the rocks on Donard's side,
Fierce are the waves of Bann, and wide
And treacherous many a ford!
By Maghera the glens are deep,
By Foyle the mountain slopes are steep,
And watch and ward good bowmen keep
By many a town and tower;
But town and turret, tower and hall,
Shall by war's deadliest lightnings fall,
Ere we shall bend to Norman thrall,

Or bow to Norman power!
Upon our native heath we tread,
Sacred by blood of heroes shed,
Here, on the graves of martyred dead,
Be this our answer given:
While one O'Loughlan bears a brand,
While one heart throbs for motherland,
He'll guard his rights with weaponed hand,
And kneel to none but Heaven!"

XIX.

A red spot tinged De Lacy's cheek,
Fierce was the glance he stole,
Oh! for a moment's chance to wreak
The vengeance in his soul!
But there, before him, calmly stood
A chief whose proud and fiery mood
Ill brooked the war's delay.
His first dark thought was out to spring;
But soon the fierce resolve took wing,
And craft and guile held sway.
Choking his burning passion down,
He hoarsely spoke, with sullen frown
On demon brow and cheek,*
While coursed the hot blood through his veins,
Wildly, as dash the autumn rains
'Gainst Donard's rocky peak:
"Sir Chief, at Henry's feet I knelt,
On Aquitaine's gory height;
His princely hand and sword I felt,
And rose a belted knight.
Since then, I've followed in his train,
Where'er his banner soared,
And, to the last, I shall remain
With him, my prince and lord;
And he who mentions him in shame
Doth do me woful ill;
De Lacy must avenge his name,
And sooth, De Lacy will.
Here, on this fair and open plain,
To-morrow, let us be,
And end this strife betwixt us twain,
This feud 'tween thee and me.
I, with my squire, shall early hie,
Until we reach this spot,
And you, with yours, to do or die;
The rest will see us not.

De Lacy was a man of low stature, with a short, thick neck, a broad, muscular chest, thickly covered with hair, and a face fearfully disfigured by some accidental scald in his earlier years. *Vide* History of the Norman Invasion, etc.

'Revenge' the war-cry when we meet,
And, be it good or ill,
There lies my gauntlet at your feet,
And take it, if you will."

XX.

He flung the steel glove to the ground;
O'Loughlan leaped with sudden bound
And grasped it in his hand.
In silence gazed the Norman men,
No sound broke from the hill or glen,
Mute was O'Loughlan's band.
Raising the gauntlet o'er his head,
With heart-felt joy O'Loughlan said,
"De Lacy, be it so;
The vengeance of each Irish heart,
Wronged, outraged, trampled, torn apart,
By Norman perfidy and art,
To-morrow thou shalt know!
Swift speed the hours till morning's light,
When, breast to breast, we meet in fight;
For one the day must close in night,
But, let what chance betide,
Free shalt thou rest till morning's rise,
Free, till the mist from Donard hies,
Free from attack or rude surprise;
Till then, in peace abide."

XXI.

They turned, each heart with vengeance rife,
At morn to meet in deadly strife.

Canto II. next month.

The Œuvre Expiatoire at La Chapelle — Montligeon, Orne, France.

His Holiness the Pope Leo XIII., with his usual benevolence, has granted the prayer of the Rev. Paul Buguet, and graciously given his cordial and most ample benediction to the Director-General of this noble work, the priests, his coadjutors, and to all who labor with him in the composition, printing, and propagation of good books, in order to counteract the evil influence that bad literature exercises over youthful minds, and prevent its future extension.

This Apostolic Benediction is dated from the Vatican, September 9, 1891, and was announced to the employés of the Œuvre Expiatoire assembled for the evening reunion before our Lady of Montligeon's altar, by the Rev. Paul Buguet (Director-General) after the prayers on Thursday night, September 11.

Learn to submit thyself readily to thy superior if thou desirest to subdue thy own flesh. — *Thomas à Kempis.*

Eminent Confederate Generals.

III.

LIEUTENANT DICK DOWLING, THE HERO OF SABINE PASS.

"WHO is in command here?" inquired the Federal officer, in rich and gay uniform, as he stood on the parapets of Fort Griffin, at Sabine Pass.

"I am," promptly rejoined the young Irishman, with face blackened with powder and begrimed with smoke.

Captain Crocker could not believe that this boy, in an unfinished mud fort, with only forty men, could have accomplished the destruction of his boats, the surrender of three hundred men, and the abandonment of the invasion of Texas. But it was true. Dick Dowling, the junior lieutenant of the "Davis Guards" — a company of about forty men, formed at Houston, Texas — was, on September 8, 1863, in command of this unfinished Fort Griffin, on the Texas side of Sabine Pass. The armament of this fort — if fort it can be called — consisted of one forty-four pounder, smooth bore, four thirty-two pound Parrotts, and an unused brass twenty-four pounder.

Such was the condition of this improvised fort, commanded by an Irish boy, scarce twenty years of age, when, on a bright and beautiful September morning, the Federal fleet, sailed majestically into view, with an air of assured victory, having for its ultimate object the invasion and conquest of Texas. The gun-boat Clifton came first, Captain Crocker commanding, disdaining the fort, and boldly advancing up the channel, on the side nearest the Texas shore. In her wake followed the Sachem, in command of Lieutenant Johnston. Both boats seemed to regard the little fort merely as a target, upon which they might exercise some careless practising. Every now and then, the Clifton would open a broadside, and Fort Griffin would tremble under the ordeal; still, no sound escaped from the fort, and the Federal officers began to conclude that they were wasting shot and shell upon an abandoned and deserted earthwork. Dowling had ordered his men to the bomb-proofs, to come out only on his giving the signal, by firing the first shot. The Clifton at last came within four hundred yards of Griffin, when Dowling, with great coolness and deliberation, gave the signal shot. At the same moment, almost, a cannon-ball went crashing through the Clifton's side. Up rushed the Texas boys, eager for the fight, and Fort Griffin trembled with the reverberating echoes of artillery. Then, by command of Dowling, three of the guns were levelled at the Sachem. The Clifton redoubled her firing until the very earth seemed shaking beneath the fort.

The villagers at Sabine, a short distance off, were awe-stricken; they could hear the mighty roar of the cannonade, they could see the flash of powder; the shock of shot and shell told them too plainly that the battle raged in deadly, terrible earnestness. The Clifton turned suddenly, to give one farewell broadside and conclude the struggle,

when she became grounded. Dowling saw his opportunity. Fast and thick his cannon-balls fell upon the devoted vessel, until a white flag finally announced her surrender. For a short while the Sachem bravely stood the storm, when she, too, followed the example of the Clifton. Both boats, with their transports, became the trophies of Dowling and the Davis Guards. The fight was short, sharp, and decisive; the battle was fierce, the victory complete. It was at this moment that Captain Crocker, advancing with his boat's crew and standing upon the parapet of Fort Griffin, inquired the name of its commander, the man to whom he should formally surrender, and was confronted by Dick Dowling, the Irish boy. Dick accompanied the captain to his boat, where he received his sword. Dowling had lost not a man; indeed, there was not a single casualty in the fort. Three hundred and fifteen Federal officers and men surrendered. They were taken in charge by the Home Guard, composed of twenty men, who had come to learn the occasion of the firing. A contemporaneous correspondent, writing to the New York Herald, said: "Considering the number of the forces engaged, it is doubtful if any affair of the whole war can compare with the battle of Sabine Pass."

The Confederate Congress, then in session in Richmond, heard the story of the fight with exultation and amazement, and, in a note of thanks to Dowling and his men, said: "This defence, resulting, under the providence of God, in the defeat of the enemy, the capture of the gun-boats, with more than three hundred prisoners, including the commander of the fleet, the crippling of a third gun-boat, the dispersion of the transports, and preventing the invasion of Texas, constitutes, in the opinion of Congress, one of the most brilliant and heroic achievements of the war." And an eye-witness wrote: "The heroism displayed at Sabine Pass has never been excelled, when the odds are considered, and the moral stamina it must have required, in one so young, to brave the presence of little less than an Armada."

Commodore H. H. Bell, before the battle, wrote to Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy: "I have the honor to inform the Department that Major-General Banks, having organized a force of four thousand men, under General Franklin, to effect a landing at Sabine Pass, for military occupation, and having requested the coöperation of the navy, which I most gladly acceded to, I assigned the naval force to Lieutenant Frederick Crocker." He then enumerates the boats constituting the naval escort, and concludes: "I have no doubt that this force is sufficient for the object in view."

After the battle, the commodore writes the secretary, expressing his regret at the loss of part of his fleet, and at the failure of the expedition; he winds up with the wise conclusion that the force was not sufficient for the work assigned it.

Dick Dowling, who was thus made immortal, was only an Irish boy, without military training or education; but he has been most justly entitled, on account of his brave and daring conduct, "The Hero of Sabine Pass." After the war, he engaged in business in Houston, Texas, where he fell a victim to the terrible scourge of

yellow fever. High on the "roll of fame," shall the name of this young hero be written, for he acted well his part, and lived up to his sincere and conscientious convictions of duty.

JOHN T. GOOLRICK.

Aubrey De Vere.

ONE of the loveliest and most interesting places in Ireland, although it has never been a resort of tourists, is the district of Adare, which lies some twenty miles to the south-west of the city of Limerick. Not far from Adare stands the mansion of Curragh Chase, the home of the Vere Hunts, now De Veres, for about two hundred years. It stands on the slope of a green height, which descends gently to the shore of a small lake. On the further side are dark woods, while in one place the rocky bank rises abruptly and boldly to the sky, and is crowned with an Irish cross. The owner of the estate is Sir Stephen de Vere, author of the admirable translations from Horace. But Sir Stephen de Vere has long been a recluse, and the actual seigneur of Curragh Chase is his younger brother, Aubrey de Vere, the last heir to the title and name.

Mr. de Vere was born at Curragh Chase in 1814. Much of his life has been spent in travel, and much in his Irish home. He is conversant with public affairs, and has written several valuable treatises on Irish questions, among which may be mentioned English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds (1848), and The Church Settlement of Ireland (1868). His ideal for Ireland is, however, one against which the destinies seem to have declared, namely, that she should abandon her political aspirations and aim at becoming a spiritual force, and the regeneratrix, in the religious sense, of the British Empire. Always an advanced High Churchman, he joined the Catholic Church in 1851, a step also taken by his mother and brothers. He is a Catholic of the type of that Howard who led England's fleet against the Armada, and whom Mr. de Vere has glorified in a fine sonnet, for his brave resolve that, come what might, "no foot of Parma" should "stain the household floors" of England. Though not a Nationalist, Mr. de Vere has also keen sympathies with Irish character and history — especially religious history. Many of his poems, such as the Foray of Queen Meave, or Bard Ethell, or The Sisters, deal with themes drawn from Celtic legend or from Irish social life, while his Innisfall is a ballad chronicle of Ireland such as Thomas Davis pointed out as a worthy work for Irish genius to undertake. Among the most characteristic and satisfying of Mr. de Vere's works are those in which some great historic theme is treated in a mood of imaginative meditation, as illustrating some movement or conflict of spiritual forces in the world. Such are his well-wrought dramas, so full of intellectual and moral interest, St. Thomas of Canterbury and Alexander the Great. Yet it is in dealing with Irish themes that we find his tenderest touches. The Year of Sorrow, a threnody on the Irish famine of forty years ago is, perhaps, the most impassioned utterance to be found in all his works.

It certainly deserves to be included in the selections lately edited by Mr. John Dennis, and published by Messrs. Cassell. But Mr. de Vere has hope for Ireland as well as sorrow, and he sings it as well:

"The little black Rose shall be red at last!
What made it black but the east wind dry,
And the tear of the widow that fell on it fast?
It shall redden the hills when June is nigh.

"The milk of the kine shall rest at last!
What drove her forth but the dragon fly?
In the Golden Vale she shall feed full fast,
With her mild gold horn and her slow, dark eye."

The Marriage Altar.

LET us sketch a bright and beautiful scene of life. Behold a wedding party, around the altar of God. A lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she just plighted her faith; to whom she has just given up herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and ye hard-hearted bachelors, and tell us, if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth. See the trusting, the heroic devotion which impels her to leave country and parents for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and noble heart. Woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood.

We have all read the history of the husband who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who but, a few months before, had united her faith to his: "If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and to your happiness."—"And will you give me back that which I brought you?" asked the despairing wife. "Yes," he replied, "and your wealth shall go with you; I covet it not."—"Alas!" she answered, "I thought not of my wealth,—I spoke of my devoted love; can you give that back to me?"—"No!" said the man, as he flung himself at her feet—"No! I cannot restore it, but I will do more; I will keep it unsullied and unstained; I will cherish it through my life and to my death; and never, again, will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cherish her who gave up to me all she held most dear."

Who now can doubt that there is poetry in a woman's look, in a woman's word, in a woman's heart? See it here! the mild, the gentle reproof of love, winning back from its harshness and its rudeness the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah! if creation's fairer sex only knew her strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fiercest battles would be unfought; how much unhappiness and coldness would be avoided. Man was born to rule the storm, but woman to rule its master.

Catholic Telegraph.

Curing the Drink Habit.

DRUNKENNESS is an inherited physical trait; so the physiologists tell us. Drunkenness is a disease; so the doctors tell us. Drunkenness is a sin; so the Church and common-sense tell us. As a sin it must be treated like other sins. It has its temptations and its proximate occasions. The former must be resisted; the latter avoided. Sin long indulged in becomes a vice, and a drunkard is simply a vicious man.

According to the different views taken of the cause, we observe a difference in the proposed method of cure. The doctors prescribe gold and remedies that dull the drink appetite. The physiologists prescribe restraint and seclusion. The Church has no other remedy for drunkenness than she has for any other sin; her prescription is contrition, accompanied by a firm resolution of amendment. But it will be urged against this position of the Church that there is something exceptionally strong in the drink habit that seems to defy ordinary sacramental antidotes. That is not true. The fact is, there is something inherently weak in the drunkard's resolution of amendment. Many things conspire to weaken the drinker's resolution. Drunkenness does not entail social disgrace, like other vices. Society does not visit the drunkard with the same measure of vengeance it metes out to the thief and the adulterer. Men being more lenient, God's judgment is lost sight of. If we were to brand with social ostracism the man who habitually drinks to intoxication; if we denied him our society; if we debarred him from our homes; if we shunned him in private life and refused to have business dealings with him, as we refuse to consort with other criminals and law-breakers, we would find it as easy to reform drunkards as other sinners against the laws of God and man. With society ever ready to condone, it is difficult for the Church to enforce the rigor of her laws. Society is the *particeps criminis* in the case of every drunkard in the land. We blame the saloon keeper; he is not the real culprit. We preach prohibition; that is only turning every state into a home for inebriates. We blame the drunkard himself; he is not the only one guilty. We are ourselves to blame. We should cultivate a horror of drunkenness and of the drink habit: because between the two there is only a difference of temperament. We should begin the crusade against intemperance with the first lessons in the Catechism. We should continue it in our Sunday addresses to the people; because what we teach the children we should be able to demonstrate in the conduct of their fathers and mothers.

There is no doubt that drunkenness is frightfully on the increase, and we ascribe the spread of the evil to the growing habit of drinking beer. When whiskey was the tipple of the people, the young were slow to form a taste for it. In Kentucky, in the days of the black-bottle ornament on the mantle-piece, boys did not drink. Young men seldom drank. The liquor was too strong, and healthy stomachs rejected it. Now, the beer can comes as regularly to the table as the

milk pitcher, and all hands have a quaff. The baby at the breast can stand a sup or two. This educates a race of beer drinkers, and among such drunkards will always predominate. Beer is becoming cheaper and more injurious. There is no beverage so much adulterated, and none in which the drugs used are more poisonous. The lager beer of long ago has given place to the steam brew of the chemist. This is not only true of this country, but largely the case in the native land of Gambrinus. It was thought once that beer would eventually settle the temperance question. It has become the most potent agency in the spread of drunkenness.

How are we to check this avalanche of death? We have only one remedy to suggest; it is the temperance pledge. Drunkenness is a sin; a glass of beer that usually leads to drunkenness is the occasion of sin. It must be avoided. It is, for him who often drinks to excess, a sin to drink at all; a sin to take one glass; it may be a sin to go where drinking is indulged in by others. The same safeguards that morality suggests to a lustful man must be adopted by the drinker. Avoid the occasion. Flee from the temptation. Young men must be kept from saloons, and those more seductive vestibules of insanity, the beer-canning social clubs. This city is full of such clubs. Fifty young men rent a room; put in a few chairs and a table; buy a lamp and a beer can, and the club is equipped. In such places a full drunk will cost less than fifty cents, and an ordinary full much less. These young men are doing among themselves only what their fathers and mothers are doing at home. It is horrible.

We are sorry to find that some of our brethren of the clergy are opposed to temperance societies. They are thought to be purely Irish institutions and not suited to the habits of other and more steady people. And they have no sympathy with total abstinence, even as practised among the Irish. Our temperance advocates are derided as fanatics, and our temperance organizations as savoring of Puritanism, if not of Protestantism. Our observation leads us to believe that the Irish are not by any means the heaviest drinkers in the country, nor are they specially in need of the assistance of total abstinence. We predict that before many years this temperance movement will spread over the entire American Church, and will count among its champions as many priests of German extraction as of Irish. Our eyes will soon be opened to the growing evil, and, once apprised of the unmistakable spread of the disease, we will not be long in finding the only remedy that is efficacious, namely, total abstinence. We will become strong only in proportion as we become total abstainers. We shall conquer the forces of error among our separated brethren only when we shall have vanquished this monster immorality among ourselves.

Western Watchman, St. Louis.

He shall find himself rich in heaven who shall have left his treasures for God. He who shall not have desired honor will be honored by God. He who shall have been glad to be despised will be exalted.— *St. Teresa.*

The Land of Evangeline.

An all-wise Providence has designed and circumscribed the bounds of human intellect, and has told man he cannot look beyond. The sands have been weighed and counted, and the stars in their different orbits move, each to teach the universal law of love and peace on earth.

But man in his puny efforts, distrusts and disturbs what God ordains, and, in his little cliques, his septs, and his nationalities, divides and wars against himself. Battling for a little piece of emblazoned silk, which he calls his country's flag, he falls, and his last words are, "For my God, my king, and my country!" While another equally ensanguined sword, and another heart equally as brave and true, is but a few feet away ceasing its beat, with the self-same words upon the lips, before appearing at the judgment-seat. But kings and wars of kings were necessary before the people were educated to individual thought.

Looked at in the light of human reasoning, it might he said that nations have accidental beginnings. That the same winds that drove the Frenchman's prow up the swelling waters of the St. Lawrence, and the Pilgrims' Mayflower to the sterile shores of Cape Cod in midwinter, might, in veering, have made those hardy adventurers to change places. Enough it is for us to know that it was ordered as it was. But in the long years and struggle for supremacy, when the transplanted hates of Cressy, and Agincourt, and Poictiers met for England's final victory over France, with Wolfe upon the plains of Abraham, none can compass the saddened tragedy of the expatriation of the Acadians from their village upon the Basin of Minas.

> "Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
> Lay in the fruitful valley."

Visit this beautiful valley to-day, where all the charms of nature are lavished but to beautify, if you would behold a scene made perfect. See the great Fundy tides roll in, — sixty feet in height they come. They rise above the meadows' level, but are stayed by the embankments made by him who was driven from the land he wrested from the armies of ocean.

The pen hesitates to leave the lines that would tell of the Gaul's destruction! Rather would it dwell upon the scene as it presents itself to-day, or pass to where the genius of the poet in the opening lines of Evangeline begin.

> "This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
> Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic."

Longfellow never visited Acadia, and perhaps it was well. He feared the idyllic beauties, which he mirrored to the world, might receive some rude shock; but in this, at least, he would have been disappointed. It is all that this prince of the people's heart portrays, excepting in the background of forest, which at that time may have existed; but the poet's soul sees beyond, and with all its charms, it

would fall far below the dreamer's dream, and Longfellow chose wisely, in preferring the world he would have, to the world that is, even in Acadia.

But we of the corporal eye, who have been taught to love the beautiful in the mystic, long for a view of the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas. At the little station of Grand Pré, on the Windsor and Annapolis Railroad, one meets a little fumbling old man, who occasionally sells a ticket, and drawls out in most primitive vernacular, an "I don't think it," for a "no," while he points across a very lean field of straggling daisies, to a great line of willow trees that bound its farther side. These, he assured you, once stood before the church of Grand Pré. If doubt is expressed, he tells you that when he was a boy, more than sixty years ago, the largest were as large as they are now.

A commanding hill-side beyond the sparsely settled village, if a score of isolated farm-houses might be called a village, gives the eye the pictured beauty of Grand Pré.

From there you look down upon the Frenchman's Grand Meadow, five thousand acres in extent, a waving sea of grass and flowers. The great tide rivers, the Cornwallis and the Gaspereaux, are branching up their separate valleys from the great Basin of Minas. If the tide is in, it sparkles on a level with the green fields; if out, only great red cuts lacerate the beautiful valley, and the waters of Minas have shrunk back to Blomindon which rising, as in the poem of Evangeline, straight to the north, closes from view the expanse of the Bay of Fundy.

And here, perhaps, it is well to tell the story of the expatriation of the Acadians, which the native historian has covered with fewest words, and which like a great tree which the tempest uproots, seven thousand souls, of one race and language and religion, were flung and scattered from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. True, its history is not an epoch, but an episode; but the darkest and deadliest episode that the New World can produce. A crime perpetrated in the midst of peace, and in a little narrow arena, removed, as it were, from the great drama where France and England struggled for the mastery. A glance at the Acadians' title. It was theirs by discovery, by occupation, and by improvement. The storms of war had raged and lulled around them; but they heeded it not. Through it all those simple people pursued their toil. They were engaged in a nobler struggle. They were contending against the supremacy of Neptune! When the great tides went out and left the alluvial deposit of ages, they reclaimed the waste, and diked their ever-growing Great Meadow. Discovery, a king's seal, the tread of armies, these have been potent forces by which other lands and peoples have come to political autonomy. Not so the Acadians. The kingdom that was theirs was held by the divine right of toil. Here rang out the matin, the angelus, and the vesper bell. Beyond the hills and up the valley of the Gaspereaux, the old apple-trees are at distances yet pointed out, as "French trees," lonely reminders of orchards that once groaned with abundant fruit. Beneath them the songs learned in sunny France were sung, its stories,

fables, and traditions told. Here the infant lived to see his grandchild a toiler in the same vineyard in which he himself had labored, yet book or bell or stone there is not, to tell of his existence.

Ask the descendants of the men settled upon the ruins of the Gaul, and they will tell you they know nothing of their predecessors.

At the time of the destruction of Grand Pré, peace existed between France and England, with the latter master of Nova Scotia. All were loyal, it was felt, but the Acadians, and they, being of a different race and religion, must be removed. In 1755, Colonel Winslow, of Massachusetts, was ordered to do the work. He anchored his ships in the Basin of Minas, and having moved his soldiers ashore to the number of three hundred, assembled by proclamation the men of the village. They gathered to the number of three hundred and eighteen, when they were all made prisoners.

A mile from the church lay the boats. Colonel Winslow first placed fifty of the young men in line, and ordered the procession to move. They refused. He then stepped to the head of the column and cried "March." Then, amid cries and lamentations, the disruption of this little earthly paradise began.

"Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers too late saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms in wildest confusion."

Authorities differ as to the population of Grand Pré. The least put it at seven thousand. Two hundred escaping, were captured in a body and taken to St. John. The awful work of destruction and embarkation lasted through October and November, Winslow having to wait for ships. When the death harvest ended, it counted the levelling of two hundred and fifty-five houses, two hundred and seventy-six barns, eleven mills, and one church. Wherever the English flag floated in the New World they were cast, separately, that isolation might bring forgetfulness of religion and nationality. One vessel load coming to Massachusetts, was distributed to the different towns, and it is a matter of record, that one town brought a bill to the General Court, for one year's board of three French pagans.

Such is the naked tittle of this tragedy. Ask the successor of the Frenchman, and he will tell you he knows nothing of his predecessor. Yet, with his own dead in the little lot on the hill, before the white church, within the iron railing, is a slab which bears the name of John Harris, who died in 1838, aged ninety-eight. Dying fifty-three years ago, he was fifteen years of age at the time of the destruction of the village. His posterity bearing his name, lie thick around him, but they and he lived and died upon the land the Frenchman occupied for generations, yet of the Frenchman know nothing.

Without one thought beyond themselves, they had lived and died; was ever the destruction of even the memory of a race so quick and so complete? Erased from the land, and blotted from the mind, the Frenchman's Acadia lives in the poet's dream — Evangeline.

Civilized cupidity always finds a reason for its acts. The child of the forest says: "I will," and shouts the war-whoop; his tamer brother says, "I ought," and reasons with himself, to justify injustice;

and this is why one of the fairest spots in the New World is best remembered by the shadow of a great wrong. For the English settler of New England had reasoned that the French settler in Nova Scotia had "ought to go."

In Westminster Abbey, in the poet's corner, beside Dryden and beneath Shakespeare, rests the marble bust of him whose genius has immortalized the Acadian tragedy. In Boston there is another statue. It is in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and stands guarded from vulgar eyes by a number of small men grown aged. The bluest of Boston's blue blood hold the keys, and protect the statue of Colonel John Winslow, great-grandson of his ancestor who landed at Plymouth, and the hero of Acadia, whose family were driven from Boston during the Revolution for their espousal of the cause of royalty. But beyond these, and above these, in the background of the New World's history, there is not a statue, but the altar of the Living God, and upon it stands the black-robed priest, the follower of Ignatius of Loyola. Coming with each little band of Frenchmen, he planted the cross upon the New World's shores! He it was who made possible, in the poet's soul, the beautiful conception of Evangeline. True, he and his believers have left but a memory; but it is a memory fragrant with sanctity, and ennobled by daring deeds. Those tides that come thundering against the dikes that were built by Catholic hands, those meadows that are yet given to abundance, are such because the Cross once gleamed in their midst, and the prayers of a simple, devoted people, daily went up to heaven from thousands of hearts, where now hardly a hundred people live, and they of a different race and religion, to scoff the religion of the men who gave them what they have — the beautiful Annapolis valley. JAMES RILEY.

What Industry Will Do.

THE life of Charles O'Conor, the eminent lawyer, shows what diligence and perseverance will accomplish. When about eight years old he was an office boy and a newspaper carrier. His father published a weekly newspaper, and Charles, besides attending in the office, delivered the journal to its subscribers in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. He used to take a skiff to cross the rivers, and frequently would be out all Saturday night serving his route. It is said that he never missed a subscriber. When seventeen years of age he entered a lawyer's office as an errand-boy. He borrowed law books, took them home and read them, by the light of a tallow-candle far into the night. Several lawyers noticing the boy's industry, aided him in his studies. When he was twenty-four years old he was admitted to the bar, and even then it was said that young O'Conor's legal opinion was worth more than that of many other lawyers. But success comes slowly to a young lawyer; and it was not until his thirtieth year that clients recognized the legal learning and skill of young O'Conor. He was poor, but industry and ability were his capital. He worked hard at the smallest case, never slighting any trust, and in time secured the reputation of a man who would do his best for those employing him.

Rameses II.

RAMESES the Second, who ruled in Egypt when Moses was born, was one of the greatest of the Pharaohs. He reigned sixty-seven years, was engaged in many wars, and, whilst living, was named "The Conqueror." Pride, sensuality, a great love of magnificence, and ambition to perpetuate his fame were his characteristics. He yoked vanquished kings to his chariot in his triumphal processions; was the first to introduce the harem into Egypt; built some of the most magnificent temples that the world has, perhaps, ever seen; and sought to be honored amongst the gods.

It was in the reign of his son and successor, Menephthah, that Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt.

Amongst the numerous buildings which Rameses raised, as monuments to his own fame, was The Great Wall, extending from Pelusium to Heliopolis, a distance of ninety miles: and The Great Canal, from the Nile to the Red Sea. He also built many cities, amongst them being Tanis, the great city of the Delta, which he made his capital, and which he embellished with elaborate temples and obelisks, the fragments of which are scattered over the site, remaining to this day. The most remarkable temples built by him were the Rameseum, at Thebes, and the wonderful rock-temple of Ipsambul, "the most magnificent specimen of its class which the world contains." The facade of the latter is formed of four huge colossi, each of which is seventy feet high, representing Rameses himself, seated on the throne, with the double crown of Egypt upon his head. Brugsch, in his History of Egypt (Vol. II., pp. 90, 91, first edition), speaks thus of it: "What shall we say of the rock-temple of Ipsambul, the wonderful facade of which surpasses anything which our imagination can conceive of grandeur in a human work? How small, how insignificant, in comparison with it, the petty erections of our day! There, in Nubia, on a solitary wall of rock, far removed from the dwellings of men, in hoary antiquity, a temple was hewn to the great gods of the land of Egypt, . . . hewn as if by *enchantment* — for this is the proper word — so bold, so powerful, so exceeding all human measure, as if giants had turned the bare rock into a living work of art."

The tomb of this remarkable man was discovered in the year 1884, and his mummified body, which had rested in it, undisturbed, for more than three thousand years, was brought forth, once more, to the light of day.

The following interesting description of the "unbandaging" of the mummy is taken from Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia, Vol. XI., pp. 29, 30.

"On the first day of June, 1886, M. Maspero, Director-General of the Excavations and Antiquities of Egypt, by order and in the presence of the Khedive, assisted by a number of Egyptian and European officers, unbandaged the mummy of Rameses II., which had been found, in 1884, together with mummies of other kings, princes, and princesses

of ancient Egypt, at Dayr-el-Bahari, near Thebes. The identity of the mummy was attested by the official entries bearing dates of the reigns of the high priests under whom they were made, written in black ink upon the lid of the wooden mummy case, and by a further entry written upon the outer winding-sheet of the mummy over the region of the heart. After removing two or three layers of bandages, there was found a piece of linen reaching from the head to the feet. . . . Under this amulet there was found another bandage; then a layer of pieces of linen folded in squares and spotted with the bituminous matter used by the embalmers. This last cover removed, Rameses II. appeared. The head is long, and small in proportion to the body. The top of the skull is quite bare. On the temples there are a few sparse hairs, but at the poll the hair is quite thick. . . . The forehead is low and narrow; the brow-ridge prominent; the eyebrows are thick and wide; the eyes are small, and close together; the nose is long, thin, hooked like the nose of the Bourbons, and slightly crushed at the tip by the pressure of the bandages. The temples are sunken; the cheek-bones very prominent; the ears round, standing far out from the head and pierced like those of a woman, for the wearing of ear-rings. The jawbone is massive and strong; the chin very prominent; the mouth small, but thick-lipped, and full of some kind of black paste. The paste being partly cut away with the scissors, disclosed some much worn and very brittle teeth, which, moreover, are white and well preserved. The mustache and beard are thin. . . . The skin is of earthy brown splotched with black. Finally, it may be said, the face of the mummy gives a fair idea of the face of the living king. The expression is unintellectual, perhaps slightly animal; but, even under the somewhat grotesque disguise of mummification, there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty, of resolve, and of pride. . . . The feet are long, slender, and somewhat flat-soled, and dyed, like the hands, with henna. The corpse is that of an old man, but of a vigorous and robust old man."

The mummy of Rameses II. has been placed in a glass case in the museum at Boolak.

TO THE MUMMY OF RAMESES II.

They have broken your rest of three thousand years
  And rifled your granite tomb;
And the sun, that oft gilded your conquering spears,
  Does again your bronzed brow illume.
They say that still haughty you look in your shroud;
  But, methinks, you should humbled feel,
If you be that imperious Pharaoh proud
  Who yoked kings to his chariot wheel.

What changes have taken place under the sun
  Since you stood on this earth erect!
Empires have flourished, declined, and gone,—
  All, all, on time's ocean wrecked!
But you seem to defy time's boasted power
  All things to, at last, subdue;
For, though long besieged, like a leaguered tower,
  Time yet has not conquered you.

You slept while Egypt crouched under the rod
Of plagues, by Moses wrought;
Whilst, through the long ages, the people of God
Under priests, kings, and prophets fought.
The centuries on in procession passed;
Saul reigned; and David wept;
The Temple was built; and was downward cast;
And rebuilt; — while still you slept!

Many Pharaohs and Cæsars have strutted life's stage
Since the day your long sleep began;
Eras have crowded on History's page;
And earth saw THE SON OF MAN.
Greece, Rome, and Carthage seem ancient no more,
Although so long passed away;
For your presence makes things that were ancient before
Appear as as of yesterday.

Great soldier! great builder! great king of men!
Though long saved from the doom of dust,
As to dust your embalmers returned again,
So stoop to the same you must!
After three thousand years of majestic gloom,
More fallen than they you seem,
Brought forth to the light from your granite tomb,
The curio of a museum!

REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

Isabella the Catholic.

THE following letter dated at Rome from Harriet Hosmer, who is engaged by the Queen Isabella Association to design a statue of the patroness of Columbus for the Women's Pavilion at the World's Fair, has been received in Chicago:

DEAR MR. DICKINSON: — If you will raise your eyes from this paper you will see Queen Isabella in the act of offering her jewels; that is to say, that is what I see; and so would you if your eyes were here instead of the other side of the water. I have been thinking of reporting myself for a long time, but then reflected that, as the greater interest must centre in Isabella, it were well to wait until I could tell you exactly how she looks. I have represented her in the act of stepping down from her throne, because the action gives greater play of line and movement; and she wears her crown because it was in the character of Queen that she befriended Columbus. She wears a side girdle, and on her breast is the ornamented cross which we see in all her portraits. I shall soon now be leaving Rome, taking "Isabella" with me, of course, and after a little stay in England shall set sail, and be with you in the early autumn. I will add that I am very well pleased with the model, and to those who would like to see it done better, I will say, let them try. Here is one of the inscriptions I have selected: "The great Isabella, to whom Castile owed Granada and the Indies and history; the fairest model of a wife, a mother, and a Queen." Yes, I hear that Isabella has had some hard knocks. So was Columbus knocked about for eighteen years; but he came out — to America — all right after all; and so, I doubt not, will she.

A Page From History: The MacGee Mystery.

One of the principal topics of conversation lately has been the statement which appeared in the Ottawa Free Press to the effect that certain affidavits were in the hands of the government, which if published would, it is stated, unravel the mystery of the murder of Hon. T. D'Arcy MacGee. What gives this statement the appearance of truth is the conditions said to be imposed by the parties who can give the necessary information, that a free pardon will be granted them for any complicity they had in the affair. A reporter of The True Witness interviewed several gentlemen who at the time the foul deed was committed were on terms of intimacy with the lamented statesman, and were, therefore, well acquainted with his private affairs, and his ideas on public matters generally. The first gentleman approached declined to give his views on the matter unless his name would be suppressed. In fact, every one who was questioned on the matter expressed a desire not to appear in connection with the discussion, although they all considered that if any information which would throw any light on the darkened subject could be obtained, it would be in the interests of the Irish people of this country to have it thoroughly ventilated, especially so as the murder of the Hon. T. D'Arcy MacGee has always been a stain on at least a portion of them, at whose doors the crime was laid. That he was the victim of a conspiracy is believed on all sides, and the prevailing idea hitherto existing that the Fenian organization were those who carried it into execution. Time has, however, changed people's opinions, and other more plausible and likely theories are advanced and generally accepted. It is now over twenty-four years since the fatal shot which sent one of the most radiant geniuses this country has ever seen to an untimely grave. That the man who was found guilty of the deed, and who expiated his crime on the gallows, more than once alluded to those who prompted him to it, but whom he would sooner die than expose, is a matter of history. This, amongst other facts, establishes the theory that there existed a conspiracy. Who were the conspirators? It is a strange fact that while the government were in possession of the names and movements of the Fenian organization both in this country and the United States, that they were entirely ignorant of the plot which was hatching to assassinate MacGee. How is this accounted for? They were kept well posted on every other subject, but on this one they were in complete darkness. How can this be explained unless by the theory that the very traitors who were thus supplying information to cover up the traces of their black dishonor and perfidy, and as a future protection to themselves, cut off in his prime and bright intellectual beauty Thomas D'Arcy MacGee? He was the only man they feared. He had threatened on more occasions than one to expose their villany. He warned his countrymen not to participate in the movement, because he knew better than any one the utter uselessness and folly of it, and the traitors who were selling them for gold. In a moment of indiscretion, but in a spirit of true brotherly feeling, he announced that in his possession were papers sufficient to consign them

to prison and even to the gallows. This was a warning unheeded, but it set people thinking and the traitors trembling. Mr. MacGee warned his personal friends against a number of loud-mouthed patriots who were trafficking on the patriotism of their deluded countrymen in Canada, and this, it is more than presumed, caused short, sharp, and decisive measures to be used to remove the man who knew of their treachery, and who was their danger. It was thus to protect themselves that a tool was made of Whalen. If he had been an informer he, to save his neck, would not have hesitated to turn Queen's evidence. If the government are in possession, as it is stated, of information which can explain the mystery, it is impossible to understand why immediate action is not taken. Is it because they want to screen their agents? If they have the information spoken of, and they refuse to work on it, it will only go to confirm the theory we have just advanced.

The Priest and the People.

HERE is a statement of the character of the priest and of the mutual relations of priest and people that should be read by every Catholic in the wide world, and be engraved indelibly deep in the hearts of the laity. It is written by Father Tighe, pastor of the parish of Holy Angels, Chicago:

The people of a parish should remember the following facts, and by so doing they will recognize more fully the bonds which should unite them to their parochial institutions and clergy. For them the priest labors to build church and school; when completed, these institutions belong to them; all improvements are theirs; the simple or artistic decorations are theirs. Schools are built and mantained to give their children a Catholic education, the greatest benefit that can possibly be bestowed on them. The priest himself is theirs; he is ordained for them; he is at their disposal at all hours; when they call him in the silent hours of the night, whilst the whole world sleeps, he rises from his couch and out into the blinding storm he hastens to them. The horror of contagion has no terror for him; certain death does not affright him when duty to them calls. Like his master he is ready to give his life for them if necessary.

The priest is your steward and your friend. He rejoices with you in your prosperity, sympathizes with you in your adversity, grieves with you in your sorrow. When you are down, he encourages you to rise and hope, and reminds you that often the darkest cloud is before the dawn. Every morning he stands for you at the altar; he puts all your sorrows and troubles into the chalice and offers them to the eternal Father as an atonement for your shortcomings. From his hands comes to you the Bread of Life. You pour into his ear secrets withheld from your nearest and dearest friends, from the partners of life,— tales of sorrow, remorse and sin, that weighed down your very lives,—and when the tale is told he fills the vacuum left with grace and balm and consolation, and words of forgiveness, and bids you go in peace and sin no more. Who but he could have raised such a load off you and sent you on your way rejoicing?

Davitt on Parnell.

MICHAEL DAVITT, when the announcement of Parnell's death was flashed from England, was interviewed by a reporter, and made the following statement:

"My feeling about Mr. Parnell now is one of unmixed sorrow at his sudden death. The occasion demands the expression of deep regret that he should have been cut off at a comparatively early age.

"We should remember only the good work which he performed for Ireland in a career of faithfulness and distinction for his country. His recent conduct will, I am sure, be forgotten by a grateful people. It was a sad episode in the memory of Ireland side by side with his great services.

"His death will put an end to the unhappy dissensions by which the Irish movement has been torn during the last twelve months. Those who followed Mr. Parnell in his warfare against the majority of the Irish party did so, in the majority of cases, out of a feeling of personal loyalty to a man who had commanded their fealty through the stormiest period of the Land League and Home Rule fight, and not from any feeling that he was right in his struggle with those whom duty and patriotism compelled to depose him from the leadership. Now that his lips are sealed in the silence of death, I feel that our ranks will be closed up again in a solid movement for Irish National self-government.

"Mr. Parnell's successor in the leadership will be a temporary consideration. Mr. Justin McCarthy did not desire that post which was forced upon him. He would gladly have given it up at any time since if his doing so would have put an end to discussion. Now that a sad event terminates the domestic quarrel with the party Mr. McCarthy will doubtless demand a release.

"We have done with one man power in the Irish national government forever. The leader of the future will be democratic, not aristocratic. He must be the mouthpiece and not the master of the movement for Home Rule. If McCarthy consents to continue, it will in my opinion be most prudent policy to pursue. He has never uttered a word in the recent controversy which could give offence to one of Parnell's followers. He is a man of conciliatory manners, and as the fight for Home Rule is nearing a successful close, such a man will fulfil the necessary qualifications of parliamentary leadership. But, whether the future leader be McCarthy, Sexton, or Dillon, it matters not very much, now that the Irish race are about to be reunited. The unity will make even brighter and more hopeful still the already brighter prospects of Home Rule."

A TRUE Christian can never be disappointed if he doth not receive his reward in this world; the laborer might as well complain that he is not paid his hire in the middle of the day.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

A Good Example.

WHENEVER Elsie came from school
And fell to senseless fretting,
Complaining of her comrades thus
(Her own mistakes forgetting):

"I think they're very selfish girls:
On all my rights they trample,"
Her mother always said, "My dear,
Did you set a good example?"

If ever in a crowded place,
With people jostling nearly,
She felt her neighbor's elbow push,
And criticised severely—

"Their manners are extremely rude,
I'm sure, if that's a sample,"
Her mother always said, "My dear,
Did you set a good example?"

Now, boys and girls, I hope my hint
Is plain, and that you'll take it:
Sometimes we lay to other folk
A trouble when we make it.

And if our friends seem harsh, they need
Allowance that is ample;
For half the blame is ours unless
We set a good example.

A Word to the Boys.

IF you don't go to school learn a trade. Education, either manual or mental, will preserve your independence and be a friend which will stand by you in the storms of adversity which so often afflict the life of man. Skill is no burden and is a great power. If you know a trade you have always something to fall back upon, something to give you courage, confidence, and independence, so far as the future is concerned. If you haven't one, and are not otherwise educated, you are like a straw drifting on the current of events. Youth is the time to learn it. You can't begin too soon. Start at once, and the apprenticeship will be the sooner over. "Procrastination is the thief of time," and before you know it delay has filched all your golden hours with their more golden opportunities. You cannot afford to wait. This is a hustling century, and the gates of prosperity swing open only to the persevering and industrious.

The Story of a Waif.

It was on a stormy evening in autumn that I first made his acquaintance. I was walking home from a distant sick-call, when a sharper squall of wind and rain than any that had gone before, made me hail with pleasure the sight of a railway-bridge which spanned the road a mile or so from the town. Hastening my steps, I reached the refuge of the bridge, and found a sufficient shelter from both wind and rain in an angle formed by one of the buttresses. After standing there a few moments, I became conscious of the presence of some other person. But between the darkness and the projecting corners, it was not possible to see this second occupant.

I called out loudly, but gained no answer. A second or two later, however, a sob or low cry struck on my ear.

"Who is there?" demanded I again; and, guided now by the sound, and my eyes grown used to the darkness, I could just faintly discern the crouching figure of a boy close to my feet.

"Who are you? What are you doing?" questioned I.

"I ain't doing no harm," whimpered the child; for he appeared to be little more.

"I don't suppose you are," rejoined I; "but for what are you here at this hour of the night?"

"I ain't got nowhere to go."

"Nonsense! where do you come from?"

"I've runned away from home."

"Then the best thing you can do is to run back again."

"No, no," said the boy, and there was fear in his tones, and, even in that semi-darkness, he could be seen to shrink and to cower further into the deep recess. "No, no, father beats me; I'm black and sore all over."

"But there's your mother."

"No, there ain't; 'cos she's dead. And my father ain't my right father."

The expression was vague, but it was taken to mean — and rightly, I found later — that the boy was the offspring of a former marriage of his mother.

The short shower was over; for the time being, the rain had ceased, and I moved into the open road and beckoned to the lad to approach.

"Come here, my boy, let me have a look at you."

"You ain't going to try to send me back?" cried he, looking prepared for flight. Suspicion was in his voice, and suspicion was in his sidelong glance and attitude as he came forward. At any incautious word or movement of mine he would have been off like a bird from the bough.

"No, I'm not; but you can't spend the night in a railway-arch."

"Why can't I? I ain't doing no harm. I shan't bring the bridge down a-leaning agin it, I s'pose."

"No, you are not likely to," said I, studying the mournful object that the boy made standing there, looking as though the wind blew, not only through his rags, but through his very frame.

A young moon had struggled free of the clouds, and now shed its feeble rays over the scene, so that I was able to gain a fair notion of the lad's appearance. He was miserably thin, his clothing indescribably scant, dirty, and wretched; his face and expression, like his words, showed a mixture of boldness and timidity.

"All right, guv'nor; gi' us a couple o' coppers for a lodging, and I'll tramp it on."

"No such thing; come with me and I'll see what can be done for you."

"You won't go for to give me up to dad or the police?" asked he, doubtfully. It was plain that he was afraid of the solitude and the darkness, yet loath to trust me altogether.

"No, you would catch your death of cold out here in the open country, that's all, and I'll find you some shelter for the night. Let us start."

The boy made no further objection, and we trudged along at a good pace, almost in silence, until the lights of the town shone upon us. I was myself tired out, and I was anxiously thinking what I could do with my charge. It reminded me to ask his name.

"Well, Dan Walsh he was called, but Walsh wasn't his right name; his right name was Dan Ryder."

"I suppose you were baptized Daniel."

"'Baptized,' wot's that?"

"Do you know no religion? Have you never heard of God and His Son Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, I know *them;* the people in our court swears awful."

What could I do but sigh? England is called Christian, yet here was a boy of thirteen who had never heard the name of his Maker save in oaths. I was more than ever anxious to rescue the boy, but for the night I was somewhat at a loss where to take him. At last I made up my mind to appeal to Mrs. Chump, a member of my congregation. Both her sailor-sons were away, so she could receive him easily, if she were so minded. Wood street, where she lived, was soon reached; and knocking at the door, I waited anxiously. I knew I had a task before me, but guessed I should triumph in the end.

At last I could hear a step approaching from an inner room, and the next moment the door was flung wide and Mrs. Chump appeared, her ample form, with arms akimbo, filling the entrance in a defiant and non-inviting fashion.

"Good evening, Mrs. Chump; you were not expecting a visit from me," said I, in what I meant to be an easy tone, though I was beginning to feel a little nervous.

"Lor', Father; it's you."

Mrs. Chump is an excellent woman, and most useful; but a respectful and agreeable manner is not amongst her merits.

"Yes, it is I." Nothing else to say occurred to me at the moment, for I was turning over in my mind how to introduce my business most deftly, as it was plain that she was in one of her least complacent moods.

Why are we anxious and doubting? While I, in my weakness, was having recourse to craft and scheming, the work was done for me.

"Lor, what brings you here this rough night? Get away, you boy," she broke off to say, brandishing one arm freely. "Get off, what are you a-loitering and a-lingering there for?"

"The lad is with me," I ventured to put in.

"Oh? I beg pardon, Father; but those boys is so mischieful that one must be sharp with 'em."

The ruddy glow from the kitchen fire played on the polished tins and dishes on the dresser, and streamed over the flags to our feet.

"Go in there and get a warm, Dan," said I, giving the lad a push forward; and he hurried eagerly up to the welcome blaze.

"That's a boy, Mrs. Chump, whom I want to save, and you are to begin the good work," said I, hardily.

"Now, did ye ever hear the like of that?"

"Yes, Mrs. Chump; I want you to find him a bed, to lodge him for a day or two until I can think what to do with him."

"And him looking no better nor a scarecrow!" cried the poor woman, casting a disparaging glance over her shoulder at my *protégé*. "And what then?"

"Oh, I will soon place him in some school or institution."

"What's the use? What 'ull be the end of it all?"

"Heaven for him, I hope."

"Well, well, you'll have it your own way; but I never saw such an objeck, his clothes is only fit to be burnt."

"Then burn them, Mrs. Chump."

"And what's he to put on to cover him come the morning."

"True, it is awkward; mine, even if" —

"Pooh! That's ridiklis."

"You must try and get him something cheap, perhaps a second-hand clothes shop," began I, pulling out my purse, not without misgivings, for it is sometimes not very well lined.

"Now there's no call for that. I dare say I can find a few old duds of Johnny's, if you're so bent on doing for him; but where the call is, I don't see. I can't say for sure, I must look through the box where I keeps their old things. Well, one fact's certain, the clothes will soon be finished, and when they're finished, they're finished."

"No, no, Mrs. Chump; they won't come to an end more than the widow's oil and meal."

"I guess *they* wouldn't have lasted long if they'd been given to every tramp that came along."

My doubting heart was lifted, and I saw my way more plainly.

"Mrs. Chump, you are encouraging; it was just because a stranger was helped that the miracle was worked and the food lasted."

"Well, I can't argue against your Reverence; it wouldn't be becoming, and I don't know the rights of things to convince you. Since you're so set on it, then, Father, I'll do my best for the boy; but" — and the worthy woman broke off to cast a look a second time over her shoulder, and her glance and her silence spoke more forcibly than words.

I followed her eyes, and my own spirit sank when I studied that unpromising sample of humanity: the firelight showing up the shrunken, stunted figure, the fluttering rags, the unkempt hair; and I thought of all the inheritance of evil instincts probably born with the child, all the evil learnt through a childhood spent in such scenes and such companionship as had been revealed to me.

God forgive me for my faithlessness! God be thanked, His grace triumphs over all, and causes the wilderness to blossom like a rose.

Next morning, about eleven o'clock, Mrs. Chump presented herself and her charge at the Presbytery. Dan was evidently half-ashamed, half-proud of his new clothes, but he was not as easy of speech as he had been the night before in the freedom of his rags.

"What are we now going to do with you, Dan?"

"I dunno," answered he, opening wide eyes of wonder.

"Perhaps, by this time, you are thinking you may as well go back to your father?"

"No, no," cried the poor lad, with a perceptible shrinking. "Don't send me back to him; don't, don't do that. P'raps you've never been knocked down with a crutch, so you don't know what it is."

It was not amongst my experiences. I had not had, thanks be to God, a very smooth and rosy path, but that particular experience had not been amongst my trials.

"It's orful," continued the boy; "it's worse than anything. It knocks you down flat, and urts orful."

"Well, I promise I will not send you back; but he may come seeking you, and take you away."

"Not 'e," said the boy, eagerly and confidently; "not 'e. 'E's told me to be off lots o' times."

"The boy shan't go back to that brute, if I keep him myself; he's treated him in a way as is enough to make your blood boil," cried Mrs. Chump, with excellent feelings, if somewhat too forcibly expressed.

"Then we must do the best we can with him. Would you like to go to school, Dan?"

"No; besides, I'm too old."

"Young or old, Dan, you must learn something. You must get some book knowledge, but more particularly you must learn about the good God Who made you and redeemed you."

"Yes, sir," answered Dan, his face lengthening.

"And you must be taught a trade. Now, where shall I send you?"

"Nowheres, sir, nowheres," cried the boy; "let me stop along o' you. I can do lot's o' work, and I'm easy to keep. She," continued he, chucking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of Mrs. Chump, "guv me bacon and korphy and bread-and-butter, and more'n that, and I'm not denyin' as they was prime; but, lors, I don't want none of them things, I ain't used to them, I ain't; I can live on nuthin', on nuthin' hardly, I can."

I could only smile. "No, my boy, you could not stay here, for you must go to a place where you will get some education and be taught a trade."

After a couple of weeks of delay in making arrangements, this was carried out, and I knew little of the boy for some time. He proved himself to be quick, intelligent, daring, and mischievous; but at last became amenable to discipline, and grew into a fine fellow, I was told.

. . . . . .

Ten years later Dan Ryder settled in my mission, having good work in the neighborhood. He was an excellent, practical Catholic, well conducted, and most satisfactory in all respects. In such a respectable and useful citizen no one could have recognized the waif cast up in the rain and the darkness of that autumn night. For long the sight of him going regularly to the sacraments, always in his seat in church on Sundays, always ready when there was work to be done: for long this order of things gladdened my heart.

But after two or three years there came a change, a blight. No need to state the means by which the blight came: what is it that is the undoing of men and women by the thousand? What empties our churches, and keeps our confessionals silent and void? Why does the Holy Table lack guests, in spite of the pleading, soft and sweet: "*My delight is to be with the children of men?*" What causes hell to be thronged? Ah! the heart of every pastor can ache to that word, that one small word which holds such horrors: DRINK.

First, Dan became irregular in his religious practices; then I saw him myself the worse for liquor on one occasion; shortly afterwards, I heard of a more serious outbreak; and finally I learned that he was constantly associating with a wild family of the name of Madden, who had already caused much mischief and trouble in the mission. He had quite ceased his visits to me, and it had become difficult to see him at all, but at last one evening I came across him in a quiet street.

"Dan, is it true that you are going to marry Rose Madden?"

"It looks like it, Father," answered he, with a short laugh.

"She is no Catholic, Dan; she neglects her religion entirely."

"I shall bring her to church, Father," said the poor fellow, giving me a sort of piteous look, as though begging me to say no more.

But it was not a case in which to spare unwelcome speech. "She is not the wife you ought to have; she is not spoken well of."

"That's jealousy. The worst anybody can say is that she dresses a bit fine; but she'll settle down when we're married."

"It is not the worst that is said of her."

"Well, well, I'm satisfied with her, Father. My mind's made up, and I wouldn't ha' heard so much from anybody but you, Father."

"You, too, Dan! I'm anxious about you. Come along with me and take the pledge."

"No, I don't hold with that, and I'm not disposed. Good-evening, Father." And the wilful young man broke loose from me and went his way.

It might have been three months after this conversation that an urgent message was brought for me to go to the Infirmary to see Dan

Ryder, who had met with an accident. I questioned the boy, but without drawing forth much information.

"Is he much injured?"

"He's hurt awful; he's been all chopped up in the engines."

"Now, Bob, that won't do for me. I must have the truth; where is he injured?"

"His arm's hurt; leastway 'tisn't his arm, cos it's off."

I hastened away to the Infirmary, and found that my friend, Bob Timmens, had not greatly exaggerated the case.

For a few days Dan was too low to be permitted to speak much, but later on he was glad of a visit, and found a relief in speaking of his troubles.

"You warned me against the drink," said he, pitifully. "Do you remember not long ago begging me to take the pledge? Oh, if I had only done it!"

"But had drink anything to do with your accident?" asked I in surprise.

"Well, I was not drunk when it happened, but it was just after the dinner-hour, if you remember; and I had had beer enough to make me reckless and a bit stupid."

"How did it happen, then?"

"You see I'm not very tall, and I jumped on my tool-box to take a look at the cylinder-bed in the machine, and I suppose I put my foot too near the edge of the box, and it tipped over. But I know if I hadn't been in that sort of careless, take-it-easy state that a drop of liquor gives you, I know that, if I'd got on the box at all, I should have stepped up fair, and straight, and careful."

"But I don't see why you should have lost your arm."

"Perhaps you never looked at a planing-machine? It is the table that travels back and fore; well, when the box tipped over, I fell across the table, and in a second it carried me on and my sleeve and arm were dragged in. Well, there! I've got to pay for it all my life," said the poor fellow, throwing his left arm over his face.

I gave him a minute or two to recover himself, and then tried to turn his attention to some indifferent matters. "Have you had many visitors?"

"Well, I may as well tell all first as last," cried he, impatiently, and he flung his hand down again on the quilt, and there were wet spots on his shirt sleeve; but his eyes were now dry and his face reddened: "Rose Madden has been here, and we shall never be married now."

"Indeed!"

"So you can be easy on that score, Father," continued he, trying to laugh; but it was a bitter laugh. "No, never! she came here and spoke some rough words, and we shall never be married; she wouldn't marry a man who was maimed, and who can't earn enough now to keep her in finery, and drink, and extravagance; but after she spoke so rough and showed me what was in her heart, I wouldn't marry her if she went on her knees, begging me."

"Don't be thinking and troubling over these things, Dan."

"I'm not," said he. "I'm thinking more what I shall do for a living when I get out from here."

This, indeed, became an anxious question as time passed. His late employers were willing to take him on; but he objected to re-entering the works, declaring the buzz of the machinery to be unbearable to him. To this, however, he had, in time, to bring his mind; but in time, also, he grew used to it, and indifferent. Like many others, he was a better man for all his troubles, and finally he attained a fair position.

"But it does not bring back my good right arm," he said once.

"Suppose, however, you had married that unworthy woman, and had gone on drinking: what were your prospects in this world and in eternity? 'It is expedient for thee that one of thy members should perish, rather than that thy whole body go into hell.'"

Young Men.

THIS is the day of the Catholic young man, and we have the country for the Catholic young man. By the Catholic young man we mean the young man attached to his Church, by his living up to its precepts. A straightforward, manly fellow, on whose open, ingenuous countenance is written Catholic in great burning characters of honesty, purity, sobriety. As he steps from the threshold of youth and breasts himself for the struggle of life, is he aware of the splendid opportunity that awaits him. Does he realize his fine position? Here is advancement. Place and position are to be had. Slowly, it may be at the outstart; but they will come. He must have a fair education and ambition; with his good habits, he is equipped. Our Catholic young man should banish the absurd notion that his religion is a bar. Never was there a more false impression. The Catholic young man who has the advantages and the habits mentioned will find his religion a help and a stepping-stone to success in life. Go to our successful Catholic business men and they will give testimony to the truth of this assertion. When a Catholic young man is known to be an attentive member of his Church, and especially a frequenter of the confessional, for on this point business men outside of the Church place great reliance in their Catholic employees, he is very sure of not only permanency, but advancement; even being placed ahead of his fellow employees, not of his faith. Take the great iron industries, the manufacturing interests, the large wholesale and retail houses in our city. In them you will find many of our bright, successful Catholic men who commenced life poor boys, some of them partners, some whole owners, and very many at the heads of the various departments. Among our most successful mechanics, at the head of our civil and engineering corps, on the lines of our many railroads centering in our city, are hundreds of Catholics who have succeeded, an honor to the Church, and citizens whose word is their bond.

The successful business man can tell good material when he sees it. What he wants is young blood to train up to his business, and he

is on the alert for the right kind of a young man. When he discovers him, as between a question of religion and no religion, it is religion has the preference.

A Catholic young man who finds his leisure hours a drag, and seeks relief from *ennui*, by haunting the saloon or the billiard hall, whose coat pocket is bulged out with the unwholesome literature of the day, and which furnishes him his *mentis pabulum*, is not wanted. This fellow will never push himself forward. If, perchance, he finds employment, his situation will be a precarious one. This is the young man who has the glib excuse for his shiftlessness that there is nothing for him, because he is a Catholic; and there should be nothing for him. He is the one who, a disgrace to himself, reflects discredit on his Church. So, young man, if you would succeed, be true to yourself, to the teachings of your Catechism. Remember, these are the golden days. Every day lost is lost for good, and weighs heavily against you in the turning post to success. Discover what position fits you in life, back it up by morality, and go in and win.

Here you have a vast and diversified field in this great and growing country. Providence has not placed you here to be a drone. Society has need of you, the Church demands the fulfilment of your obligation to it, as a child of God, to become a good and useful citizen and a helpmeet to her. Having found your true place, cling to it; surmount its difficulties; do not be tempted away by shallow experiments nor vain speculations. If, filled with enthusiasm, you promise a great future to yourself and do not realize your expectations, remember even in mediocrity you fill a worthy station. All may not hope to have the wealth of a Carnegie, but all may hope and all may have what, after all, is better, the reward of a good conscience, of duty nobly done, and which will only come by laying now the foundation on the solid bed rock of principle and honesty. The every-day duty, conscientiously done as if it was to be the last, this avails. Disabuse yourself of the idea you are a Colossus. Over-confidence is oftentimes destruction and makes life a burden. Labor is the only genius, and greatness is as ingenuous and unpretending as a little child. Given a young man, sober, honest and industrious, courteous and polite to his employer and to the trades-people, united to labor and pluck, and you have the one who will win success. He will strike out new paths, create, contrive, think, plan, originate. Our successful Catholic men have been of this stamp. The Pittsburg Catholic.

Diplomacy.

A SALESMAN should know his goods and his customers; and if, beyond that, he has some general knowledge of human nature, he will often find it useful. "I am very sorry, sir," said a clerk in a dry goods store, "but I have nothing exactly like the sample. The very last remnant was sold yesterday." — "But I must have it," said the customer; "otherwise, how shall I face my wife?" — "Well, now," answered the salesman, "if I might venture to suggest, why don't you invite a friend home to dinner with you?"

Altar Boys.

THERE are few practices of the Church more interesting than the part given to children in all the beautiful ceremonies of her ritual, writes Eliza Allen Starr in the San Francisco Monitor. In her most solemn processions of the Blessed Sacrament, on Holy Thursday even, the little altar boys are admitted into the recollected ranks which precede the priest, bearing the Lord of Hosts.

On Corpus Christi the little boys and girls go forth in troops; the boys with candles and thuribles, from which rise soft clouds of fragrant incense, and the girls with baskets of flowers, to strew in the path of the same loving Redeemer, who thus permits Himself to be carried by His creatures, and accepts their poor homage.

But it is not alone on such high festivals that the Church calls in her little boys to assist in the solemn exercises. There is no day in the year, however lowly the church, or however retired, that the priest who says Mass has not at his side one, two, or even more little boys, who thus voluntarily wait upon God in His house. There they are, as early as six o'clock, in their neat little cassocks and surplices; and with what delighted alacrity they watch every motion of the priest to know when they are to carry the large missal from the Epistle to the Gospel side, hand him the water and wine for the chalice or for ablution, and when to ring the little bell or spread the communion cloth over the rail! There are few more touching sights in the world than the attendance of these little boys on the weekly Mass. When Sunday comes, what a train of these little acolytes precede the priest into the sanctuary! How bright are their red cassocks and caps and capes; how smooth and white their surplices; how sweet and fresh and clean, even to their finger nails; how nicely are their shoes blackened! — for a slovenly altar boy is a disgrace.

Who would presume to wait upon a gentleman's table in soiled garments, with unbrushed hair, with filthy hands? How much less pretend to serve Jesus in His Real Presence in an untidy dress! There is no better school for decent neatness and decorous behavior than the place of the young acolyte. Many persons send their boys to the dancing-school to learn good manners and how to use their feet and hands. This is all very well; but we believe an acolyte well trained has acquired a manner more beautifully decorous, more courteous and more enduring, than can be taught by any master of manners.

For years we have quietly watched from our pew the acolytes as they have come and gone from the ranks of the sanctuary. Sometimes we have been pained to see one becoming by degrees a bad boy; and soon — now very soon indeed — he ceases to care for his place, even on Sundays, for the bright cap or the white surplice; and sometimes we have heard, with a heart-ache, some irreligious man tell us that he "used to be an acolyte;" and even when he told us of it, in a careless way, we could see a shade of regret on the hard countenance — of regret for his innocent and happy days, when he loved to serve Mass, and carry his candle or thurible in the procession. But oftener, by

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far, have we seen these little boys growing up to be good youths, punctual at their confession and Holy Communion. At the exhibition of their school or college they were very apt to draw the prizes ; and then waiting for a few years, I have seen them quietly joining the ranks of those aspiring to be priests of God.

Remember, dear boys, that it is a grace for which Jesus asks a return from you. He asks you to be better boys — more truthful, more honorable, more fervent at your prayers, and more faithful to remember that you are always in the presence of God. Ask Him, when you bow so lowly at the Elevation, to make you better boys for this sweet service before His altar.

Advice to Girls.

"Nobody ever went to the devil yet by one big bound."

THERE is one thing we sometimes see in the face of the young that is sadder than the ravages of any disease, or the disfigurement of any deformity. It is the mark that an impure thought or an unclean jest leaves behind it. No snake ever went gliding through the grass and left the trail of defilement more palpably in its wake than vulgarity marks the face. You may be ever so secret in your enjoyment of a shady story, you may hide ever so cunningly the fact that you carry something in your pocket which you purpose to show only to a few, and which will perhaps start the laugh, that, like a bird of carrion, waits upon impurity and moral corruption for its choicest feeding ; but the mark of what you tell and what you laugh at is left behind like a sketch traced in indelible fluid. There is no beauty that can stand the disfigurement of such a scar. However bright your eye, and rosy-red your color, and soft the contour of lip and cheek, when the relish of an impure jest creeps in, the comeliness fades and perishes as lilies in the languor of a poisonous breath from off the marshes. Shun the companion who seeks to foul your soul with an obscene story or picture as you would shun the contagion of small-pox. If parents have a daughter who goes out into the world to earn her bread, as many are obliged to do, and any one should seek to corrupt her purity by insidious advances, better for those parents to go down on their knees and pray God to take her to Himself, before her fair, sweet innocence should sully under the breath of corruption and moral death. Nobody ever went to the devil yet by one big bound, like a tiger out of a jungle or a trout to the fly; it is an imperceptible passage down an easy slope, and the first step of all is sometimes taken when a young girl lends her ears to a shady story or a questionable jest. Close your ears and harden your heart against the insidious advance of evil. Have nothing to do with a desk-mate or with a comrade who seeks to amuse or entertain you with conversation you would not care to have "mother" hear, and which you would be sorry to remember if this night the angel came knocking at the door and summoned your soul away upon its lonely journey to find its God.

Memphis, Tenn. Catholic Journal.

Bring up a Child in the Way He Should Go.

What would become of the world without religion? The greatest service I ever rendered France was in re-establishing the Catholic religion. — *Napoleon Bonaparte.*

From the Catholic Youth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"IF there be no God," says Church Progress, "then is the public school system right. If there is a God, then it is wrong. The question clearly enough lies between atheism and Christianity."

BISHOP SPALDING, of Peoria, says, "Our schools are only less sacred and less important than our churches." For that reason they receive the support of all good Catholics.

THE practice of sending children to non-Catholic schools, after they have made their first communion, is condemned by the Church, inasmuch as these schools are at all times dangerous to faith and morals.

OUR boys and girls should return to their class-rooms with the good resolution to profit by every hour of study throughout the school year. Time lost in the beginning of the school days, as has been said over and over again, can never be regained.

ACCORDING to the laws of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, parents must have the permission of the bishop of the diocese in which they live to send their children to schools which are not Catholic.

THERE is no doubt any longer about the necessity of a Catholic school in every parish, for the parishes which are without them make but slow progress, and those which have them are meeting with every success.

WILL some of our enlightened Catholic supporters of the godless public schools give us a reason for the following fact, so that we may believe that the godless public school are favorable toward Catholics? John A. O'Keefe, principal of the Lynn, Mass., High School, was dismissed recently, because he was a Roman Catholic. There was no fault to be found with his abilities or his management of the schools.

CARELESS parents often interfere with the welfare of their children, when they keep them home from school to do unimportant or unnecessary work, or work which they could do themselves with little or no discomfort. And then they are greatly surprised, when their children grow up, that they are dull and stupid, and fitted only for the lowest and hardest kind of manual labor.

THE supporters of the godless public schools are envious of the success of the parochial schools, and in some parts of the country they tried to make laws which would compel children to attend their schools for at least a part of the school year. The pretence they give for their action is that the state, to protect itself, must educate every child against ignorance and crime, even if it takes force to do so. They forget, in their animosity, that the spirit of American freedom is opposed to all kinds of force.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1891.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE condition of the Maverick Bank of Boston is reported by the national bank examiner to be much better than was at first supposed. "I have no reason to change the opinion which conservative Boston business men have entertained," says Comptroller Lacey, "that eighty-five per cent. would be declared, if not a higher rate." The O'Reilly Memorial Committee met last week and appointed three trustees to take charge of all money contributed or to be contributed to the fund. The gentlemen selected are Gen. P. A. Collins, Mr. T. B. Fitz and Mr. A. Shuman, all of whose names are guarantees of responsibility and honor. It is hoped that the fund may lose little or nothing through the failure of the bank, and contributors may rest assured that no future danger is to be feared, since it is in such good hands.

CAPTAIN JOHN READE of Charlestown was re-elected to the Senate, at the recent election, by a handsome majority.

THAT was a truly patriotic pronouncement of Bishop Zardetti in his discourse in Buffalo before the members of the German Catholic Congress which has just been held in that city. The Bishop spoke from the text, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and adhere to his wife, and they shall be one flesh." Germany he likened to one's father or mother, America to his bride. They left Germany and were wedded to America, and to the latter they should adhere. He said they should learn the language of their new country, but they were bound also, in gratitude, to remember and love the language of their mother country. The Bishop closed with a remarkably eloquent tribute to the American flag.

THE Christian Register: A lady in Salt Lake, Utah, recently wrote to the superintendent of schools in Boston, asking for some Scripture lessons as devotional exercises to be used in the public schools. She wished something which would "not offend orthodox Christians, Mormons, Jews, or Unitarians." Certainly there was true catholicity in this desire. If Scripture texts are to be used in the public schools, they ought to be handled without sectarian motives. But the placing of Unitarians with Mormons and Jews outside of Christianity reminds one of a bejewelled devotee of fashion at Saratoga a few years ago, who, when the Unitarians flocked there at their Saratoga Conference, asked: "Who are these Unitarians? Are they Mormons?"

The Bank Failure.

THE crash of the failure of the Maverick Bank, resounding through the business world, is the echo to the pistol-shot which announced the suicide of Evans. For months the Maverick Bank has been tottering. Careful, conservative financial leaders had no confidence in its methods or management. The lesson is one which has been impressed again and again on the public mind. With such examples of the disastrous results of the speculative spirit, the question arises whether Christian churches are not morally bound to throw their influence against it in every possible way.

We copy the above from the Christian Register, a Unitarian paper of Boston. [Mr. Donahoe had no connection with the Maverick Bank in its foreign exchange department.]

ACCORDING to the Southern Cultivator, small farms will, to a large degree, solve the labor problem.

Sunday Newspapers.

CARDINAL MANNING has just been interviewed upon the subject of Sunday newspapers, which innovation is meeting with considerable opposition in England. He said: "I am afraid that Sunday newspapers create Sunday work. Six days of the week are quite enough for the news of the world. I certainly think that the reading of Sunday newspapers — or I will say bad Sunday newspapers, that I may not expose myself to any action for libel — has a direct and powerful influence in corrupting the morals of people. The influence of the press is enormous, but I am sorry to know that the matter published which is itself good is a very small proportion of the whole amount. I am happy to be able to say that the newspapers published in England, especially the higher ones, are incomparably sounder and safer in their moral influence than the newspapers in France and Italy. When I speak of the moral influence of newspapers, I do not mean only those that directly inculcate immorality, nor do I think it necessary that newspapers should publish moral dissertations, but mischief may be done by suggestions, by sarcasm, and by levity, when the subject is of grave moral importance. Without moralizing, a newspaper may always maintain the highest principles and the soundest moral tone." — "Seeing that a great many people have not time during six days of the week to read the news, what would you suggest as an alternative for the Sunday newspaper?" asked the interviewer. "I do not think I can suggest anything," replied the Cardinal. "I have always been opposed to the opening of museums on Sundays, because it would mean the employment of many persons, and because museums would not attract the class we wish to attract."

A Monument to Daniel O'Connell.

WHAT is known as the O'Connell Monument Association was recently chartered in Illinois, whose object is to erect a seventy-five-thousand-dollar monument to the memory of Daniel O'Connell. It is proposed to erect the monument in one of the city parks of Chicago, and have it unveiled during the World's Fair, on a day especially set apart by the fair commissioners, to be known as O'Connell's Day. The members of the association are leading Irishmen, and the nature of this undertaking establishes their patriotism more forcibly than words could do. Success to the scheme.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL said, some time before his death, as reported by Raymond Blathwayt, "it is perhaps a delicate political matter for me to discuss, but I must say that I think the demands of Catholics as to the religious education of their children are not only natural, but reasonable."

Good Advice.

BOSTON Daily Globe: Yet, after all, it is not to the past, but to the future that the friends of Ireland should look. Not to discuss what has been done or not been done, but how to carry on the common cause to triumph in the near future — this should be the chief aim and thought of every Irishman who is sincerely devoted to the welfare of his country.

The Parochial School,

SAYS one of our bishops recently, must look into the face of the public schools. We must confront them. We must rival them. We must, if we would succeed in our efforts, give as good an education in the branches taught in the public schools as is given there. We must give a better one than that. . . . The parochial school, as it should be and as it will be, will not only guard the faith of the children and transfigure the Church of God, but you will find it will prove to be the most potent factor in our power for the conversion of our beloved country.

PAPER FROM CORN HUSKS. — Corn husks boiled in caustic soda are being utilized for the manufacture of paper. The cooking process results in the formation of a spongy, glutinous paste, which is subjected to heavy pressure so as to eliminate the gluten, the fibre remaining being made into paper in the ordinary way.

The Russian Jews.

A FEW of the Hebrews hurried out of Russia may stop in England; but the majority of those who come so far westward will eventually land on the shores of the United States. Within the last four months thirty-five thousand four hundred and seventy-five of this unfortunate class have come to America, most of them, of course, in a state of comparative destitution, and affording little evidence of readily becoming citizens of a desirable order. They are ignorant, non-progressive, and, of course, clannish to the last degree. Yet who has the heart to put up a hand to push back, whence they came, these victims of a most atrocious persecution? If there can be a case when the openings in the immigration sifter set up at the ports of entry may be enlarged in the name of humanity, it is in the instance of the Russian Hebrews, fleeing from a tempest of hatred, of which the observer at this distance can have but little conception. But there is the greater need of enlarging the facilities which a wise philanthropy is providing for training, educating and assimilating the new arrivals. MISS CORA WILBURN, herself a Jewess, and a resident of Brighton District, Boston, says of her race: "They are in no manner a threatening evil to any class of the community, and that is an unjustly discriminating law that would close the gates of this country upon them. My people are *not* paupers, are not idlers, are not dangerous to the safety of this Republic. It is the intention of Baron de Hirsch and other prominent Israelites to colonize the Russian Jews throughout the South American States and Australia, as well as in this country. Very few, if any of them, will remain in the large cities. It is not the proven kindness of the Catholic Church that, in this closing century, is afflicting my people with rapine, murder, homelessness and exile. It is the intolerant Greek Church, that with a murderously and fanatically insane tyrant at its head, is expelling from its unholy empire (by degrees) all who differ from it in religious views. Already venerable Catholic priests have been insulted, beaten and abused; and the same treatment awarded to Lutherans. The Catholics of Ireland and America can put their names on glorious record in protesting against the cruelties of the Russian Czar; and also against the restricted immigration law, that is aimed at the *foreign poor*, whose wealth is in their brains and hands, and, best of all, in their grateful, loving hearts." Miss Wilburn has a poem in our issue of this month on the subject.

SOME temperance man, who, however, does not advocate compulsory sobriety, recently made the following sensible remark: "There is," he said, lapsing into unconscious poetry, "a little public-house which every one can close, and that is situated just below one's nose."

IN Harper's Magazine for November there is an article on "Stonewall Jackson," based largely upon hitherto unpublished facts contained in Mrs. Jackson's forthcoming biography of her distinguished husband. In it Dr. Field says that "Stonewall's" ancestors and those of "Old Hickory" Jackson came from the same parish in Londonderry. It was found out in conversation, when Jackson was president and George Jackson was a congressman at Washington.

New Secretary for Ireland.

WILLIAM LEWIES JACKSON, whose appointment as Irish Secretary is definitely announced, has the reputation among Treasury officials of being a good business man, without any bias towards his own ideas, if he has any, and the ready and pliant instrument of Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury, with a shrewd eye to the main chance. Trained as a Wesleyan, he joined the Church of England, and has been conspicuous on church platforms. He worked his father's business in Leeds out of bankruptcy, paying off the creditors. He graduated from the Leeds Town Council to Parliament, where his business aptitude soon made him the Conservative Ministry's man-of-all work. Mr. Balfour's friends say that Mr. Jackson's appointment will enable him to obtain some leisure. Besides having a fondness for philosophical studies, Mr. Balfour is an accomplished pianist and violinist.

A MARBLE cross, chaste and beautiful of design, is now in the hands of sculptors, destined to surmount Father Ryan's (the poet-priest) grave, through the zeal of the sodality of the Children of Mary of the Mobile Cathedral.

An Irish Nun's Golden Jubilee.

ALL Hallows Convent, Brisbane, Australia, was the scene of an important and happy event on the 19th of August, on which day Mother Vincent, the foundress of the Order of Sisters of Mercy in Queensland, celebrated her golden jubilee — otherwise, completed her fiftieth year as a nun. There are few Catholics in Queensland, says the Australian, to whom the name of Mother Vincent has not become more or less familiar, and we feel sure the many congratulations which have greeted her during the week will find hearty echoes in the farthest corner of Catholic Queensland. Mother Vincent was born in county Wexford, Ireland, on the first of March, 1819, and entered the Baggot-street Convent, Dublin, on the 16th of January, 1839. This institution was then under the charge of Mother Mary Catherine M'Auley, who, we might here state, was the actual foundress of the Order of Sisters of Mercy. Two years later (19th August, 1841) the novice took her vows, and eventually became Superioress at Baggot street. While in the latter capacity, the Crimean War took place, and Mother Vincent was instrumental in despatching a staff of Sisters to nurse the wounded on the battle field during that disastrous campaign. When the late Dr. James Quinn was appointed first Bishop of Brisbane, in 1859, he secured a staff of Sisters of Mercy to accompany him. Mother Vincent, together with four other Sisters (since deceased), embarked at Liverpool with Dr. Quinn in the good ship Donald Mackay in December, 1860. The result was that on the 10th of May, 1861, she founded the Order of Sisters of Mercy in Brisbane. Had not Mother Vincent and her staff accompanied Bishop Quinn, it is very probable a considerable time would have elapsed before their order would have been established in Queensland. Though now over seventy-one years of age, Mother Vincent possesses a good deal of vigor, and wears her years remarkably well. It was only natural that the completion of her jubilee should have been marked at All Hallows.

MR. PETER MCCORRY, the well-known Catholic journalist and contributor to the columns of many Catholic papers and magazines, has accepted a position as editor of the Catholic Columbian, published at Columbus, Ohio.

A Munificent Irish-American.

OWEN MURRAY, of Chicago, has intimated to the parish priest of Erigal, Truagh, his native parish, that he desires to erect, in the new Cathedral of St. McCartan's, Monaghan, a memorial stained-glass window, to the great Archbishop Hughes of New York, who was a Traugh man. In addition, Mr. Murray proposes to defray the expense of endowing an ecclesiastical studentship for the Clogher mission. Among the other benefactions of this gentleman may be named a gift of one thousand dollars towards the new Christian Brothers Institute in the course of erection in Chicago, and the founding of a free place therein forever. He has been also the means of having erected a suitable statue to Ireland's Liberator, O'Connell, in the principal public park of Chicago. Not only the parish of Truagh and the diocese of Clogher, but the Irish nation may well feel proud of such a good Catholic and so worthy a son.

Have Charity.

NOTHING is more opposite to charity, or more fatal to salvation, than the evil reports we make of one another, whether they be true or false; because they irritate the mind, disorder the heart, foment divisions, and imbitter hatred, and because we cannot obtain God's pardon for them unless we resolve, in our confessions, to repair the evil we have done, and to reconcile those we may have set at variance. We should, therefore, neither spread evil reports of others nor listen to them, and if we hear anything against our neighbor we should be careful not to repeat it.

The Oliver Plunkett Memorial Church, Drogheda.

THIS beautiful church, which promises to be one of the most ornate and chaste ecclesiastical structures in Ireland, is fast proceeding towards completion. The spire, which is really a splendid work from the hands of the builder, cannot be surpassed for beauty and symmetry, and only needs inspection to excite the admiration of the beholder. To the tourist and visitor in Drogheda, it is the first object which attracts the eye, and not one who has seen it but leaves Drogheda with pleasant memories of its beauty. To the Very Rev. Archdeacon Murphy, P. P., much credit is due for the untiring zeal and labor he has undergone in having the work so far advanced.

AT a meeting of the Cardinal Newman Reading Circle of Rochester, N. Y., recently, the subject of discussion was the life and works of Katharine Eleanor Conway. The essay was by Miss Lucy Fitzgerald; her theme was a glowing tribute to their former townswoman; all the members brought in selections from her writings. Mrs. M. J. Dowling, and Misses Susie R. Quinn, O. Rorke, M. C. Horgan, Hattie Stone, and Margaret Lennox took part in the exercises. The evening passed pleasantly, and many new members joined the circle.

Honey in the Goddess's Head.

THE St. Louis Republican says: Officer Musgrove, of the capitol police at Austin, Texas, lately ascended to the dome of the granite capitol at that city to inspect the swarm of bees which had settled in the nostrils of the statue of the Goddess of Liberty. The figure is seventeen feet high and surmounts the dome, which is over three hundred feet high. Officer Musgrove says there are probably several barrels of honey in the bronze head of the goddess.

BISHOP FAVA, of Grenoble, France, thus speaks in his address to his clergy: "It is with the humble, with the Christian democracy, that we shall regenerate the world, and shall carry to the ends of the earth and among the people still barbarous the adorable name of Jesus Christ. The poor prefer a republican form of government because it secures to them a part in the direction of affairs, and recognizes in them a kind of sovereignty."

Mr. Gladstone's Points and Views.

THE points dealt with in Mr. Gladstone's speech at Manchester and his views thereon have been epitomized as follows by one of our English contemporaries: — 1. SHORTENED PARLIAMENTS: The earliest opportunity that can justly and wisely be chosen for the purpose of considering it. — 2. READJUSTMENTS OF TAXATION: When its turn comes it will have practical and decisive attention. — 3. PUBLIC ECONOMY: Echoes from a distant period, mentioned "in acquittal of my own conscience." — 4. TEMPERANCE REFORM: Younger men may "hope to witness a thorough and effective reform." — 5. SCOTCH AND WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT: They will push onwards, and something will depend on the settlement of that question, which it would be difficult to expound to the uninitiated. — 6. THE HOUSE OF LORDS: May come to "take precedence of every question." — 7. HOME RULE: Precedence "fixed, settled, and determined," and "cannot be refuted or contested." — 8. ONE MAN, ONE VOTE: Disposed with much reason to place in very forward rank. A "razor" which may have to be sharpened before the home rule shave. — 9. PAYMENT OF MEMBERS, ETC. Forced itself into a position the very foremost. — 10. DISTRICT COUNCILS, ETC.: Among the high and indispensable duties of the Liberal party. — 11. LAND LAW REFORM: A great subject. — 12. REDUCTION OF HOURS OF LABOR: Not yet sufficiently examined.

THE Syracuse Sentinel: The Irish-Catholic Benevolent Union of America is worthy of the name. Since its organization in 1869 it has paid out two million dollars. It is now expending one hundred thousand dollars each year in benevolence. The union now numbers one hundred and ninety-six societies, with a membership of eighteen thousand four hundred and ninety-three.

DR. E. M. COSGRAVE, of the Dublin University, says: "It has been proved to my satisfaction, and, I am sure, to the satisfaction of the majority of my hearers, that the avoidance of alcohol in any form improves the prospects of healthy life and length of days, and tends to preserve all the bodily organs in structural and functional health. We also believe that the use of alcohol by large numbers who call themselves moderate, and who are so considered by their friends, is a predisposing cause of many of the illnesses we have to deal with, and of the weak resisting power of many of our patients. It consequently happens that in our practice we all have frequently to advise abstinence from all forms of stimulants."

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK, of St. Louis, is as fond of taking long walks as Cardinal Gibbons is. He never enters a street-car, and, as a result of his frequent jaunts about the city on foot, nearly everybody knows him by sight.

The Late Mr. Parnell.

THE Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, the eloquent Archbishop of Philadelphia, thus sums up the Irish leader's life and death: "Mr. Parnell was a very cool, able politician up to the time of his moral fall, which seemed to cloud his clear intellect; and his death will, after a short time, have the effect of reuniting the Irish parties and thereby hastening the measure for home rule. The anger caused by his recent actions is now softening into deep regret for his weakness, while admiration and gratitude for his former services to his country are revived." The newspapers in Paris agree in stating that the death of Mr. Parnell will eventually prove of enormous advantage to the Liberal party, and that it will undoubtedly tend to reunite the opposing parties in Irish politics. The *Figaro* says that Mr. Parnell's death is an event of enormous political significance, not only for England, but for the whole of Europe, as it assures the triumph of the Gladstonians and the consequent modification of England's foreign policy.

THE Catholic Review, New York: A very sensible remark from a Protestant minister, who recently entered a protest against the display of foreign flags on our public buildings, was his declaration that "there is no such thing as 'Irish-Americans,' 'German-Americans,' or 'Italian-Americans,' any more than there are French-Irishmen, Italian-Englishmen or German-Frenchmen. We must all be Americans. One flag, one country. there should be no such thing as the 'Irish vote,' the 'German vote,' or 'Italian vote,' for which rascally demagogues of both parties bid, but only the American vote." This expresses things as they should be, but are not. With both political parties using the act of naturalization as an electioneering engine, there cannot be an Irish vote and an Italian vote. With the tricksters of all nationalities scheming to keep alive foreign languages among the people, beyond the natural time and use, there must be Americans of foreign brand; but, at the same time, it is consoling to think that the inhabitants of the country, outside of the tricksters and schemers, are truly Americans in spirit and in fact.

IT is understood to be Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's intention to repeat during the coming winter a pleasure they have enjoyed before on more than one occasion. They will winter in Italy. According to arrangements now made they start from Hawarden for Genoa early in December.

A RUMOR is current in English circles which ought to be well informed that Justice Hawkins has been received into the Catholic Church.

THE Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, Assistant-General of the Augustinian Order, has left Dublin for the Eternal City. Dr. Walsh, who will travel to Rome via Paris and Genoa, will reside at the house of his Order, San Carlo, in the Corso.

HIS Grace the Archbishop of Dublin said Mass in the Cathedral of Trèves at the altar whereon was exposed for veneration the sacred garment of Our Saviour.

Ecclesiastical Researches After Columbus.

AT the request of the Latin American Bureau of the World's Columbian Exposition, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has requested the proper officers of the several religious orders of the Catholic Church, both in Europe and America, to cause their archives to be searched for historical records bearing upon the discovery and settlement of the New World. It is known that every ship that left Spain, beginning with the first voyage of Columbus, carried among its crew a priest or a friar, and that these missionaries made voluminous reports to the heads of their different orders, very few of which were ever published. It is believed that the archives of the Church are filled with valuable historical material. The quadri-centennial of Columbus revives interest in the early history of the continent, and Cardinal Gibbons has undertaken the work with great zeal. Very Rev. E. V. Boursaud, of the Society of Jesuits, the president of Woodstock College, Maryland, has also entered into the search with interest, and is now corresponding with the heads of the orders in Rome and elsewhere on the subject.

BOSTON Daily Globe: Ireland's cause is greater than any man. No resentment of party must be permitted to hinder its predestined advance.

UNCLE DUDLEY, in Boston Sunday Globe, remarks: It was only a little while ago that Balmaceda was the most powerful and most popular man in South America. He loved to be called the Boulanger of Chili, for Boulanger at the same time was the most popular and most powerful man in France. Charles Stewart Parnell, a far abler man than either, was their equal in popularity if not in power. Now, all three of these men have been driven from power, and are dead — two of them suicides and the world moves on without them.

Says Parnell Shirked.

LONDON, October 25. T. P. O'Connor seems to take a hopeless view of Irish prospects. In his paper, the Sunday Sun, he compares the present interest in Irish affairs to the interest that was exhibited in the American execution of Kemmler by electricity. He says that John E. Redmond knows better than any one that there is no chance of Parnellite success in Cork, and that Parnell shirked Maurice Healy's challenge because he knew that Healy would defeat him, and that Redmond has even less chance than Parnell.

The Catholic Press.

WE have to return our sincere thanks to our brothers and sisters of the Catholic press throughout the country, for their uniform courtesy in noticing and recommending our MAGAZINE. "May they live long and die happy."

Reform in Land System.

LONDON, October 25. A correspondent obtained an interview yesterday with Sir John E. Gorst, political secretary for the India office and member of the royal labor commission, who has recently returned from a trip through Ireland and some of the English counties, during which he has investigated the condition of the laboring classes. Sir John was struck by the universal wish to obtain land sufficient for support, and it was evident to him that the great secret of restored contentment among the rural population would be the introduction of some reform in the land system which would make a peasant proprietary possible. His trip in Ireland took Sir John through some of the most afflicted portions of the country. In the south of Ireland he was appalled by the wretched poverty of the people. Such a state of affairs he denounced as a disgrace to civilization. Sir John's sympathies are plainly with the efforts of Mr. Davitt and his followers.

The British Debt.

CHANCELLOR GOSHEN, in an address refuting some of the statements made by Liberal orators, declares that the Government has reduced the national debt thirty-three million pounds within five years, ending last March.

Stand by Gladstone.

DUBLIN, October 25. John Dillon addressed a demonstration of working men at Dundalk yesterday, and made a flattering appeal for their support. He dilated upon the stupidity of trying to quarrel with England after all the trouble and time that has been occupied in securing her friendship. It was a terrible thing to ask Ireland, with her steadily dwindling population, to break with Mr. Gladstone at the risk of postponing home rule for another decade. Mr. Redmond could not pretend that Ireland would unite under his leadership. If this spirit of faction is permitted to spread, before two years were over they would have as many parties as there are Irish members, and be in the same position as they were fifteen years ago, when every man was for himself. No success was possible while the minority refused to be governed by the majority. He believed that Mr. Gladstone was sincere in his home rule ideas, but if his bill were inadequate, he (Dillon) would be the first to denounce it, and oust the Liberals from power if necessary.

A BATTALION of artillery, led by its officers, defiled before the Holy Coat. This battalion, which was encamped in the neighborhood of Trèves, asked permission to render this homage to the pious relic, and the permission was accorded by the bishop. On September 7th, 35,000 persons entered the cathedral; on the 8th, 52,000; on the 9th, 31,240; and on the 10th, 40,282.

Tippling Peeresses.

THE Princess of Wales is forming a secret society for the purpose of suppressing the habit of dram drinking now indulged in by women in the highest society. The evil is said to have spread to an alarming extent. Five peeresses in the court circle are afflicted with dipsomania. The Duchesses of Portland, Newcastle and Buckingham have joined the Princess in her crusade, and Baroness Bolsover has been elected secretary.

JOSIAH FINT gives, in the current Contemporary Review, the result of eight months' experience and observation as an amateur tramp. What he says of the tramping fraternity is interesting, and will be a little surprising to the people who are prone to set down crime and vagrancy as foreign importations. There are sixty thousand tramps in the country, according to his estimate, and five-eighths of them are "pure-bred Americans." Irishmen, he says, almost never take to the road, and tramps of Irish descent are mainly American born.

Remedy for Ivy Poisoning.

DR. JAMES J. LEVICK, of Philadelphia, writes to the Medical News: "In a case of poisoning of the hands from *Rhus toxicodendron*, poison oak, recently under my care, which had reached the vesicular stage, and was attended with much swelling and burning, the happiest results promptly followed the free dusting of the powder of aristol on the affected parts. The change was almost magical, so sudden and so prompt was the relief afforded. Might not this powder, applied in the early stage of the disease, do much toward preventing the ulceration and pitting of variola?"

Spouting Wells in Washington.

NEAR North Yaquima, Wash., a company recently secured a large body of arid land on Moxee, and immediately began the work of boring. August 15, flowing water was struck at four hundred feet, which has increased in flow from the rate of eighty thousand gallons to two hundred and fifty thousand gallons per diem, and is increasing. As the work went on, water was sent through an eight-inch pipe thirty-three feet in the air. Those interested in the scheme claim that hundreds of thousands of acres of arid lands will be reclaimed in central Washington, through a system of artesian wells, which would otherwise be without value except for cattle range.

HERE comes winter,—pay the printer.

THIS is the last issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for 1891. Those in arrears will oblige us by sending what is due for the year just about to expire.

Thomas Addis Emmet.

THE Albany Law Journal contains the following anecdote of Thomas Addis Emmet, the Irish patriot and lawyer, taken from a recently published article by Mr. L. B. Proctor: "During Emmet's early practice at the American Bar, he found it impossible to divest himself of the manner and habits of the Irish Bar. This was particularly the case in addressing the judges, whom, in conformity with the custom in his own country, he often addressed as 'my lords,' instead of 'your honors,' according to the American custom. On one occasion, in an argument before the United States Supreme Court, Chief Justice Marshal presiding, he said: 'And now, my lords, I will attempt to answer the argument of my distinguished opponent.' Webster, who was opposed to him, courteously said: 'The eminent gentleman forgets that we have no titled aristocracy in this country, and no lords sit on the American bench.' — 'I am happy to be thus reminded of that,' said Emmet, 'and yet,' he continued, 'all American judges before whom I have had the honor to stand, if they do not in reality have the title of 'my lords' bestowed upon them by subservience to an oppressive aristocracy, are by the sovereign power of a free and enlightened people, and their own virtues, learning, and purity, made lords of the jurisprudence of a great nation."

MESSRS. Davitt and O'Brien cable from Cork: "Ireland stands united again." It is a consummation most devoutly to be wished for by the host of Ireland's true friends, observes the Boston Daily Globe.

Our Magazine.

SEE what the Ave Maria says of the last issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE: The November number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE contains in its hundred pages a most varied assortment of readable articles, short and long, but generally short. "Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick," by William Collins, is an eight-page biographical sketch of one of the most eminent of the deceased prelates of our country, and is thoroughly interesting. Julius A. Palmer, Jr., contributes a paper, "At Lourdes in 1891," which, while telling nothing new concerning the famous grotto, possesses the solid advantage of being the record of impressions received by an eye-witness of the scenes at our Lady's shrine of shrines. In "The Irish Crisis and the Irish Priesthood," the Rev. James Halpin, C. C., corrects some false impressions likely to exist in the minds of those who form their judgments on cable dispatches. These, with chapters of the interesting Irish serial, and notes on a variety of topics, make up an excellent number of a good family magazine.

THE finest stationary engines made in the world, for economy, durability, and elegance in design, are made in the United States. English engines are often bulky and clumsy. French engines are frequently erratic in design and fragile in construction.

A NUN'S DIAMOND WEDDING. — The Hotel-Dieu, of Abbeville, France, has just celebrated the "diamond wedding" in religion of one of its nuns, Sister Saint Pierre. The ceremony was honored by the presence of the Bishop of Amiens. In presence of many clergy, and in a church full of people, this religious of eighty-five, read, in a clear, firm voice, the formulary of her religious vows. Sixty-five years of her life had been passed in tending the sick.

REV. EDWARD H. PURCELL, the venerable pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Pittsfield, Mass., died the morning of November 9th. His death has been expected daily for a week or more, but is, nevertheless, a severe shock to his devoted parishioners. Father Purcell was injured many years ago in a railroad accident, and since then has never been in perfect health. He has taken several trips abroad in search of health, but for the last five years had been steadily failing. He has been critically ill for several weeks with fatty degeneration of the heart, to which he has finally succumbed.

In his thirty-four years' pastorate in Pittsfield, Father Purcell has evidenced the influence of the Church in

every way, and increased its numbers surprisingly. Under his guardianship it has constantly flourished, and has shaken off a large burden of debt.

A Thorough American.

THE Rev. Father Hecker, the founder of the Paulist congregation in New York, was a thorough American. In one of his writings, he said : "The form of government of the United States is preferable to Catholics above all other forms. It is more favorable than others to the practice of those virtues which are the necessary condition of the development of the religious life of man. The government leaves men a larger margin for liberty of action, and hence for co-operation with the guidance of the Holy Spirit, than any other government under the sun. With these popular institutions men enjoy greater liberty in working out their true destiny. The Catholic Church will, therefore, flourish all the more in this Republican country in proportion as her representatives keep, in their civil life, to the lines of their Republicanism."

REV. P. J. DONAHOE, chancellor of the archdiocese of Baltimore, has been appointed rector of the Cathedral, to succeed Rev. Thomas S. Lee, who becomes pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C. Father Donahoe, who was born in England, is a graduate of arts of the University of London. He graduated in law at Columbia College, Washington, D. C., and practised law in that city from 1876 to 1882. In 1882 he began theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, and was ordained December, 1885. A few days after ordination he was appointed to St. John's Church, Baltimore. In the fall of 1886 he was called to the Cathedral as chancellor, where he has since remained. In 1887 he accompanied his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons to Rome, when his Eminence received his hat.

Corn Beer.

THE Handels Museum, of July 2, states that a new brewery product, namely, beer made from maize, is being manufactured and consumed in increasing quantities in France. The cost of production is said to be much below that of beer made from barley, notwithstanding that the beer itself is in no way inferior to the latter. The new beverage is not the result of any improved process, but is made by malting maize, of which it is a pure product, and not (as is done in some districts) the result of mixing maize meal with the worts of barley malt. Owing to the high price of malt, brewers have for a long time been driven to use unmalted cereals for brewing purposes. Experiments have been made with wheat, maize, rice, potato meal, maize syrup, etc.; in such cases there was an insufficient development of the saccharine principle, and, owing to a lack of soluble nitrogeneous bodies, fermentation did not proceed satisfactorily. Hence the beer became spoiled by a second fermentation, and further, there was a lack of albuminous matter and phosphates, which constitute the nutritive properties of beer. These defects are all said to be remedied by using maize malt.

Irish Events.

THE Boston Daily Globe: The English Liberals are said to be much agitated over the question of finding a successor to Mr. Gladstone. But the grand old man at last accounts was hale and hearty, and good for at least one more Mid-Lothian campaign. Abraham Lincoln's advice, never to cross a river till you come to it, would seem to fit the English Liberals. —— A grain or two of salt may well be taken with the cabled accounts of the faction fighting in Ireland. It is not credible that Irishmen are behaving themselves as foolishly as some of the recent despatches represent. It is probably a case of Irish news through English glasses.

Catching, but not Epidemic.

"ANYWAY, the street railroad men in running their open cars on cold days do not go so far as the bridge managers. — "Why, what have they done?" — "Oh, they've fixed their railroad so that they have the grip on every car."

ONE of the most conspicuous of the foreign physicians in attendance at the Medical Congress in Washington was Sir William McCormack, Senior Surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, in London. He is an Irishman, about fifty years of age, and his career has been full of distinction. He has a fine physique, being six feet four inches in height.

THE floods in Spain have been productive of much misery and desolation, and there is an apprehension of famine in several districts. Up to the present, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one dead bodies, recovered from the floods, have been interred in Almeria. The work of collecting and cremating the bodies of dead cattle has been found very difficult, owing to the advance of decomposition.

The Know-Nothing

FACTION of this country is fond of ascribing everything evil to our foreign-born population. Especially do the Irish, who are usually so stanch in their allegiance to the Catholic Church, come in for a share in the aspersions of these folks. Certainly, what is known as the tramp element is one of the great evils, and, at the same time, one of the disgraces of our day. How stands the record, so far as it is concerned. Josiah Flint gives, in the current (October) Contemporary Review, the result of eight months' experience and observation as an amateur tramp. What he says of the tramping fraternity is interesting, and will be a little surprising to the people who are prone to set down crime and vagrancy as foreign importations. There are sixty thousand tramps in the country, according to his estimate, and five-eighths of them are "pure-bred American." Irishmen, he says, almost never take to the road, and tramps of Irish descent are mainly American born.

RETURNS of the British army for the year 1891 show that the effective strength of the regular army at the end of the year was 210,860. The total enrolled in auxiliary and reserve forces was: army reserve, 60 233; militia, 113,162; yeomanry, 10,697; volunteers, 221,048.

THE advocates of compulsory education, or the right of state interference, find but little support from Herbert Spencer: "It is surprising," he writes to the newspapers, "with what light hearts people are led to abrogate the order of nature, and to substitute an order of their own devising. All life on the earth has risen to its present height under the system of parental obligation. The process has so worked that the best nurtured offspring of the best parents have survived and maintained the race; while offspring inadequately nurtured have failed to leave self-sustaining posterity. And now it has come to be thought that these strong parental feelings which in billions of creatures throughout millions of years have worked so beneficially, may, with advantage, be replaced by public sentiment working through state machinery. The replacing of parental responsibilities by social responsibilities will inevitably cause degradation and eventual extinction."

THE great bulk of alcohol made in this country is produced at Peoria, Ill. It is made from corn. The price paid there for corn was, until lately, thirty-seven and a half cents per bushel, but it has now risen to seventy cents.

THE plumber who deliberately puts imperfect work in the hidden parts of a house, and thus exposes a family to disease and death, is as much a criminal as any burglar or murderer. He knows that the diffusion of poisonous gases destroys health and imperils life, and when he deliberately leaves hidden vents in plumbing for sewer gas to carry its deadly fumes into homes, he is a criminal and should be treated and punished as a criminal.

They Look Pleased, but —

FOR heroic but vain endeavors to look pleased, nothing can equal the facial expressions of two girls compelled to dance with each other, on account of the scarcity of the men.

IT is estimated that the total number of pilgrims who have viewed the Holy Coat at Treves reaches two millions.

Recent Publications.

Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

STORIES OF THE SAINTS. By Mrs. C. Van D. Chenoweth. Price, $1.00.

There are brief lives of St. George, St. David, St. Christopher, St. Denis, St. Catherine ; then there are Hermit Saints ; St. Francis of Assisi ; St Elizabeth of Hungary, and St. Patrick. The stories are told in a very pleasant way for children. There is a beautiful frontispiece of the Madonna and Child. The book is well printed, and neatly bound.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and Chi.

HELP FOR THE POOR SOULS IN PURGATORY. Prayers and Devotions in aid of the Suffering Souls. Editedby Joseph Ackermann. Price, 50 cents.

Just the month of November. Buy it, and learn to pray for the souls of the faithful departed.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

1791-1891 MEMORIAL VOLUME OF THE CENTENARY OF ST. MARY'S SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE, BALTIMORE, Md.

This elegant volume is dedicated to the alumni, living and departed, of St. Mary's College and Seminary. The contents are : Historical Sketch of St. Mary's Seminary ; Superiors of St. Mary's Seminary ; Presidents of St. Mary's College ; Professors of St. Mary's Seminary; Teachers, Tutors, and other Officers of St. Mary's College; Sulpicians at St. Charles' College; Mt. St. Mary's, and in the Missions; Students of St. Mary's Seminary that have been ordained Priests; Students of St. Mary's College; Faculty of St. Mary's Seminary, 1891–1892; Faculty of St. Charles' College 1891–92; Students of St. Mary's Seminary, 1891–92. It is a large octavo, printed in beautiful bold type, and contains elegantly engraved portraits of all the superiors of the seminary, and others identified with its history. The frontispiece is a portrait of Father Olier, the founder of the Society of Sulpice. It contains the names of all the students and faculties from the foundation of the institution up to 1852.

PAMPHLETS.

The Schism of the West and the Freedom of Papal Elections. By Rev. Henry A. Brann, L.L.D., rector of St. Agnes Church, N. Y.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"Blanaid, and other Irish historical and legendary poems, from the Gælic," is the title of a forthcoming volume of poetry by Mr. T. D. Sullivan. The story of Blanaid is one of the brightest and most dramatic of our ancient tales. There is a large store of poetic material in our old Gælic books which has had but too little attention from our modern bards and story-tellers, though Ferguson, Joyce, and D. F. McCarthy made splendid use of it, and we should welcome the appearance of other workers in the same field. Eason & Son, of Middle Abbey street, Dublin, will be the publishers of Mr. Sullivan's volume.

MUSIC.

White-Smith Publishing Co., Boston.

Vocal :—"Jubilate in B Flat," by C. Walter Gaylord. "O Sing Unto The Lord," Thanksgiving Anthem, by C. S. Steele. "The Beacon," words by Knight Summers, music by Michael Watson. "My Son, My Only Son," words by E. W. Rogers, music by Geo. Le Bruner. "The Fickle Maid," words by Claxson Bellamy, music by Jno. Chas. Enini. "My Heart Will Hear," words by G. Hubi Newcombe, music by Jno. Chas. Enini. "On the Cross," words by J. Manning Rogers, music by Loren Bragdon. "Pardoned," words by Lindsay Lennox, music by M. Piccolonini. "Maya," words by Frederic E. Weatherby, music by Joseph L. Roeckel. "Every-Day Life," words by Harry Boden, music by Chas. Chaplin. "The Working Man," words by G. A. Storey, music by C. C. Aspinwall. "The Gift," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by A. H. Behrend.

Piano :—"La Chatelaine" Minuet by Gustav Lange. "The Star of the South Minuet," by Theodore Moelling. "Quadrille," by same author. "Spanish Peasant Dance," by Frederick W. Holland. "Confidences Waltzes," by E. Waldteufel. "Whip-poor-will," by Blind Boone. "Fleurs Printanieres," by F. Devrient. "La Boaquetière," Polka de Salon, by Gustav Lange.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMAN.

THE Right Rev. Monsignor McLoughlin, P. P., Kiltulla, V. G. and Dean of Tuam, Ireland, died at his residence at the ripe age of seventy-seven years, fifty-two of which he spent in the sacred ministry. He was the life-long friend of His Grace the present Archbishop of Tuam, who conferred upon him the highest dignities a priest could hold under him. In the Irish Church it would be impossible to find a better type of a churchman, learned, pious, and charitable.

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. MICHAEL O'SHEA, of Dorchester, father of superintendent of lamps, Mr. Patrick O'Shea, died suddenly at the City Hospital, October 12, after undergoing a painful surgical operation. Mr. O'Shea was sixty-nine years old, and had been out of health since the explosion at the Codman street city ledge five years ago, where he received severe internal injuries, from which he never fully recovered. Deceased was a native of the city of Cork, and came to this country thirty-two years ago. He first settled in North Easton, but later came to Milton Lower Mills, where he worked at his trade of paper-making, and was of the third generation that had followed that occupation. For the last twenty-five years he was a subscriber of The Pilot. Of kindly ways and retiring manners, he was beloved and respected by all who knew him. Add to this, an amiable and devoted husband and father, and a devout Christian, who let no day pass without attending at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and the life and character of the deceased are described. Mr. O'Shea leaves a widow, three daughters, and one son to mourn his loss. The funeral services were at St. Gregory's Church, and the interment at Calvary. May he rest in peace.

CHILD.

THE hosts of friends of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Donahoe of Manchester, N. H., will extend to them their heart-felt sympathy in the deep affliction that has come upon them in the demise of their only child, John Sylvester Donahoe, who died of teething at 11.15 o'clock, on the morning of the 24th of October. The little fellow was born February 13, 1891, and had grown strong and healthy up to the time that he commenced to cut his teeth, but his vitality was not sufficient to carry him through that trying ordeal. The heart of every parent, who has suffered the loss of a little innocent, will respond with sympathetic interest to the grief and mourning that reigns in the Donahoe household.

Portrait of Our Holy Father.

ONE of the sensations of the next French *salon* will undoubtedly be M. Chartran's life portrait of his Holiness Leo XIII. Only once before, in the case of the famous Venetian artist, M. Bon, has the present Pope accorded the honor of a sitting to any artist. His Holiness, though very friendly to M. Bon, was not very well pleased with the portrait, which is at present in the possession of Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore. With M. Chartran's, on the contrary, he has expressed thorough satisfaction, and declared to the artist that it was the only true portrait of him in existence. "Any others I have seen," said his Holiness, "have always represented the mouth as ironical and severe, and have given me a smile quite Voltaire like."

REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH, for the last eighteen months editor of the Catholic Review, has resigned the position, and is no longer connected with that paper. His duties as chaplain at the convent of the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy, corner of Madison avenue and Eighty-First street, and his literary work, will occupy all of his time.

OFFICE seekers have strong filial affection; at least they always look after their pap.

Antiseptic Soap.

An antiseptic soap for physicians and nurses, which possesses the property of closing scratches and healing sores and cracks, has been introduced by M. Vigier, and is having considerable sale in Paris. It is made of twelve parts dried sulphate of copper incorporated with eighty-eight parts of any good soap material. The product has a pleasing green tint and is devoid of any irritating action.

The Eureka (Cal.) Standard: Recently, at the Occidental Mill, one-half of a log was sawed, which was ten feet three inches in diameter. It was worked up into three thousand nine hundred feet of lumber. While this is not a remarkable thing in redwood logs, still a whole log that yields seven thousand eight hundred feet of lumber is deserving of honorable mention.

The New Cunarders.

The new trans-Atlantic steamers, which are to be built for the Cunard line, are naturally attracting considerable interest in shipping circles. It is reported that the Fairfield Company's yard is already being cleared for the work on one of them, and that materials used in the early stages of construction are already prepared; though the construction of the vessels will be pushed with all possible speed, they will not be ready for service before the summer of 1893. It is reported that the ships are not absolutely guaranteed to be five-day boats, but twenty-one knots an hour in the open sea is guaranteed by the builders, and, if pushed hard, it is probable that they will make a much better record. It is stated that the Fairfield Company, who are to build these boats, offered to give the Cunard Company vessels capable of an average of twenty-two and one-half knots per hour; but as considerable space for the accommodation of first-class passengers would have to be sacrificed in order to obtain this speed, the Cunard Company decided to be satisfied with a little less speed and a better-paying boat. Provisions have been made, in the design, for the accommodation of six hundred first-class passengers, nearly a third more than the Teutonic or Majestic.

A controversy has arisen in the French press with regard to ex-President Grevy's last moments. Some papers maintain that he remained a freethinker to the last, and others declare that he received the last Sacraments before death. The latter is, we believe, the true statement. The Bishop of St. Claude officiated at the funeral, and a number of priests were present.

Fleas.

If those who are troubled with this insect will place the common adhesive fly-paper on the floors of the rooms infested, with a small piece of fresh meat in the centre of each sheet, they will find that the fleas will jump toward the meat and adhere to the paper. A badly infested house in two nights was rid by this means.

The Haverhill Gazette, Republican: The indorsement of Governor Russell by the people of this Commonwealth means that the days of the bigot, the time server, and general low, political rascal, have ended.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., & Chi.

CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC FOR 1892. Price 25 cents.

It is rich in illustration and original in matter, and is, without question, one of the best almanacs published. As usual, it opens with a beautiful example of color-printing, having for a frontispiece a fine oil-color plate of the nativity of our Lord. Then follow other choice illustrations: landscapes, portraits, scenes of every-day life and manners, etc. A copy of this almanac will be given to any one of our present subscribers who will procure a new one, and one to the new subscriber, on receipt of four dollars for both.

Will those of our subscribers indebted for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, oblige us by sending what they owe? Obtain a money order at your post-office and send without delay.

Thanksgiving Day, in Massachusetts, 26th of November.

Tim Healy Cowhided.

DUBLIN, Nov. 3.—Timothy Healy, McCarthyite member of the House of Commons, has been publicly horsewhipped by Mr. McDermott, the nephew of the late Charles Stewart Parnell.

Mr. Healy was in the library of the Four Courts when Mr. McDermott sent a messenger to say that Mr. Healy was wanted in the refreshment room. Mr. Healy, on going into the hall, was seized by McDermott, who began to apply the whip, saying, "That is for your insults at Longford."

Mr. Healy fell flat upon his back, his wig falling from his head.

While Mr. Healy was prostrate his enemy continued to slash whatever part of his body presented itself.

This, however, did not last long, for Mr. Healy sprang to his feet, and the two men clinched.

There was a rapid delivery of fist blows by Mr. McDermott, and then a short wrestling match ensued, which was concluded by Mr. Healy going to the earth.

Healy is fully the equal of McDermott in physical strength, but the latter handled him with ease, and but for the interference of the other lawyers might have fatally injured him. Healy is striped with broad welts from his neck downward on the back and hips. The Parnellites claim that Healy was crying for mercy when the other lawyers came to his rescue.

Mr. McDermott was arrested, but was discharged, as Mr. Healy declined to prefer a charge against him.

The assault is generally applauded in Dublin, and only feebly condemned even by McCarthyites. Healy's remarks about Mrs. Parnell are universally condemned as brutal.

Mr. McDermott, who horsewhipped Tim Healy yesterday, says of the affair: "I sought Mr. Healy and demanded that he apologize. He declined to be intimidated either by dynamite or by threats, whereupon I seized him by the collar and thrashed him as long as I could stand. Unfortunately my whip was too light for that sort of work, but I must have given him fifty blows. He struggled and tried to hit me, but his blows fell half an inch short of my face. A ring of people were watching us. I asked him if he had enough, but he made no reply. I then allowed him to go, and gave him my card, which he threw down. A policeman then came up. During the struggle Mr. Healy kept shouting: 'You're drunk.' I think I let him off easy."

P. O'Brien and Mr. Redmond have telegraphed their congratulations to Mr. McDermott.

Death of Monsignor Preston.

MONSIGNOR THOMAS S. PRESTON, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of New York, died at 1 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 4.

Mgr. Preston was born in Hartford, Conn., July 23, 1824. His family held and he inherited all the Puritan views regarding the Catholic faith. He was reared in the Episcopal Church, graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, in 1843, entered the Episcopal ministry soon after and was attached to the church of Rev. Dr. Seabury, grandson of the first Bishop of the American Episcopal Church.

It is a curious fact that in a Puritan society and of Puritan lineage and training he entered upon a course of study which induced him to become a Catholic, and this without being sought in any way by advocates of that faith.

Forty-one years ago the Rev. Thomas S. Preston, of Hartford, Conn., but temporarily acting as an Episcopal minister in New York City, surprised his colleagues by renouncing Protestantism and asking for admission to the Catholic Church. A year later, on Nov. 16, 1850, he was ordained a priest and entered on that career of polemical and clerical activity, which made him the eminent Mgr. Preston—the American Bishop, Right Reverend and Prothonotary Apostolic.

After serving as an assistant in the Cathedral in New York City, and as pastor of St. Mary's Church in Yonkers, N. Y., he was in 1853 appointed Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York, and in 1873 became Vicar-General in connection with the duties of chancellorship. Since 1861 he has been pastor of St. Ann's Church, and in 1881 he was appointed Domestic Prelate of the Pope's Household with the title of Monsignor. The degree of S. T. D. was conferred upon him by Seton Hall College, New Jersey, in 1880.

$60,000 for Catholic Charities.

PATRICK BERGEN, an old resident of the North End, Boston, who died a fortnight ago in the Massachusetts General Hospital, left an estate estimated at about $60 000, which he disposed of by will to Boston charities as follows: Archbishop Williams and the pastors of St. Joseph's and St. Stephen's churches, for the use of the parishes, $10,000, to be divided equally between the three parishes; Home for Desitute Catholic Children, Little Sisters of the Poor, House of the Good Shepherd, St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and Carney Hospital, $5,000 each. After a few personal bequests of small sums the residue of the estate is to be divided equally between the above five charitable institutions. The executors named in the will are Matthew Keany, John Kenny and J. D. Fallon. This is the largest individual bequest to Catholic institutions in Boston since the bequest of $90,000 by the late Denis H. Tully, a few years ago.

Drafts on Ireland.

PARTIES desiring to remit money SAFELY to Ireland will find it most convenient and SECURE to procure drafts at PATRICK DONAHOE S, the *oldest* and *most reliable* Exchange Agency in Boston.

For more than HALF A CENTURY PATRICK DONAHOE has been issuing drafts on Ireland and other European countries, and during that period NOT A SINGLE DRAFT has ever been dishonored by Bank or by storekeeper, although many millions of dollars have been sent to the Old Country by his agency.

Mr. Donahoe has no connection with any other bank in Boston. He sells his own drafts, drawn on the National Bank, Dublin and London, and payable at their branches in England, Ireland and Scotland. Mr. Donahoe has no agencies. He alone sells his own drafts.

NOTE the address, 630 Washington St., Boston, up one flight, over Sage's Trunk Store.

A LIFE-SAVER DECLINES A ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.—Some months ago two young ladies were drowned at Bundoran, and Mr. Peter Reilly, brother of one of them, was rescued by Mr. James Gorman and Constable Sadler. At the Ballyshannon Petty Sessions, on Oct. 8, Mr. Hamilton, R. M., presented the latter with the medal of the Royal Humane Society. He was also to give Mr. Gorman a certificate, but the latter declined to accept it, saying that it was he who saved Mr. Reilly's life, and he deserved the medal.

DINE at Ober's.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY is celebrated all over the world.

RODERER'S LIQUID FOOD is getting very popular all over the country.

THE New England Piano has an immense sale in every part of the United States and Canada.

BUY your hats, caps, and umbrellas of Wm. P. Hogg, Cambridge street, Boston, near the Revere House.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE cures burns, scalds, and everything in this particular line since the days of antiquity.

THE Standard Furniture Co., 23 Washington street, Boston, cannot be beat for low prices, either for cash or on the instalment plan.

SHAKESPEARE was a grand old poet; he had the brains and wit to show it; he drank his whiskey made from rye, and always smoked the Sleeper's Eye.

POETS sang in early ages; actors strut on many stages; doctors cured the ills of man; none more successful than Dr. Dam, 405 Columbus avenue, Boston.

THE Boston Furniture Co. is selling furniture very low at 790 Washington street, Boston. Messrs. Kelly & Hayes will not allow themselves to be outdone.

WM. H. BRINE, corner of Tremont street and Pemberton square, Boston, is giving the ladies who visit his store great bargains. Just call and see for yourselves.

SAGES lived in days gone by; wise men did just the same. Take a friend's advice, and buy your furniture of the Hanover Furniture Co., 126 and 128 Hanover street, Boston.

THE Commonwealth Clothing Store, corner of Kneeland and Washington streets, is the best place in Boston to buy summer clothing, for young men, old men, or boys, and the cheapest in the city.

THE Boston Orange Growers Co., M. D. Brooks, general agent, 34 School street, Boston, is offering great inducements to capitalists. Read their advertisement in another column of this MAGAZINE.

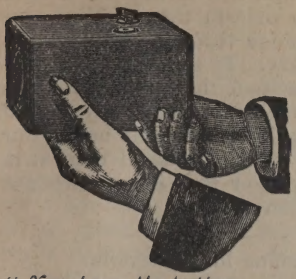
MESSRS. EDWARD HARKINS & Co., 27 India street, corner of Milk street, Boston, has the largest stock of oils and candles for church purposes that can be found in this city, and at very moderate prices.

NONE more modest than a lady. None more soldierly than a soldier. None more patriotic than a patriot. None more wise than Solomon. Ladies, soldiers, patriots, and wise people, all buy their furniture of John Curtin & Co., New Washington street, Boston.

THE nail tells the truth. The Putnam nail is the only hot forged and hammer pointed horse nail in the market to-day, and the only one in which the old hand process is imitated and followed. It is forged to a point from the best Swedish iron rods while at a welding heat. Then polished by the water process no acids being used and hammer pointed. It is thus identical with the hand made nail made by the smith. It is preposterous for a firm who make a nail by cold rolling and clipping blanks, to claim to hot forge a nail or to imitate the old hand process. Such a claim can only be accounted for by a desire to imitate in order to palm off inferior goods on the public. All cold rolled or clipped nails are liable to split or sliver when driven, and many will not drive them knowingly. A hot forged nail can be distinguished by its having smooth edges for the whole length, while a clipped nail will show the marks of the shears on the edges near the point. The truth is in the nail, and it speaks more forcibly than the misrepresentation of imitating rivals. See that your horse is shod with the Putnam Nail, the only hot forged nail, and therefore the only safe nail to drive. Putnam Nail Co., Neponset, Boston, Mass.

OUR GIRLS AS SUCCESSFUL WOMEN.

A WEALTHY woman recently gave two hundred thousand dollars to establish a summer resort for poor mothers and their children. God bless her; this is only one instance among thousands where woman has conceived and executed grand ideas. Women are rapidly entering every branch of the useful arts, and aspiring to every money-making employment. "What shall we do with our girls" is no longer a mighty problem for mothers and fathers to solve. Some one has said, "It takes a woman to set a hen;" and so it does. The most successful poultry raisers are women. We have in mind a woman who has for years raised finer poultry and got more eggs from her hens at less expense, than her male neighbors, — practical men too. Let your girls engage in the poultry industry, as many are doing. Give them a fair share of the profits, and they will soon convince their fathers that girls are mighty handy persons to have about the old home. With the aid now offered, any person can make hens lay even in cold weather. Out of twenty-four gold coin premiums offered last winter for best results, one third were won by the women who used Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay. For example: Mrs. Henry Baker, Holliston, Mass., won $10 and got from 18 hens during the three months' trial 1,359 eggs; Mrs. L. J. Wilson, Northboro, Mass., got 3,243 eggs from 100 hens; Mrs. Edwin Brown, East Greenwich, R. I., from 35 hens got 2,454 eggs; Mrs. E. Bartley, Freeport, Pa., got 2,029 eggs from 32 hens; Miss Ada L. Ross, of Mt. Sterling, Ill., from 15 hens got 886 eggs; and Miss Maggie Croushorn, of Ottobine, Va., got 2,000 eggs from 30 hens; each of the last five ladies also won a $5.00 premium from I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House street, Boston, Mass. Every person who sends this firm now $1.20 for a can of Powder, and desires it, can have his name entered as a competitor, if the premiums are again offered. For 50 cents., they will send two 25 cent packs of Powder; for $1.00 five packs post-paid; six cans for $5 00, express paid; a large can of powder, also one year's subscription to Farm-Poultry monthly, both sent post-paid for $1.50. Sample copy of paper 5 cents. Send stamps or cash. Testimonials sent free.



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STANDARD COAL CO., Globe Building, Boston, Mass.

VERY REV. FATHER ESSER, O. P., who has been for some years Professor of Philosophy in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, having been recalled by his religious superiors to occupy a position on the staff of the new Catholic University at Fribourg, Switzerland, the theological faculties of which have been placed in charge of the Dominican Order, the vacant chair has been given to the Rev. Daniel Mannix, Professor of First Year's Philosophy. The following appointments in connection with the college have also been made: The Rev. Thomas Gilmartin, of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, has been appointed one of the Deans. The Rev. Edmond O'Growney has been appointed Professor of Irish Language, Literature, and Antiquities.

Agricultural Laborers.

IT appears from the annual statistics relating to the Irish migratory agricultural laborers that in June of this year 13,129 persons, or 2.8 per 1,000 of the population, had either left, or intended to leave their homes, to seek employment as agricultural laborers elsewhere. The corresponding number of 1890 was 14,081, showing a decrease of 952, or 6.8 per cent. in the present year. Of the total, 83 per cent. sought work in England, 14 per cent. in Scotland, and 3 per cent. in other parts of Ireland. More than one half of the Irish migratory laborers came from the county Mayo, and five-sixths of the entire number were natives of the province of Connaught. As an indication of their social position at home, it is shown that 4,174 of the migratory laborers are small landholders, while 8,955 are without land.

The Holy Rosary.

THE Holy Rosary is a devotion most salutary to the Christian soul. Why is it that so many plunge into the way of perdition, and give themselves over to the evil one? It is because they have lost sight of the greatness of their immortal souls and the infinite value which they possess in the sight of God. But to recall these wretched sinners from the depths of their misery nothing can be more efficacious than the consideration of the august mysteries accomplished by the Son of God in order to redeem them. Now, this is what is done through the devotion of the Rosary. In the practice of this devotion each of the great mysteries connected with the central mystery of the Incarnation is brought before our minds, and we are to dwell upon it in a spirit of prayer that it may produce its impression upon us.

Paraffine in Diphtheria.

MR. A. M. SYDNEY-TURNER, surgeon to the Gloucester County Infirmary, informs the Lancet, in reply to inquiries, that he has treated thirty cases of diphtheria (children and adults) with paraffine, and has had the satisfaction of seeing every one recover. His plan is to ask for the ordinary paraffine used in lamps, and, having scraped off the diphtheritic patch, to apply the paraffine every hour to the throat (internally) with a large camel's hair brush. As a rule, the throat gets well in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and with improvement in the throat the paraffine is applied less frequently, but he continues its use for two or three days after the complete disappearance of the patches. He speaks definitely as to the therapeutic effects; but is unable to state what the chemical action of paraffine on the diphtheritic membrane is; probably the hydrocarbons in the liquid exert some powerful influence on the membrane.

THE Prince of Wales celebrated his fiftieth birthday, November 9.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

Good Crop Prospects in Ireland.

THE Governor of the Bank of Ireland, presiding at the annual meeting of the stockholders of that institution, congratulated them upon the fact that good reports were received everywhere as to the crop prospects in Ireland. There was a reasonable ground for hope of a good return of all kinds of farming produce, as well as of cattle. He was hopeful of the early dawn of an era of peace and prosperity for the country. The Tories are quoting the Governor's speech as a proof of the success of Mr. Balfour's Irish policy in tranquillizing the country, and leading to the revival of agricultural prosperity.

DURING the debate on the Irish estimates in the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, intimated that a local government bill for Ireland, based broadly on the same lines as the English and Scotch acts, will be introduced at the next session. He asked whether such a bill would have the support of the Irish Members, adding that he doubted it. T. M. Healy interposing, said that such a bill certainly would have the support of the Irish Members. It is understood that the intimation made by Mr. Balfour is founded on fact, and that such a measure will certainly become part of the government programme for the next session. The subject is causing much comment and speculation in political circles.

The Oldest Republic.

IN this country there are two hundred and fifty thousand Swiss emigrants, and they are among the most desirable of all our foreign citizens, those brave people who come from the oldest republic to cast their lot with the greatest and richest one. Among all the quarter of a million Swiss among us, there is scarcely a pauper or a criminal, and not a tramp.

BISHOP KEANE, addressing Catholic liquor-dealers, says: "The saloon is a good place for Christians to shun, and the liquor trade is a good one for Christians to get out of."

Our Paupers.

THE Census reports declare that pauperism does not increase as fast as our population. This is a comfort. The total number of paupers in the almshouses, poor-houses, and similar institutions in the country is given as 73,045 ; of these 43,123 were native born, and 27,648 foreign born. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois show the largest pauper population, ranging from five thousand to ten thousand. New Mexico has one pauper, and he is probably the obstacle to the admission of that ancient kingdom as a state.

THE miners employed at the Nottingham colliery, Plymouth, Pa., have been getting one dollar and sixty-eight cents per day. One day last week the company brought into the town three carloads of Huns who had just landed off the steamer at New York, and placed them in a building called the "barracks," adjacent to the mines. Then when the regular men — who were all English-speaking people — were going into the shaft, they were unexpectedly informed that their wages had been reduced to one dollar and twenty-five cents per day. They refused to accept this, and immediately a message was sent to the "barracks". and the Huns were brought down to the shaft. This enraged the regular men, — they had worked at the mine many years,— and so they attacked the Huns and drove them back to the "barracks." Are they much to blame, asks the Medugan Catholic ?

THE Pope, like the German Emperor, speaks better English than many Englishmen, and uses it in preference to French, the language of the Vatican, whenever he gives audience to Americans or English people. He is also well versed in German. The Holy Father has a most remarkable memory for faces, but in his case this accomplishment is a natural gift rather than an acquirement.

AN English temperance cyclist club sends its members, on their wheels, to various villages, where they hold open-air temperance meetings.

The Speed of a Horse.

WHILE the public is still marvelling over Salvator's wonderful performance in running a mile in 1.35½, there are few who have, through comparison and analysis, sought to realize what a terrific burst of speed this is. It is nearly forty miles an hour — a rate averaged by very few of our fastest railway trains. There are 5,280 feet in a mile, so that for every one of these ninety-five seconds — for every beat of a man's pulse — this wonderful horse covered fifty-five and three-tenths feet of ground. The shortest space of time noted by the turfman's watch is a quarter of a second — an interval so brief that the eye can hardly observe, the mind can hardly appreciate it. Yet in every one of those 382 quarters of a second that magnificent creature leaped sixteen and three-tenths feet. Such are the amazing results of careful breeding as exhibited in the American race-horse.

The Soldiers of the Cross.

THE consecration of the new Bishop appointed as Cardinal Lavigerie's co-adjutor in the division of the Sahara and the Soudan, Monsignor Joseph Anatole Toulette, has been the ground of a circular letter addressed to the clergy and the faithful of that region, — a letter in which the eminent Cardinal says that the hope of "the armed brothers of the Sahara is to consecrate their devotion, their strength and their resources, as well as their lives, to the redemption of the unfortunate people who suffer in the oasis where the slaves brought from the interior by the cupidity of barbarous hosts, are left to die. . . . These brothers have humbly and nobly given our army to understand, that, if one day it penetrates into the depths of the Sahara, they wish only always to be the devoted auxiliaries of those that France will arm officially in its cause. They aspire to no other glory than that of carrying to them their aid by the practice of charity, and the good works that flow from it."

THE sheriff of Glasgow, Scotland, says thirty thousand people get drunk in that city every Saturday night.

An Old Woman.

MRS. BRIDGET MULLEN, aged one hundred and five years and eleven months, is believed to be the oldest resident in Massachusetts. She was born in the latter part of October, 1785, in the outskirts of a village in County Mayo, Ireland. She came of a hardy race, and two of her sisters lived to the age of ninety years. In the course of time she married a young man residing on a neighboring estate, and there they lived happily, although there were constant difficulties between the residents and the English troops. Several children were born to her, and four of them, with her husband, passed away before 1862. At that time she was residing with one of her sons, who was married. Times were hard in Ireland, and the next year they came over to America, settling in Amesbury, Mass. Another of her sons who came over with them went West, and she has not heard from him since that time. Four years ago Mrs. Mullen, with her son, who is now over sixty years of age, his children, and even his children's children, moved to that portion of Dracut known as Collinsville, where they now reside. Mrs. Mullen does not understand English. She speaks Irish, which is unintelligible to to her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Her mind is still clear and her memory of events in her early life is excellent. Mrs. Mullen is very devout, and spends much of her time in prayer.

REV. MR. HARCOURT, a Methodist minister of Baltimore, recently declared that "Protestantism is losing its grip upon the people. A very large portion of New York City has been abandoned by the Protestant forces. This is not so with Romanism. All her churches have been retained, enlarged, and improved, and she is more than keeping pace with the growth of the new part of the city also."

THE Massachusetts Prison Commissioner reports that drunkenness has increased forty-eight per cent. in this State in the last five years, and the prison population fifteen per cent. in the same period.

Honest Immigrants.

WE (Catholic Review) are of the opinion that Secretary Noble said the right word when in a recent letter on immigration he wrote: "While the immigration laws of the United States must and will be enforced, I agree with you that those laws were never enacted in derogation of the plainest requirements of humanity, and no worthy immigrant who, in all other respects, meets the demands of our statutes, should be excluded from the country because, through the action of others, he is for the time being homeless and without property." This sentiment will not hinder our officials from administering the laws strictly; it will encourage the persecuted Jews and interest their patrons in the work of fitting them to fulfil the conditions now put upon the immigrant.

THE women in England and Wales outnumber the men by nine hundred thousand; if we take Scotland and Ireland into account, where the proportion is, probably, about the same, we have, at least, over a million women who, in the nature of things, cannot expect to become wives. This is due to the greater readiness of men to go abroad. Thus, while at home there are women wanting husbands, there are parts of the world where men find it difficult to get wives.

THE enormous mass of extra dead weight due to the carrying of the boiler, fuel and water in the old locomotive will be entirely unnecessary in the railways of the future, which will be propelled electrically. Unquestionably the future electro-locomotion will show a motor on every axle, or, at any rate, upon two axles of each car, and every car running as a unit, in which case they can run coupled together in a train or not, as may be convenient.

CATHOLIC convent schools attract Protestant patronage because they protect the innocence of their pupils. Parents know that the Sisters are like guardian angels to the girls entrusted to their care.

Paste This in Your Prayer-Book and Study It by Heart.

HAVING entered a pew, move along. Do not block up the end of the pew as if you did not intend to have any one else enter it, or as if you were holding it for special friends. Do not rise to let others in, but move along and leave the pew invitingly open, so that they will know that they are welcome. If a pew capable of holding six has five already in it, don't file out in formal procession to let one poor scared woman go to the farthest end, but move along, and let her sit down at the end next to the aisle. It is not necessary now for a man to sit at the end, ready to rush out and kill Indians, as possibly it was once.

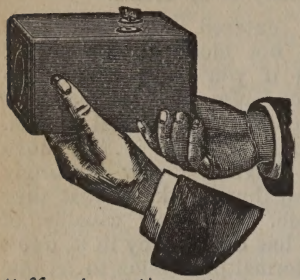
Money the Year Round.

MISS SMITH says: "Can I make twenty-five dollars per week in the plating business?"—"Yes; I make four to eight dollars per day plating tableware and jewelry and selling platers. H. C. Delno & Co., Columbus, O., will give you full information. A plater costs five dollars. Business is light and honorable, and makes money the year round. A READER."

COMING into church late is not only disedifying but annoying. You give scandal to the weaker brethren, and you annoy the worshippers. Avoid the habit. Pastors, too, should be punctual. Commence Holy Mass promptly at the given time, and the people will soon learn the need of being punctual themselves.

OF the entire human race, 500,000,000 are well clothed, that is, they wear garments of some kind; 250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, and 250,000,000 virtually have no shelter.

THE Very Rev. Father Edward Sorin, general of the order of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, the founder of Notre Dame, near South Bend, Ind., who has been making a short tour of Europe, has arrived home.



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The Pope and the Irish Hierarchy.

THE Holy Father recently took occasion to express his particular satisfaction at the spirit of unity existing in the Hierarchy of Ireland. The hearty unanimity of their action in the severe trial which the country is going through has deeply affected his Holiness; and his emphatic manner of speaking about it to those privileged to listen to him was very impressive.

A HARD-WORKING woman was asked: "Madam, are you a woman suffragist?"—"No, sir," was the answer, "I haven't time to be."—"Haven't time? Well, if you had the privilege of voting, whom would you support?"—"The same man I have supported for the last ten years."—"And who is that?—"My husband."

THE wife of Junius Brutus Booth was a Catholic lady whom he abandoned for a woman by whom he had eleven children, among them all of the Booths that are now known to fame In a little church-yard in Baltimore there is a marble slab with this inscription:

Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
Pray for the soul of
Mary Christine Adelaide
Delannoy,
Wife of
Junius Brutus Booth, Tragedian.
She died in Baltimore,
March the 9th, 1858,
Aged 66 years.
It is a holy and wholesome thought
To pray for the dead.
May she rest in peace.

"CONFIDENCE BEGETS LOVE."

CHILD. "Gran'ma, kiss me good-night. Sister is asleep, but we so love to hear you tell of all the ladies that call you Mother."

Mrs. PINKHAM. "Yes, darling, when you are older perhaps you may do as I have done."

CHILD. "Everybody loves you, gran'ma; I wish everybody would love me."

Mrs. PINKHAM. "Everyone will love you, my child, **if they can confide in you.**"

The above dialogue tells its own story; even the little child, without knowing why her grandmother is so universally loved, sees in her face a light of intellectual sympathy that satisfies her. That sympathy has extended itself all over the world, for wherever civilized women exist, Mrs. Pinkham is known and reverenced. Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Etiquette."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is the only **Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy** for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women.

It cures the worst forms of Female Complaints, that Bearing-down Feeling, Weak Back, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, Inflammation, Ovarian Troubles, and all Organic Diseases of the Uterus or Womb, and is invaluable to the Change of Life. Dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus at an early stage, and checks any tendency to Cancerous Humor. Subdues Faintness, Excitability, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, etc., and invigorates the whole system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex, **the Compound has no rival.**

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ST. JOSEPH'S WORK AMONG THE NEGROES.

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— OR, THE —

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REV. J. R. SLATTERY, St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

Read this Carefully and see if You Comprehend its Meaning.

A COUNTRY paper says: "We suppose many people think newspaper men are persistent duns. By way of comparison let us suppose a farmer raises one thousand bushels of wheat a year, and he sells this out to one thousand persons in all parts of the country, a great portion of them saying: 'I will hand you the dollar in a short time.' Of course the farmer don't want to be small about it and he says 'all right.' Soon his one thousand bushels of wheat are gone, but he has little money to show for it, and the farmer then realizes that he has frittered away his whole wheat crop, and that its value is due him in a thousand little dribbles, consequently he is seriously embarrassed in his business because his debtors, each owning one dollar, treat it as a small matter, and of course think it would not help much. Continue this kind of business year in and year out, as the publisher does, how long could he or would he stand it? A moment's thought will convince anyone that a publisher has cause for persistent dunning."

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

---

BY a strange coincidence, many of our great statesmen have died on the Fourth of July. Hannibal Hamlin died on the last Fourth of July. John Adams, our second president, Thomas Jefferson, our third president, James Munroe, our fifth president, died on the Fourth, and Madison, our fourth President, died in the week preceding the Fourth of July.

Catholic Literature for Ships.

A SPECIAL sub-committee of the Catholic Truth Society has been formed at London, Eng., for the purpose of supplying Catholic literature to ships. The work has already been undertaken by the society for troop ships and emigrant ships, but it is now proposed to extend it greatly and to bring within its scope the royal navy, the merchant service and the deep sea fisheries. The bishop of Portsmouth is chairman of the sub-committee.

The War Against the Nuns.

FROM Paris we learn that the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul have been served with official notice of their intended expulsion from the four houses of succor for the poor which they have hitherto managed in the fifth arrondisement of that city. The order is to take effect no later than the 1st of October, and is the latest evidence of hatred of religion and religious given by godless municipal authorities of the French capital.

Goodness too Timid.

THE great difficulty with goodness throughout the world is that it is a little timid, and vice is very bold. Good people following out their instincts, imagine that all that is necessary to convert the world is to show the right path. — *Archbishop Ireland.*

THE heroine of heroines at the fire which reduced to ashes the convent of St. Victor, St. Hilaire, Quebec, was La Sœur Marguerite, who made ropes out of sheets, stood where flames were fiercest, and let down the deaf and dumb children to safety. She descended last and fainted below. Then the place she stood on fell into a chasm of fire.

THE Irish Ecclesiastical Record: We refer to the advertisement of this publication in our advertising pages. The price is $2.50 a year. Subscriptions received at the office of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Patrick Donahoe Honored.

A SPECIAL copy of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, which is published and edited by the venerable Patrick Donahoe of Boston, proprietor of the Pilot, containing Pope Leo XIII.'s encyclical on "The Condition of Labor," was lately presented to the Pope. His holiness inquired about the publisher, who was described to him as one who has done much for the church in America. The Pope then sent to Mr. Donahoe and his family a special benediction, personal to him and them. Mr. Donahoe well deserves this special mark of favor from the head of the church he has served so long and loyally. — *Boston Daily Herald.*

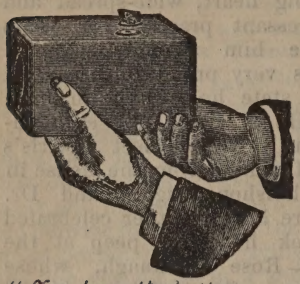
A Distinguished Tyrone Man Abroad.

A CABINET full of ancient and modern implements of hostility — an Irish battle-axe, ten centuries old, with a crescent-shaped blade, a vicious-looking shillalah of a date less remote; swords that charged and clashed at Waterloo — these weapons are gilded with the Irish harp and the royal crown of England; swords that swept some of the battle fields of the Crimean war, and others that fell from valiant hands at the battle of the Pyramids; a Japanese sword, thick, short, straight, and heavier than the usual Jap himself — all these will readily make any man very inquisitive. Such a well-appointed cabinet is in Dr. Cassidy's mansion. The weapons were purchased by the doctor on his recent tour through France and the British Isles, and the history of each weapon is thoroughly authenticated. These weapons, reminiscent of so many phases of strife, and of the reddest and best fought battles, are probably the richest and rarest array in the state. One of the first places that Dr. Cassidy visited in Ireland was his native town, Analoughan of county Tyrone. He and the illustrious Archbishop Hughes were second cousins, born under the same thatched roof. It was lucky to be born under that roof. The Hughes boy rose to the purple dignity of the greatest archdiocese in America. The Cassidy boy is one of the foremost physicians in Connecticut, a man whose noted professional knowledge and skill, sterling integrity, big heart, wide-spread and almost incessant practice for years have made him strongly popular. Norwich is very proud of him, and the whole state holds him in high esteem. He is listed for surgeon-general on Governor-elect Morris's staff. Half a mile from the house in which Archbishop Hughes and Dr. Cassidy were born, another celebrated relative took her first peep at the shamrock — Rose Kavanagh, whose writings were often published in the Boston Pilot.

The Cardinal and President Harrison.

ON July 11, the President and Cardinal Gibbons met at Cape May, and there was a cordial greeting. After a brief walk they came in front of the President's cottage, when Mr. Harrison invited the Cardinal to enter. In the course of a conversation of about half an hour, it is said the President introduced the subject of the Cahensly memorial. He gave his opinion quite freely, and said while having no disposition to interfere in Church matters, he was glad to have an opportunity to express his satisfaction with the published remarks of the Cardinal, and at the merited rebuke administered at home and abroad to foreign interference in our domestic affairs. The Cardinal, it is said, was very much pleased with the President's views on the subject. A Baltimore clergyman, eminent in the Church, speaking of the meeting of President Harrison and Cardinal Gibbons, at Cape May, and their talk on the Cahensly memorial, said: "The Cardinal, and with him the Bishops and clergy, and Catholics of the United States, fully realize that the issue raised by the Cahensly memorial is one of interest, not only for the Catholics in America, but for the country at large, and together with their fellow-citizens are very much against foreign and unwarranted interference in the affairs of the Church in this country."

HIS Eminence Cardinal Manning entered upon his 84th year on Wednesday, July 15, 1891.



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THE reredos case in London has been decided against the appellant, and the Ritualists have secured a victory. The appellants thought that the sculptured figures of Jesus and His Mother in the reredos of St. Paul's Cathedral were calculated to foster a superstitious belief in images, and suggested unlawful ideas of devotion. The Protestant Bishop of London decided that the figures should not be removed, and the fault-finders carried their case to the Court of Appeals to be defeated a second time. The sculptures will continue, therefore, to annoy the sensitive consciences of the persons who paid the costs of the legal proceedings.

NOVEMBER 4, 1849, at the blessing of a Church in Milford, Mass., Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, preached on "The holiness of the house of God, and the reverence and respect due to it"; and in the afternoon of the same day administered the temperance pledge to a large number of the congregation.

ONE of those unreasonable men who take a newspaper or magazine for a year or two, and then sends it back "refused," was sued by a publisher in Michigan a short time ago, and the judge gave a verdict for the plaintiff of full amounts and costs. The court decided that notice to discontinue was not sufficient if the subscriber was in arrears. He must pay first.

SON. "Mother, do you never weary with all your correspondence?"
LYDIA PINKHAM. "No, my son, these letters of confidence bring to me the joy that a mother feels, whose daughter throws her arms around her neck and cries, 'Oh, mother, help me!' The women of the world are my daughters, dear."
SON. "Yes, mother, and they love you."

Lydia Pinkham's private letters from ladies in all parts of the world average **one hundred per day,** and truly has she been a **mother to the race.** Suffering women ever seek her in their extremity, and find both a helper and a friend. Correspondents will receive prompt and conscientious answers, **and the sympathy of a mother.**

Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Etiquette," a beautiful illustrated book.

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REV. J. R. SLATTERY, St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

JOHN E. FITZGERALD, Esq., a prominent lawyer and politician of Boston, was recently married in New York to Mme. Connolly, the well-known Fifth avenue modiste, who is said to be worth a million. Mr. Fitzgerald is her third husband. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE extends its congratulations to John E.

Corruption in Canada.

CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, Toronto: Who has not read and heard homilies on the bad state of American politics? The corruption of the Albany Legislature, and the degradation of the municipal politics of New York have been fruitful themes for Canadian comment. Little did we think, as we stood on our imaginary moral pedestal, and, like the Pharisee, thanked God that we were not like these Yankees, that an ex-member of the New York Legislature, an escaped municipal "boss" from the Tammany gang, was operating with success upon one of the principal departments of our own government at Ottawa. It is never safe to be pharisaical. Every country has its political blacklegs; every party has its rascals. Canadians are not responsible for what other countries do, and if they could be induced to mind their own business, punish their own rascals, and put and keep in power honest, clean men at home, the future of the Dominion would be brighter.

Orange Lodges in the Army.

THE recurrence of the Twelfth of July is signalized by an order from the Duke of Cambridge, addressed to the Commander-in-Chief in India, directing that steps shall be at once taken to close an Orange Lodge lately established in an infantry regiment stationed in that country. The Commander-in Chief has intimated his disapproval of such lodges in the army, and requests their discontinuance. Fifty years ago the growth of Orangeism in the army was deemed a danger to the state, when thirty or forty regiments had lodges established in their midst with the sanction of the Duke of Cumberland, then Grand Master. Parliament caused an inquiry, and Orange Lodges in the army were forbidden. Who is responsible for the present revival? And, of all places in the world — in India! We have generals who announced on public platforms what they would do in the event of Home Rule being given to Ireland. Does the recrudescence of Orangeism in the army date from those speeches as an incentive to preparation? We think it is time for the House of Commons to bestir itself again, says the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

ONE of the humors of the Irish Assizes — and it is very mild humor, indeed — is the display of Mr. Justice Gibson at Kilkenny. The genial judge appeared on the bench clad, not in the awe-inspiring robes of his office, but in the commonplace garb of the ordinary citizen. His judicial wardrobe had gone astray somewhere on the Waterford and Central Ireland Railroad. Somehow or other the sky did not fall when his lordship proceeded to deliver his customary address without the ceremonial trappings that lend solemnity to judicial functions.

THE Irish Executive Board has issued a circular to Boards of Poor Law Guardians warning them against sending indigent emigrants to the United States, in view of the steps taken by the American authorities to prevent their landing.

THE Catholics of Montreal, Canada, will, on May 18th, 1892, celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that great and prosperous city.

GEN. CHARLES H. TAYLOR, editor-in-chief of the Boston Daily Globe, has been in Dublin lately. To an interviewer he said: "From my reading of English papers I have gathered that the bye-elections have pointed, on the whole, to a strong reaction of popular opinion, especially in the English constituencies, in favor of Mr. Gladstone. If that is so, Irishmen should find some way, to borrow a Yankee phrase much in use just now, 'to get together,' and be a unit at the back of the veteran statesman on whom, apparently, all their present hopes of securing home rule depend."

Corpus Christi.

THIS great festival was celebrated throughout the world, on the 30th of May, with great pomp and ceremonies. The celebration in Montreal, Canada, was immense. There was the usual big procession of the faithful through the streets of the city. The Host was carried by Archbishop Fabre, and the procession comprised all the Catholic societies and orders in the city, judges and members of the bar, and prominent Catholic citizens. The procession took over two hours in passing a given point.

Balfour Relenting.

DURING the course of a speech delivered in London, Mr. Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland, said that the conditions now prevailing in Ireland showed the benefits which had accrued to the country through the enforcement of the crimes act. This act had so well fulfilled the object the government had in view, when it was adopted by Parliament, that crime had decreased to such an extent that it was now justifiable to suspend the operation of the act everywhere in Ireland, with the exception of a few places where the ashes of the plan of campaign still smoulder. The government, Mr. Balfour declared, would shortly issue a proclamation suspending the act throughout the country, except where it was deemed advisable to enforce it for a time longer to better prevent lawlessness. In concluding his speech, Mr. Balfour made reference to other conditions which prevail in Ireland, and said that the country urgently needed imperial laws and imperial credit.

Love for the Negroes.

A DEPUTATION of negroes from Central Africa was lately admitted to an audience by the Holy Father. "Our heart," one of them afterward said, when telling of his impressions, "was filled with joy like what we felt on the day of our baptism, confirmation, and communion, when we stood before the Head of the Church, the representative of Jesus Christ Himself. The Pope said to us: 'I rejoice much to see you, and to know that many of your brothers practise their religion well. Continue to do so till death.'" And, indeed, the audience were in good dispositions to hear the words of the Pope. One of their number had had a foot cut off during a persecution of native Christians. "How comes that?" asked the Holy Father, drawing the young man over to his side and pointing to the stump. —"Because I prayed." —"Tell me about it, my son." The young negro related his torture so simply that tears came to the eyes of Leo XIII., and, no longer able to contain himself, he exclaimed: "I have never embraced a martyr, but to-day I will do so!" And the Head of the Church tenderly folded the trembling negro in his arms.

THEY say the late Sir John Macdonald always signed all the petitions that were brought to him, and it was in the indulgence of this propensity that he once affixed his name to a petition to have Sir John Macdonald hanged to the nearest tree.

The Crops.

FROM all parts of the country we have received good accounts of the prospects for good crops. Though May was the dryest month we have had since 1879, the crops have fortunately not suffered.

THE well-known jeweller, Mr. WILLIAM B. PARAZINA, 32 Hanover street, announces extensive additions to his stock, which, always complete, will henceforth be unsurpassed by any in the city. We would especially invite the attention of our city and surburban readers to his admirable assortment of wedding rings. Mr. Parazina, moreover, has a full line of watches and mantle clocks. As hitherto, he proposes to sustain his wide-spread reputation for standard jewelry and sterling bargains. We know not of any dealer in the business whom we could more confidently recommend

A PERSON who is of a cheerful disposition, is like sunshine and fresh air. Everybody likes to be where he is. His presence seems to drive away bitterness and sullenness.

WE

have now our new Patterns of

Chamber Furniture set up.

They are of new shades of finish on **Maple, Oak, Cherry, and Mahogany,** generally plain in character, but artistic and fine in finish.

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46 Canal, and 139 Friend Sts.

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YOUR

Maple Sets as low as					-	**$28**
Oak	**"**	**"**	**"**	**"**	-	**23**
Cherry	**"**	**"**	**"**	**"**	-	**38**
Mahogany	**"**	**"**	**"**		-	**70**
Ash		**"**	**"**	**"**	-	**16**

PATRONAGE

J. B. Conlin

ARTISTIC PORTRAITS

In Crayon, French Pastel, Oil and Water Colors,

37 WINTER ST., ROOMS 5, 6, & 9, BOSTON.

N. B.—The portrait of the late John Boyle O'Reilly exhibited on the platform at the memorial meeting recently held in Tremont Temple, was the work of the above artist. Mr. T. B. Fitz, who was one of the late Mr. O'Reilly's most intimate friends, says of the above picture, in a testimonial given by him to Mr. Conlin, "Seldom, if ever, have I seen a picture which so forcibly impressed me as possessing those life-like characteristics of expression and shading which are so noticeable in this."

A Tale of the Seas.

A TERRIBLE story of cannibalism is reported from the Solomon Islands. A French schooner, whose name has not been ascertained, went to the Island of San Christaral for labor recruits, and two boats, each containing five sailors, armed with Snider rifles, were sent ashore. The Frenchmen found the natives unusually willing to recruit, and the boats were speedily filled and the return voyage commenced; but as soon as the boats got into the surf the natives capsized them and swam to shore. The Frenchmen attempted to follow this example, but were murdered one after the other, as they attempted to land. A cannibal feast was then held. The natives say that they wreaked this vengeance on the French because on a recent occasion when a foreign vessel visited the island to recruit, the crew went ashore armed with rifles and shot several of the blacks.

A Weird Fancy.

LADIES were invited by the famous "Thirteen Club" of New York to dinner on the 13th inst. The dinner began at thirteen minutes after eight. There were thirteen tables, and at each table there were thirteen guests. There were thirteen courses, thirteen kinds of wine, thirteen toasts were given, and thirteen minutes were allowed for each toast. The decorations were of the most gruesome character. Skulls, coffins, new moons, drawings, and statuettes of black cats adorned the tables. Each lady found a small glass coffin beside her plate, upon lifting the lid of which she found a tiny scent bottle, the stopper of which was shaped like a skull. Many prominent literary ladies and ladies in society were present on the occasion. The dinner was a brilliant affair; merriment reigned at each small table.

To remove obstinate stoppers from glass bottles, dip a piece of woollen cloth into boiling water, and wrap it tightly around the neck of the bottle. In a few minutes the stopper can be removed, as this method has never been known to fail.

Gen. P. A. Collins

HAS returned home after a flying trip to Europe. A Globe reporter asked how matters on the other side of the water were. The general said: "I was almost as much surprised as pleased to find that the rift in the Irish ranks had made no sensible impression whatever upon Liberal sentiment in either England, Scotland, or Wales as regards home rule. Representative men from the three countries, who are in Parliament and out of it, all assured me in the most emphatic terms that home rule was in the Liberal platform to stay and to succeed, and pointed, amongst other things, to all the bye-elections which have been taking place, and predicted that all that are to come will tell the same story. The feeling on the home rule question in England is just as strong or stronger than ever it was."

Stick a Pin There.

IN addition to our well-filled pages, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for July gives the full text of the Pope's Encyclical.

THE census of Ireland, just completed, shows a total population of 4,706,162. Of this number 2,317,076 are males and 2,389,086 females. The total shows a decrease in population during the last decade of 468,674.

IT is seldom that we have so notable and striking an event to record as a lecture by a Catholic priest to the members of a Protestant Bible class. This interesting piece of news comes to us from Columbus, Ohio. The priest was Rev. John B. Eis, of that town, and the lecture was given on May 21, by special invitation, to the Bible class of the Columbus Universalist Church. Father Eis's subject was the "Holy Eucharist." We would fain hope that this good example will be followed in other towns.

Parnell Will Refer It to O'Brien.

DUBLIN, June 7 — Mr. Parnell, speaking at Inchicore to-day, said he had prepared a balance sheet of the funds he controlled, and would submit it to Mr. O'Brien when he left prison, with permission to publish it if he liked.

Bismark's Belief in Purgatory.

THERE is not much Lutheranism in Prince Bismarck's pathetic dispatch to the Moltke family on the General's death, which has been published. The ex-Chancellor says, "I pray God for the soul of my friend of forty years, with whom I never had a misunderstanding."

THE latest census just completed gives London a population of 4,211,056, with an outer ring population of 1,422,276. Ancient Rome, with a population of some 5,000,000, was the ulcer that ate out the empire. How long can England carry London if some means are not found to get rid of the evils of crime and poverty which are so deep seated there? Asks the Boston Daily Globe.

The Second Strawberry Festival,

UNDER the auspices of the ladies' society in aid of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, will be held on Saturday, June 20. They have secured the new armory on East Newton street, in connection with the grounds of the home.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE, whose firm and fearless patriotism no Irishman will doubt, is of the opinion that the Home Rule cause is lost, at least for the present. He says that the madcap revolt of the Parnelites tends to convince all foreigners, especially the English voters, and not a few Irishmen, that the race is not fit for self-rule yet. But the cause which has survived the shocks of three centuries, which has been blessed by Popes and dyed in the blood of martyred saints, will live again, and will crown the holy and sorrowful land with the halo of immortal freedom and glory.

IN the debate on the Irish Land Bill, in the House of Commons, Mr. T. W. Russell, Irish Liberal-Unionist, offered an amendment giving the benefits of the bill to tenants evicted within the last five years. The amendment was accepted by Mr. Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and was adopted by the house.

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N. B.—The portrait of the late John Boyle O'Reilly exhibited on the platform at the memorial meeting recently held in Tremont Temple, was the work of the above artist. Mr. T. B. Fitz, who was one of the late Mr. O'Reilly's most intimate friends, says of the above picture, in a testimonial given by him to Mr. Conlin, "Seldom, if ever, have I seen a picture which so forcibly impressed me as possessing those life like characteristics of expression and shading which are so noticeable in this."

Miss M. M Meline, of Cincinnati, on the Indian Question.

Miss Mary M. Meline of Cincinnati, O., lectured under the patronage of the Children of Mary in the Study Hall of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Chester Square, Boston, on the afternoon of Saturday, May 23, at the request of the Sodality and in aid of their Vestment Fund. Miss Meline took a theme which has been the subject of several animated discussions at recent gatherings of Boston's philanthropists and newspaper workers—the Indian Question. Miss Meline had personal experience as a teacher in a Government School at Anadarka, on the horseshoe bend of the Wichita, forty miles south of Reno, Indian Territory. The narrative of her personal experience is painfully interesting, and affords a fresh demonstration of the fact that the Government is responsible for the present condition of the Indians. Miss Meline draws the same moral as did Miss Frances S. Sparhawk, treating the same theme from personal knowledge before the New England Woman's Press Association. The remedy suggests itself. Do away with the reservations, said Miss Meline. Let the Indian realize he is a citizen like his white brother, with the same rights, even to that of earning his own bread. Protect him from the rapacity of the whites until he can protect himself, yet leave him free to go among them, and let him work out his own salvation on the same plane as the other inhabitants

Katherine E. Conway conducted the meeting for the president Mrs. M F. Gavin. Invited to open the discussion, the Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, D D., V. G., contrasted the condition of the American Indian on our own reservations with the Mexican Indian, to the great advantage of the latter. The Mexican Indian, thanks to the generally wise and humane policy of the Spaniards in former days, has attained a fair degree of civilization, is industrious, temperate, provident, and devoted to his religion. Indeed, except at the chapel of an Irish village on a Sunday morning, it would be hard, said Father Byrne, to parallel the devout and numerous attendance at Mass and Communion, which he witnessed in a little Indian village in Mexico. Father Byrne warmly praised Miss Meline's graphic treatment of her subject. Others participating in the discussion were Mr. Henry L. Richards, Mrs. J. C. Crowley, a former president of the Sodality, and Mrs. Henry Holbrook. The lecture was well attended by members of the Sodality and their friends. Among the gentlemen present we noted Mr. Patrick Donahoe, proprietor of The Pilot, and P. J. Flatley, Esq. Miss Meline is a close observer, and has the faculty of lucid and earnest expression. She came to the East to represent the Catholic Telegraph of Cincinnati, at the recent Catholic Press Convention in New York. During her stay in the East she has lectured before several convent schools in New York, Albany and Clifton, and at the Sacred Heart, Elmhurst, Providence She lectures this week at the Academy of the Holy Cross, Washington; returning thence to her home in Cincinnati During her stay in Boston, Miss Meline was the guest of Mrs. M. F. Gavin.

Texas Catholic "is a progressive weekly paper," just started in the new diocese of Dallas. It is embellished with a portrait of the new bishop, Rt. Rev. Thomas Brennan, D. D. We wish success to the new venture. Texas is big enough to support a good paper.

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REHABILITATES THE STOMACH.

RECONSTITUTES THE BLOOD.

REVOLUTIONIZES THE LIVER.

RECONSTRUCTS THE NERVES.

THIS Monarch of Spring Medicines is almost an infallible Specific for Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Asthma, Constipation, and the common diseases to which everybody is more or less subjected. Because of this it is the great Standard Family Medicine of the world.

The FAITH its proprietors have in it is shown in the FACT that they pay the money back to every purchaser who is not benefited or cured.

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BRILLIANT TESTIMONIALS OF ITS CURES

RHEUMATISM.

MR. ALBERT W. DAVIS, Wholesale Boot and Shoe Dealer, 119 Summer Street, Boston, Mass., says : —

A ter suffering for years with Rheumatism, and receiving unsuccessful treatment from fthe most distinguished physicians in the United States, I was fully cured by your Vegetable Remedies. I was relieved after taking them three days, and in two months was well, and have never had a touch of it since. This is the first winter for three years that I have been able to attend to my business.

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Some two months ago I began to use Dr. Dam's Vegetable Remedies. I was suffering from Catarrh and Loss of Appetite. My wife had a bad Humor of the Blood. Dr. Dam's Remedies have cured me. My appetite is good, catarrh gone. In my wife's case the humor is gone and she is better in every way.

Dr. Dam's Vegetable Remedy will be sent to any part of the United States, expressage paid. Price $1.00 per bottle.

Persons unable to visit the office, should send for a SPECIAL BLANK sent FREE These blanks enable a person to give a clear and concise statement of their symptoms. After carefully considering the same, Dr. Dam will write his opinion of the disease, and tell whether or not, in his opinion, it is curable. This will COST YOU NOTHING, and may be of great value to you.

DAM'S REMEDY CO.,

405 COLUMBUS AVENUE,

BOSTON, MASS.

The Rev. Canon O'Hanlon.

THE BOSTON GLOBE INTERVIEWS A VENERABLE IRISH PRIEST.

THE appended interview from the Boston Globe will have interest for readers of THE PILOT throughout the country:—

A distinguished Dublin clergyman and author, the Very Rev. John Canon O'Hanlon, has been in Boston for a day or two en route to attend the coming jubilee of Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis.

Forty years ago Father O'Hanlon was a missionary priest in the wilds of Missouri, having then among his associates the venerable divine whose festival he is about to attend and the present Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia.

Father O'Hanlon is deeply interested in Irish emigration, and his first work of authorship was on that topic, and was published by Patrick Donahoe, of Boston, in 1851.

These two gentlemen for years have had more or less correspondence, but never saw one another until the Canon's recent visit.

It may be imagined, therefore, that when they met for the first time the mutual greeting was most cordial and full of the reminiscence of the long intervening years since the correspondence began.

The priest is seventy-one years of age and Mr. Donahoe is seventy-eight, and there is no risk in saying that it would be hard to find two better preserved men of their years.

Seeing them together examining some books and making notes without the aid of eye-glasses is just cause of envy on the part of the younger generations of eye-workers.

Yet they have not spared their eyes during their long and active lives.

A representative of the Globe had a long and instructive talk with Father O'Hanlon on the present state of Irish affairs, emigration, etc. He expressed chagrin at the useless way in which Balfour has expended the public money in Ireland.

Instead of improvements that would be of genuine value and of permanent use to the country, the ex-Secretary for Ireland started in on a system of railroad building, many of the lines of which are "leading to nowhere," said Father O'Hanlon, and can possibly never be used to advantage or gain for the country or the investment.

"This, too, in view of the fact that the fisheries of Ireland, which might be made exceedingly profitable, are languishing, the fine harborage of Ireland sadly neglected, and its agricultural interests needing the aid of a strong and fostering hand. Much of this recent Government railroad work was begun on the pretence of giving employment to the people of the districts through which the lines are run."

"Now," continued the venerable priest, "the ill calculations of the schemes are illustrated by the knowledge that the agricultural sections of these railroads are languishing for needed help, and it was necessary on the part of the builders to import navvies from Dublin and England to do the work. Our poor country is drained of its able-bodied laboring men."

"What of the so-called 'congested districts' that we read so much of?" was asked.

"There is no such thing as a congested district,' my dear sir, in Ireland. I repeat she is drained of the brawn and sinew of her working people. In this respect the country is depleted."

Father O'Hanlon spoke well of the great good already accomplished by what has been expended of the $50,000,000 under the Ashbourne Act for the purchase of tenant farms.

"The Scotch and Welsh peoples are taking hold of the Home Rule idea with wonderful strength, as I have reason to know," said Father O'Hanlon. "And in England," he continued, "I am told by T. D. Sullivan, M. P., and others, who have been over there as propagandists, going before English audiences they receive ovations as hearty from the masses of the people as they would on Irish soil in addressing them on the question agitated by our people first. My correspondence with Mr. Charles Waddy, secretary of the Scottish Home Rule Association at Edinburgh, enables me to know something of the great progress that is being made in Scotland. I firmly believe that Mr. Gladstone is in favor of measures of Home Rule for Wales as well as Ireland and Scotland. But he must bide his time until, as he said himself when challenged on the matter, "I can drive but one coach at a time through a narrow lane.'"

The Canon is sure that the measure now to be presented in Parliament for Home Rule would be a far better one than the contemplated Act of 1886.

Father O'Hanlon spoke with evident feeling of what had been accomplished by Charles Stewart Parnell. Timothy Harrington, Mr. Parnell's most trusted lieutenant, represents the district in which the Canon resides, in Dublin, is his personal friend, and the Canon eulogizes him as a patriot and superior organizer.

"What are your views on Irish emigration?" Father O'Hanlon was asked.

"From my actual experience and observation for over forty years, regarding emigrant life, I am not now inclined to encourage our country people to seek their fortune in foreign lands. Notwithstanding this, I am credibly informed that even now in America there are some Catholic-Irish gentlemen with 'benevolent' purposes of a Tory cast, who are here seeking suitable locations for Irish emigrants."

"With steady, persevering industry, sobriety and economy, the means for obtaining a livelihood by the agricultural population in Ireland are still hopeful. I cannot say as much for certain kinds of artistic and skilled labor. Our manufactories are few, and have become fewer since the advent of the new railroads, which have opened up certain districts to be flooded by cheap wares from England and elsewhere, thus paralyzing small local enterprises.

"Many of our manufactories have ceased working altogether. No enterprise sufficient has been exerted for their revival or to extend the operations of those still existing. Several of the old Irish home occupations exist no more.

"In this case a change of residence to England or elsewhere in Europe on the part of the operatives would seem desirable. At times, in England and Scotland, business is brisk and remunerative, when, perhaps, it were well for the single members of a family to seek occupation without coming to the United States or Canada, where the means of a livelihood are often so uncertain.

"Dangers, privations and disappointment almost invariably await the single young person who seeks this side of the Atlantic as a land for adoption. Many fine young persons leave behind them credit and character, which of themselves are stock in trade.

"This, too late, haunts the memory of the exile abroad. Members who might have lived happily enough at home and in respect, follow the ignus fatuus only to find their condition sadly reversed.

"I apply these remarks chiefly to people of the professions, accountants and others, who have received at home an education that enables them to start with superior advantages in life, and would attain them with a due amount of perseverance and patience; even such as have eventually to be employed in these strange lands."

"I will say this," continued Father O'Hanlon, "that small farmers, accustomed to work, and laborers that are intelligent, steady and in robust health, who have friends to receive and guide them, are pretty sure in a short time to get employment that will give them a living here.

"The rewards of the workman are more laboriously earned in the United States than in Ireland and require a greater expenditure of mental and physical energy. Ah, how often do we know that the Utopia of the Irish imagination is not the United States of our experience.

"Ireland has never been over-peopled. She is tremendously rich in undeveloped resources. Well-directed capital to her shores is sure to be well recompensed in its judicious investment."

Rev. Canon O'Hanlon, besides his clerical duties, devotes a great deal of his time at home in fostering Irish literature, and his counsel and labor are frequently sought by an enterprising and patriotic Dublin publishing concern, the members of the firm of which are Protestants.

Among the works recently edited by him for republication is one by William Molyneux, published in Ireland, and from which the Boston revolutionary text was taken, "That taxation without representation is tyranny."

Father O'Hanlon has published seven octavo volumes of the "Lives of the Irish Saints," and is engaged on the eighth. He is also writing a history of the United States.

Having got to that stage of this work which brings his story to the initial fighting around Boston, it was with no little interest and delight that he visited Faneuil Hall, Dorchester Heights, Bunker Hill and other places, true Meccas to the freedom loving men of all lands and creeds.

SIR THOMAS MORE, on the day before his execution, said: "So may we all meet merrily in heaven."

DR. JOHNSON, who was a Catholic in all but name, said shortly before his death, that he had thought of forming a book of prayers, selecting the best known. When his friends importuned him to undertake the work, he grew agitated and said: "Do not talk thus of what is so awful! I know not what time God will allow me in this world! Let me alone; I am overpowered." He then covered his hands and reclined for some time upon the table. The doctor had the pious habit of consecrating every act of his day by a written prayer for devotion, thus "casting his cares upon Him who hath care of us."

No Obstacle There.

SHE — You will ask papa, will you not; or must I? — He — Oh, I have seen him. Fact is, he made the suggestion that it was about time for me to propose.

PATRICK MCDERMOTT, the McCarthyite candidate, has been elected to the seat in the House of Commons for North Kilkenny, made vacant by the recent death of Sir John Pope Hennessy. Mr. McDermott, who had accepted the nomination after it had been declined by Mr. Davitt, was elected without opposition.

A FAIR, in aid of the French Church on Isabella street, opened auspiciously on Monday evening at the church. We hope the Catholics of Boston, of all nationalities, will patronize the fair of our French brethren.

THE recent elections are favorable to the Democrats. Our popular governor, RUSSELL, is re-elected for another year. Long may he wave!

SPEAKING of the Encyclical of the Holy Father, a French journal uses an expression which it will be worth while to remember. It says — "The Encyclical is the beginning of the twentieth century."

REV. F. P. MCGEE, formerly pastor of St. Mary's parish in Bridgeport, Conn., has fallen heir to seventy thousand dollars through the recent death of an uncle in Ireland.

The Day Appointed.

JACK — I always understood that we were engaged, so I asked her the other night to name the day. — Tom — And did she? — Jack — Yes. Doomsday.

Parnellites Defeated in Cork.

THE election took place on Friday, November 6th. The polling opened quietly, but as the day wore on there were several exciting scenes in the north-western part of the city. The poll boxes were guarded by troops and police from the outlying districts. The polling was heavy. Even the lame and the blind were sought out and brought up to the polling places. Mr. Martin Flavin, the Nationalist candidate has been elected by a plurality of 1,512 votes over the Parnellite candidate, Mr. John E. Redmond. The result of the count is as follows. Flavin, 3,669; Redmond (Parnellite), 2,157; Sarsfield (Unionist), 1,161. At the last election for Cork City, Mr. Parnell was elected with Mr. Maurice Healy, who also represents Cork City, without opposition.

THE death is announced of Madame O'Donoghue, of Ballinahown Court, Athlone, Ireland, widow of The O'Donoghue of the Glens.

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NO REMEDY
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COULD HAVE SURVIVED FOR EIGHTY YEARS.

JOHNSON'S
ANODYNE LINIMENT
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AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.
ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET SENT FREE.
See that the Signature *D. Johnson* is upon every label.

"Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?"

Every Mother Should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore-Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains liable to occur in any family without notice. Delays may cost a life.

Every Mechanic, or person exposed to accidents or injury, Base-Ball players, etc., should keep it near at hand; for it acts promptly, is Soothing, Healing and Penetrating. When once used always called for.

Every Traveler Should have a bottle in their satchel. It can be used Internally or Externally in more cases than any other medicine. Cures headaches if inhaled.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera-Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness or Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Andoyne relief and speedy cure.

THE REASON WHY—Generation After Generation Have Used and Blessed Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, is because it cures when all other remedies fail. It was devised and used for years in the private practice of old Dr. Johnson, to treat inflammations liable to afflict any person on earth; and which cause the danger in all the above troubles. The medical advice around each bottle is worth ten times the price.

How to Use Economically. Advice sent free. All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money will be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Price 35 cts. by mail: 6 bottles $2.00. Express prepaid to any part of the United States, or Canada. Duty also paid. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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ARE among the best advertising agents in the country. As an evidence of this, they have been compelled to move into larger and more commodious quarters at 22 School street. In the day when newspaper advertising was in its infancy (and that day was contemporaneous with the founding of this firm), such an advance as has since been made in this now immensely important department was never dreamed of. But the advance has been made, however, and this new establishment of the pioneer advertising firm of Boston is one of its most conspicuous proofs.

B. P. L. Bindery.
APR 24 1911